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filmindia

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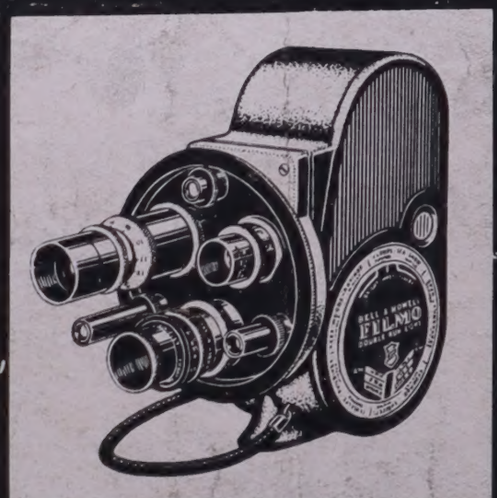
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JANUARY 1942

VOL. 8 **No. 1**

On The Cover

NEENA

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filmindia

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Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road, Fort, Bombay

Editor: BABURAO PATEL

Keep The Pictures Moving!

The year 1942 does not bring any good news to the Indian film industry.

As things stand today, the prospects for 1942 look gloomy. Only by wise planning can we save our industry from being badly crippled during the year.

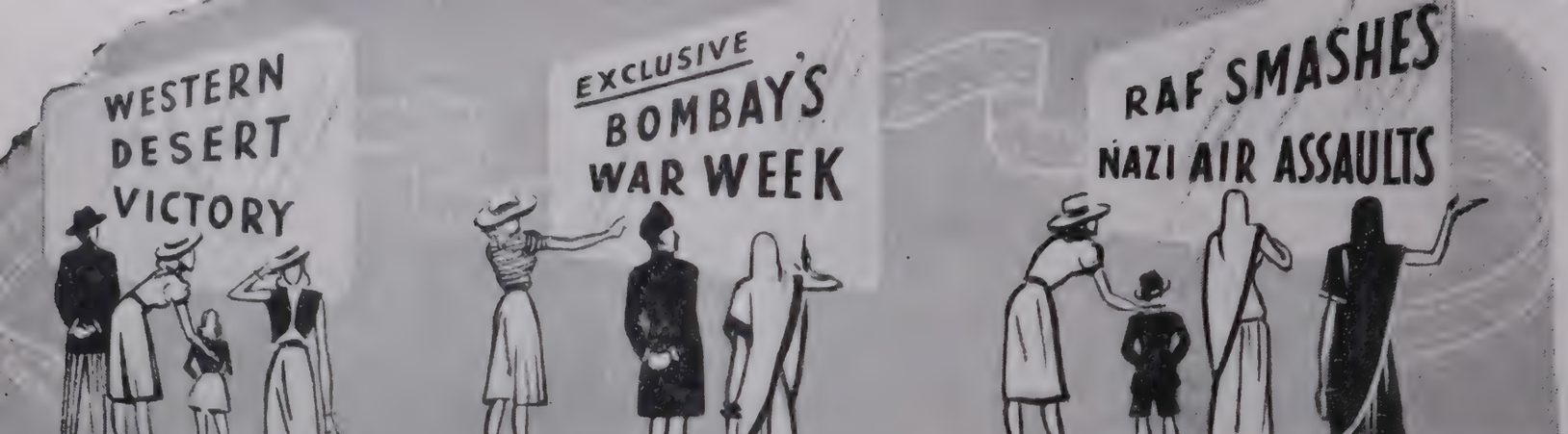
The entry of Japan and America into the present world war has brought the war to our very doorstep. Any minute it will rush into our homes. It has already disturbed the balance of our economic existence and robbed millions of their sleep and peace of mind.

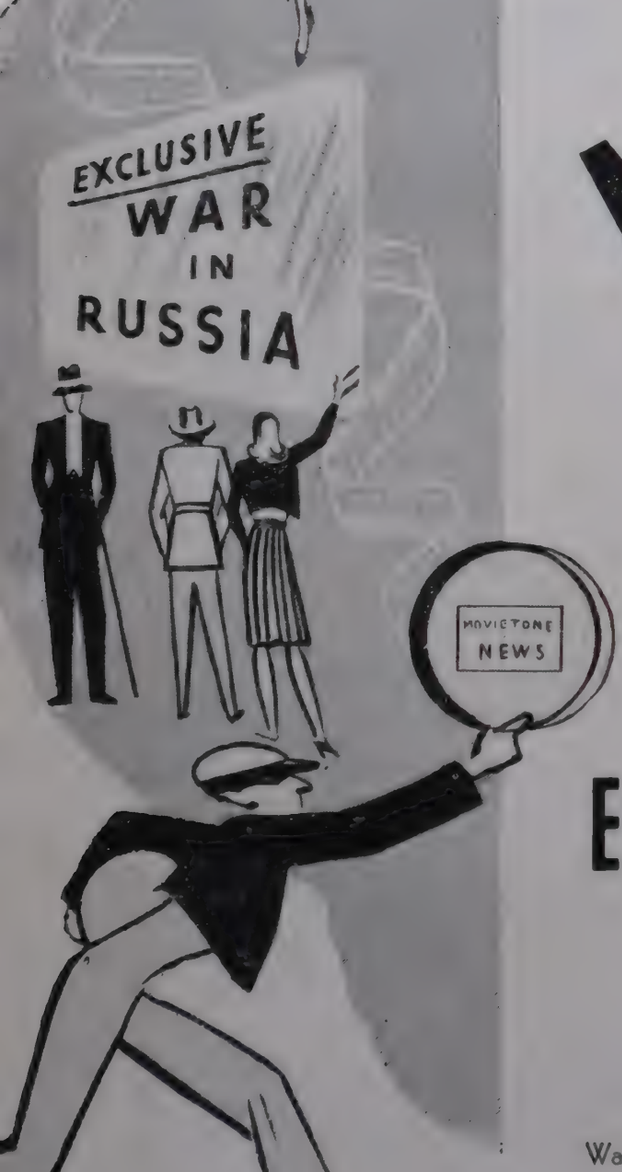
Our film industry, as is usual, is the first to suffer. In Rangoon, the cinemas are as good as closed. In Calcutta, the scare has driven the audiences away.

Even before the ink dries, these cities may be bombed by the enemy. Again, the very first casualty will be the film industry.

The film industry, because it sells entertainment, is essentially a peace time industry. It requires normal conditions to thrive. And the present times are anything but normal.

The prices of raw films are up to a shortage level now, essential chemicals have shot up exhorbitantly, machinery import is restricted, electrical requirements are getting more scarce.





MOVIETONE NEWS

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Auzurie and Hari Shivdasani appear in "Nai Duniya" a Circo picture directed by A. R. Kardar.

Add to this the very serious problem of overseas transport and imagine the plight of our industry which entirely depends on foreign countries for all its vital supplies.

We understand that the principal suppliers of raw films in India have stocks on hand to last till the end of April 1942. Optimists, though these people are, they cannot forecast the future. They hope to maintain supplies to about a hundred, small and big, producers in the country. We do not think that they will be able to do so because of the shortage of transport vessels. All the ships, big and small, which the Allies have today are required for the transport of vital necessities. And raw film is not such a vital necessity in times of emergency. It is therefore necessary to conserve the present raw stock on hand and make it last as long as is possible in case of sensitized goods.

Someone started shouting about the shortage of soda sulphide the other day. Prices of this chemical have jumped 400%. And it is an absolutely necessary item in developing films. The same story repeats in other chemicals.

Apart from this, the producers are paying more and ever more in every item of picture production: wood, paint, cloth, machinery, replacements, make-up, screws, nails, labour and numerous other things that are required every day for a film studio.

Add to all this the stupidly inflated salaries of stars and directors—some of whom hardly deserve one tenth of what they are getting now.

Yes, the lot of the producers is not so very happy just at present and yet over thirty new producers have cropped up to do free-lance production and we often find them running about the town shouting for supplies.

Still another tragedy of the present day production is that even after producing a good picture it is difficult to find it a suitable theatre for its release. A picture has to lie unreleased for months. Several pictures produced in 1939, have not yet been released in Bombay, the most important key city for picture releases.

It is notorious that Indian films have long runs at almost every theatre. Bombay has about a dozen first run theatres for premiere releases. These theatres take an average of four pictures per theatre per year. That accounts for 48 pictures a year. What is to happen to the 50 and odd other pictures produced every year?

This problem can be solved either by building new theatres—highly improbable in these



This is how Harish wooes Husna Banu in "Nai Roshni", a National picture.

How to have A LOVELY Skin



A lovely skin can be possessed by most women. To neglect your skin, is to rob yourself of part of your charm.

MANY are the arts which have been handed down through the ages to make woman more beautiful, yet are they of little avail if her skin be coarse and unattractive. A smooth, clear skin, soft to touch, is an essential to beauty.

Ugly, enlarged pores and blackheads are caused by tiny accumulations of grime and waste matter; while rough texture and dryness are the result of exposure to the scorching sun and hot, dry winds. Regular use of Pond's two Creams will make your skin as fresh and soft as a rose petal. They contain deep, penetrating oils which not only cleanse the skin of impurities from within and without, but nourish it and protect it against exposure.



Use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning, gently rubbing it into your face and neck with your finger tips. Let it remain for a few minutes while it sinks into the pores and melts away oil and grime, and then wipe away. During the day use Pond's Vanishing Cream; it leaves an invisible and greaseless film over face and neck which is sure protection against sun, wind and dust.

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times—or by fixing up a maximum ten weeks' run for the most popular picture at a premier theatre. That will keep the pictures moving and the money circulating—both vital aspects for the future of the industry.

Free-lance production is taking a dangerous turn in these times. Established producers with studios should not encourage free-lance production, especially with a limited stock of raw materials. The long established film studios with a permanent staff of workers need all the raw stock that is available to keep the studios running and to avoid throwing their people out of employment. It is stupid to waste these vital supplies on free lance-producers.

Free-lancing becomes a compliment to an industry in peaceful times not during such emergencies. In these times, we must conserve our slender resources and keep our principal studios working, so that a large number of regularly employed people may not be suddenly thrown on the streets.

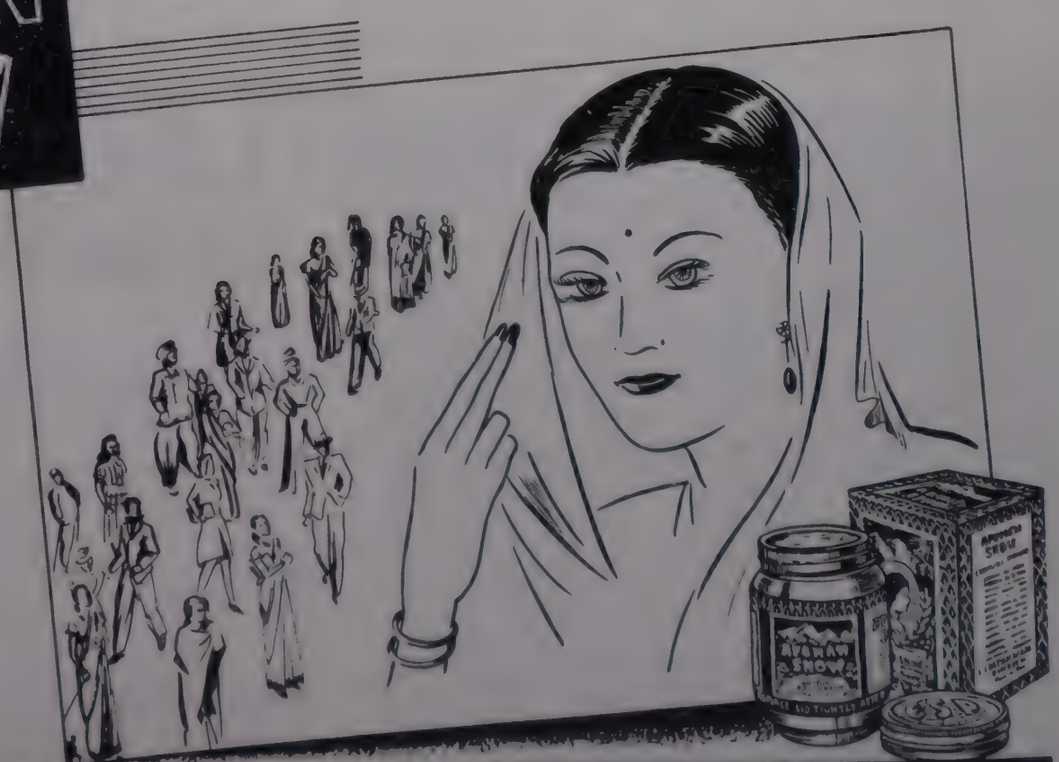
The Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association should think over these matters in association with the suppliers of raw materials and enforce a wise and voluntary rationing of our present resources—in short, regulate the speed of future production to meet the minimum demand of the people in entertainment.

In the meanwhile, "Khazanchi," "Sikander", and other pictures which have dug themselves in at different theatres beyond ten weeks may be asked not to make new records during these war times but to move out making room for the 50 odd pictures which are lying in tins for months.

Yes, keep the pictures moving if the industry is to go through 1942.

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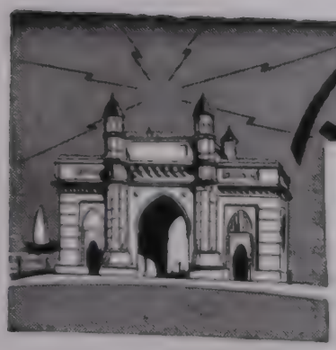
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Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

MURDER AT THE MAJESTIC

On the 6th of December 1941, Mr. Bankulal Harkisondas, Assistant Manager of the Majestic Cinema in Bombay, was stabbed to death by one Rashid J. Irani who worked as a stall-keeper in the compound of the cinema.

It is reported that Rashid Irani got some of his household ladies admitted in the theatre without a pass, to which Bankulal objected and got Rashid's relatives removed from the auditorium where they were seeing "Swami", a Royal release.

Enraged at this, Rashid is reportel to have rushed to the office of Bankulal and stabbed him with a knife. Bankulal died on the spot.

Here is a tragic climax to the widely prevalent habit of using complimentary passes. People who get used to seeing pictures free soon come to think that they own the cinemas, just because they happen to know the manager or a door-keeper. And such people, strangely enough, become ultra-sensitive about their self-respect and feel insulted when the cinema owner pursues his legal right of conducting his own business.

The complimentary pass is an evil in itself seeing its present day enormous multiplication but if this free booting habit is going to lead us into such tragedies, the sooner this evil is stopped the better for our film industry.

It is one thing for the trade and the press to expect free shows but to distribute passes to the general public and stall-keepers is like cutting the branch on which the industry stands. It is a suicidal procedure.

This tragic incident goes to prove that running a cinema is not after all such a harmless business. I have often witnessed numerous minor assaults when the crowds go rowdy for one flimsy reason or other, but a knife seems to have been used for the first time with such tragic results.

Bankulal Harkisondas was on duty when he was killed and the proprietor of the Majestic Cinema ought to compensate the family of the poor victim generously.

I hope, this case is taken up by the Commissioner of Labour, Bombay, for relief under the Workmen's Compensation Act.

THEIR BREAD AND BUTTER HUNT

The official story of the huge salaries earned by Hollywood film people is now available. The following statistics are for the fiscal year ending 1940.

Gary Cooper topped the list of earners with £73,766 from Sam Goldwyn and another £44,750 from Paramount. Next came James Cagney with £92,083. From the others Bing Crosby earned £62,500; Fred McMurray: £60,000; Caroll Lombard: £52,750; Ginger Rogers: £58,885; Producer Darryl Zanuck: £63,750; Errol Flynn: £52,833; Edward G. Robinson: £63,750; Charles Chaplin: £37,500; Madeleine Carroll: £31,791; Ronald Coleman: £37,500 plus £11,186 other compensation; Douglas Fairbanks Jnr: £40,429; Don Ameche: £32,145; Alice Faye: £35,072; Claudette Colbert: £37,519; Tyrone Power: £37,812; Shirley Temple: £29,142; Bette Davis: £32,437; Merle Oberon: £21,250 and Charles Laughton: £29,042.

In comparison with these astronomical earnings, some of our films people show the following averages, more or less, per year:

Producer Chandulal Shah: Rs. 5,00,000; Producer Shantaram: Rs. 1,00,000; Distributor Baburao Pai:



Rose returns to screen in "Garib", a social picture of National Studios.

Rs. 60,000; Distributor Chunilal Desai: Rs. 40,000; Film Actor Prithviraj: Rs. 36,000; Actor Jagdish: Rs. 40,000; Actor Chandramohan: Rs. 45,000; Actor Motilal: Rs. 30,000; Actor Mazhar Khan: Rs. 36,000; Actor Charlie: Rs. 18,000; Actor Yakub: Rs. 18,000.

Our film actresses do not seem to be far behind. Here are some of the top liners:

Film Actress Madhuri: Rs. 30,000; Actress Sabita Devi: Rs. 24,000; Actress Shobhana Samarth: Rs. 36,000; Actress Naseem: Rs. 30,000; Actress Khursheed Rs. 30,000; Actress Sitara: Rs. 20,000; Actress Devika Rani: Rs. 15,000; Actress Neena: Rs. 12,000; Actress Sardar Akhtar: Rs. 30,000; Actress Snehaprabha: Rs. 18,000; Actress Shanta Hublikar: Rs. 30,000; Actress Meenaxi: Rs. 24,000.

Not to be outdone in this game of gold digging, here go some of the big earners amongst the Directors:

Director A. R. Kardar: Rs. 45,000; Director Mehboob: Rs. 36,000; Director Jayant Desai: Rs. 24,000; Director Debaki Bose: Rs. 30,000; Director Mukherjee: Rs. 15,000.

There are several hundred more in the different departments of our industry whose income averages up to the Rs. 12,000 standard per year. There is no space for them.

R C A SCORES

It is a welcome news to note that over twenty new cinemas in different important stations in Western India are being fitted up with the RCA Photophone Equipment.

Six new cinemas, some of them under construction, in the city of Bombay have all taken up the RCA Equipment. While this proves the unique country-wide popularity of RCA Sound Equipment it also supplies ample proof of the exhibitors' anxiety to give their patrons the very best in motion picture exhibition.

Time and again, RCA has paid its way not only because of its excellent reproduction of sound but also because of the efficient and reliable construction of its equipment.

Over seven years back when Director Shantaram of Prabhat installed RCA in the Prabhat Talkies, Poona, few people expected that the machine would be still serving its purpose. But there it is till today, as efficient and as reliable as on the day when it was first installed and all the Prabhat pictures are still shown on it.

What is good for Prabhat is certainly good for many a cinema in India.

We hope, however, that RCA agents in India do not use the war as an excuse to profiteer in their sales. Because, if exhibitors ever needed a helping hand, they need it now and badly.

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"FILMINDIA" AND "TIME"

Letters from friends in Hollywood are pouring in congratulating Editor Baburao Patel on what Hollywood thinks is an achievement for an Indian movie magazine.

The reason is: "Time" the famous American newsweekly in its issue of the 3rd November has reproduced excerpts from the ever popular "Editor's Mail" in "filmindia":—

INDIA

SUCH A THING

In Bombay's movie fanpaper, Filmindia, Editor Baburao Patel conducts an unusually piquant question-&-answer department. Last week Hollywood learned how Editor Patel does it.

Excerpts:

Q. Are there any raw-film manufacturers in India?

A. No. But we have directors who expose the film and make it look more raw than ever before.

Q. What is the exact relationship between Anuradha and Rafiq Guznavi?

A. Come, I give you the guess.

Q. I hear bad rumours about Director Shantaram. Every man from Poona and Bombay says that Shantaram has done such and such a thing. I am sure that he is not a person to do such a thing. I think that Mr. Shantaram is aware of his fame and would not have done that thing. So you must tell the public that Shantaram is innocent by publishing his innocence in the next issue.

A. And I must also publish my innocence about what you are talking.

Q. Please tell me, which is the easiest way to get a job in a film company?

A. Get hold of the most attractive girl in your town and bring her to a film studio.... The other way is rather roundabout.

Q. Whenever I see a romantic picture, its effect lingers with me for five days and I cannot prosecute my studies. What shall I do?

A. Stop seeing pictures. Studies first.

Q. How many of our actresses are virgins?

A. I don't know much about the actresses being virgins. This is an antique commodity in a modern world and you may find it in rural surroundings.

Yes, it feels international to be quoted in "Time" with its three million and odd circulation. Thanks, America.

HULLO, INSPECTOR PAI!

War and chaos, fighting and bloodshed, storms and floods or for that matter even an earthquake—one and all together would be wasted on Inspector Pai of the Bombay Board of Film Censors.

For a year now we have been at his throat to put some more sense into our censoring laws to protect our growing children from the corroding influence of bad pictures which glorify crime or underline sex-play shamelessly.

But Inspector Pai, beyond giving us one assurance that "he is moving in the matter", does not seem to have done anything to remedy this state of affairs.

To help him think, we published the Gwalior censoring rules, which struck us as surprisingly sensible and yet Inspector Pai is where he was years ago.

May we know why? Have the Government stopped paying him his salary regularly?

If not, then why is Inspector Pai irregular in the execution of his obligations to the public?

Have we now to agitate to remove such an experienced man as Inspector Pai and risk our censor department with an amateur?



India's great character actor Mazhar Khan becomes a director. He is here on a location of "Meri Duniya" a social picture of National Artistes.

S. F. HA

After the Direc
this name has
hall-mark
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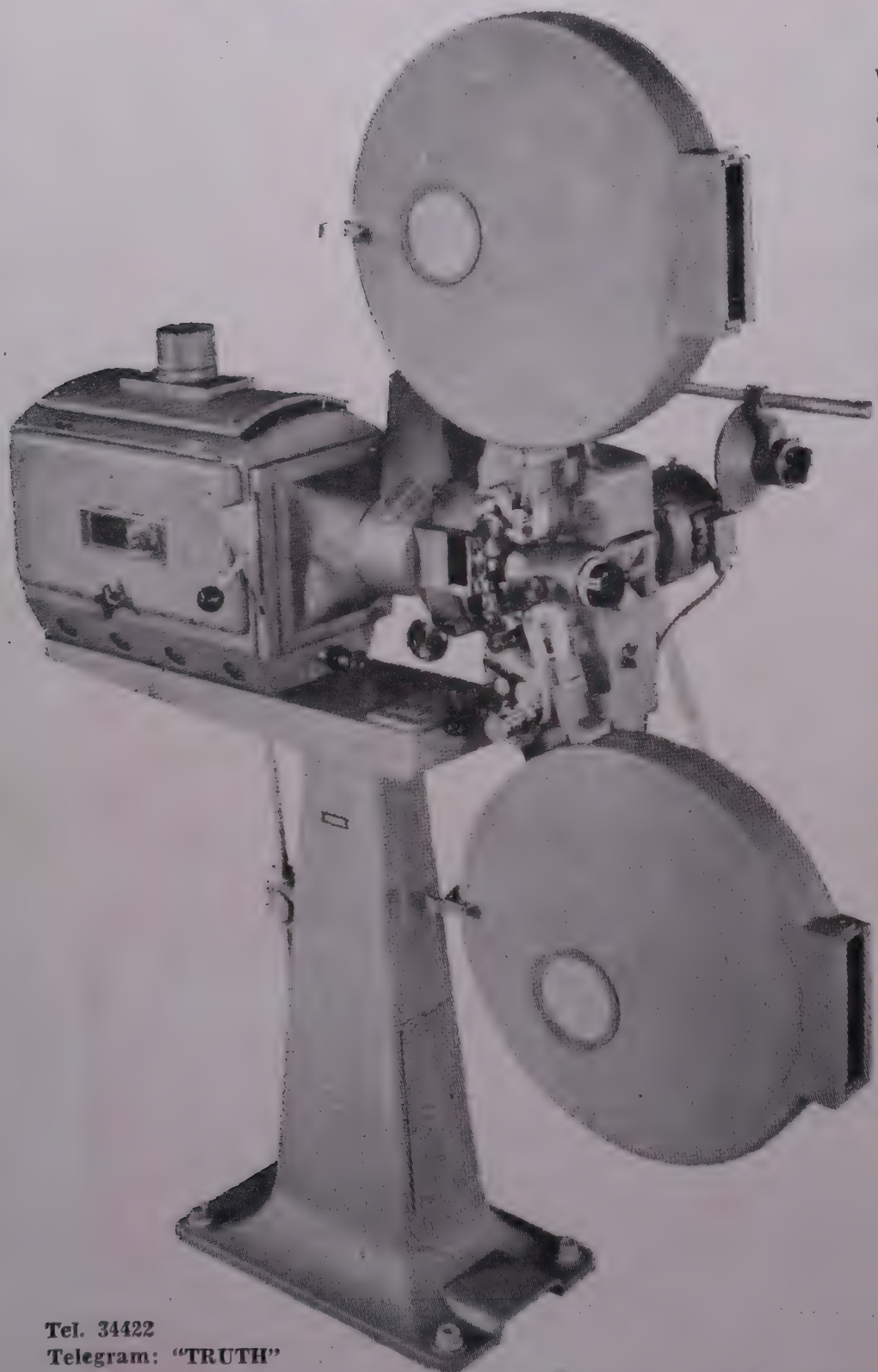
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SHAMIM—
This sweet-face charmer scores a hit in "Dhandhora". Ranjit's social picture directed by Mr. Charlie



"COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD" No. 231

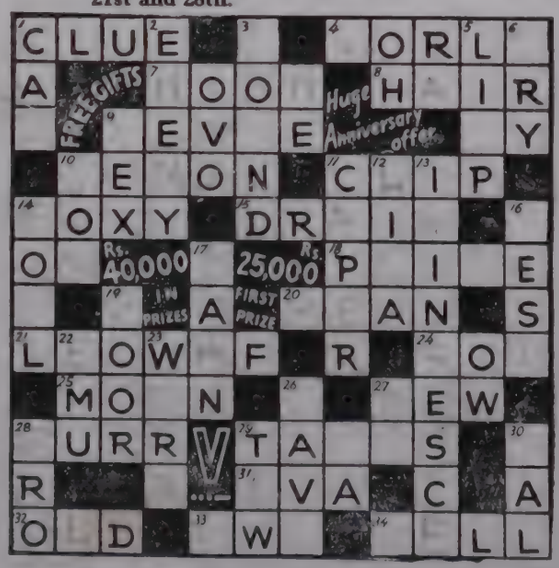
The Seventh anniversary of *Commonsense Crosswords*, and a prize offer of over Rs. 40,000 in awards to fit the occasion ! It doesn't matter whether your entry is All Correct or how many errors it contains, if it is the best attempt at the puzzle below you will receive Rs. 25,000 cash down. Unless of course, you prefer Rs. 22,000 plus Rs. 3,000 in War Savings Certificates plus an 'H.M.V.' Radio Gramophone De-Luxe. And even if your entry is not the best you may well profit handsomely from the further Rs. 10,000 that will be divided among Runners-up. Besides all this, there are Extra Prizes in which you will share even if you make as many as four mistakes. Above all, don't make the mistake of neglecting the Practice Square below. The time to get busy on it is *NOW*.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Study each one closely before deciding on its solution
4. Ours is a topsy-turvy one at present
7. Mid-day
8. Often loses a great deal of lustre when cut off !
9. Entertainment comprising series of topical and musical sketches
10. The answer is an acid-juiced fruit
11. To cut off
14. This type of person has few friends as a rule
15. Artificial conduit for water
18. Worldly men are usually quick to discern unwarranted this
20. Such persons often tend to worry unnecessarily over trifles
21. Jumbled spelling of *flower*
24. Rubbish
25. Men are usually less sympathetic than women towards men who do this a lot
27. Nagging wife's complaints are seldom this
28. Sound expressing pleasure or contentment
29. When these are too heavy they often defeat their purpose
31. Eggs
32. Some people seem to rejoice in being this
33. It sometimes makes one feel embarrassed to this a person
34. Most people know somebody they'd like to suffer this for at least a little while !

CLOSING DATE, JANUARY 8th.

N.B.—**The Entry Fee is Re. 1 per Entry Square. Entry Forms will be published in the *Illustrated Weekly of India* of December 14th, 21st and 28th.**



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ONLY ENTRY FORMS CUT OUT FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA" of December 14th, 21st or 28th will be accepted.

CLUES DOWN

1. Unpleasant fellow
2. Foe
3. We sometimes deliberately criticize a person to this him
5. It is practically impossible for a person to conceal this
6. Thirsty
9. Reigning king
10. Even flirtatious young women seldom exercise their wiles on this kind of fellow
11. Frisky movement
12. Italian coin
13. Jumbled spelling of *insineere*
14. How difficult it is to this a vengeful woman !
16. Without adequate this ambitious person is not likely to succeed
17. It calls for more than a little skill to do this well
19. We are often inclined to condemn such a fellow thoughtlessly
22. Our familiar Crossword friend the Australian running bird
23. Man who is this usually reveals it in his appearance
26. Strangely enough, fussy people seldom seem to this much time
28. Prefix meaning *for*
29. To pull along
30. One that proves false is apt to embitter a sensitive youth

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Editor's Mail

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

R. E. Mamujee (Mombasa)

Who scores more in film music: Bombay Talkies or National Studios?

Bombay Talkies have been consistently giving popular film music. Some of their song records have gone into six-figure sales. National Studios haven't been able to achieve that.

How is your Rita?

Fine, thanks. She is not mine. So don't repeat it next time.

S. S. Raman (Kadiri)

Who is this Veena appearing in your magazine so often?

She is a favourite artiste of National Studios. Her own name is Nur Jehan and she first came from Lucknow to work under Director Nanda about six years back. After working in a couple of pictures, she toured the country for some time and is back again for screen work. She distinguishes herself in vampish roles, like the one she played in "Kasauti".

Nowadays we don't have any information about New Theatres pictures. What has become of them?

I really do not know. I once tried to get some information but I couldn't gather anything reliable.

I want Miss Rose's photo for my album. How am I to get it?

Write to her: Rose Musleah, Keval Mahal, Marine Drive, Bombay. And if she has one handy, she is not the one to refuse. She has given them by hundreds to her fans.

Has Mr. Motilal left Ranjit?

He can not afford to at present and you will be seeing him in Ranjit pictures for a long time to come.

Amirali A. Dhala (Kurla)

I find that you appreciate Ranjit pictures which are usually foolish. How is that?

I try to keep pace with the millions who see them. That is one way of selling a film magazine.

M. L. Narayanrao (Bangalore)

So far I thought that "filmindia" was meant only for films. Was that thesis on marriage in the September issue necessary in "filmindia"?

It was. Don't we show these social problems in our films? Marriage is such a vital problem that the different facets of this institution must be discussed not only in films but also in different media. Do you think that a film magazine is not the right medium for discussing some social problems of our present day life? I think, with the vast nation-wide circulation of "filmindia", a social problem gets a better platform in this magazine than in other sectional and class magazines with tiny circulations.

Miss Singh (Lahore)

I am anxious to get a big autographed photo of Naseem. How can I get it?

Write to Naseem Banu at Worli Sea Face, Bombay and as your request will go to her home, I am sure she will not turn it down. If you want special recommendation, mention "filmindia".



Rama Shukul has something attractive to tease in Shamim in "The Guest" a Ranjit picture.

THE SONGS

WHICH HAVE TAKEN YOU TO THE SHOW AGAIN AND AGAIN.



'भुलने वाले भुलाने पे भी याद आती है'
'पहले जो मुहब्बत से इनकार किया होता'



'माशुक हर जगह है आशिक वहीं कहीं'
'हम न होते तो टके शेर नजाकत होती'



'चल चल रे नौजवान'

HEAR THEM WITH TRUE-TO-LIFE REALISM ON....

'HIS MASTER'S VOICE' Records

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"



Neena and Prithviraj make new romance in "Ek Raat" a Shalimar picture.

T. R. Gopal Rao (Trichinopoly)

I have written to Miss Neena of Shalimar Pictures requesting for an autographed photo, but for a month I have received no reply.

Well, you are not the first one to complain. I have received several complaints. W. Z. Ahmed, Neena's producer, tells me that two hundred prints which he had were sent out the very first day. Thereafter, seeing the tremendous fan mail Neena was receiving, his heart broke. Mr. Ahmed feels that if he starts supplying all the people with a photograph which costs nearly a rupee a copy, he would have to spend more money on Neena's fans than on the production of his picture. He has however promised me to send out three hundred more photos to those who write to her again mentioning "2nd. request". Ahmed feels that the 2nd. request fans are real film enthusiasts and they should not be disappointed. So that's a tip for you if you like to have Neena mocking at you from your mantelpiece with her beautiful set of ivory teeth—not false ones, mind you.

S. J. Nath (Secunderabad)

To whom do the gramophone recording companies pay for film songs: to the artistes or to the producers?

In case of well-known artistes like Saigal and Kanan, the usual 12½% royalty on sales, which the recording companies allow, is shared both by the artistes and the producers. In case of lesser known singers, the producers take all and everything.

Sharda Prasad Tiwari (Dhamtari)

Which is the next picture of Pancholi Art Pictures?

"Khan Daan", a social story, something which, the tall irresistable Dalsukh says, will beat "Khuzanchi", in music and acting. Seeing Nur Jehan, the main resistance, I am inclined to believe Dalsukh.

G. S. J. Dave (Bilaspur)

I am a story writer—

So is every one from the producer to the Irani boy who brings tea to the studios. What chance have you got in such an assorted crowd of idea writers. Then there are several rusty Government servants who use Government stationery to give vent to their sex-starved souls by creating sex-obsessed villains and platonic heroes and heroines in moulds of words—just words. Hundreds of such stories I receive every year for my blessing and in their impatience the guys forget to send even the return postage. No, old man, begging is a more honourable profession than writing stories for Indian films, seeing the unending tramp of munshis, pundits and hotel boys with stories in their inside pockets and hunger in their stomachs.

K. D. Bakshi (Rawalpindi)

I think all the producers believe in making money. Are there any exceptions?

There is V. Shantaram who keeps on shouting that money is the least part of his work. And yet, even though he doesn't seem to like it, he makes more than enough every year. In the rent of his properties alone, he earns Rs. 3500/- a month. But Shantaram says he is going to do something big with his money one day. I hope he donates a film academy for the nation.

S. Mumtaz Ahmed (Aligarh)

I can't help being in love with any film actress more than a month. I have been in love with Madhuri, Devika Rani, Naseem, Shobhana Samarth, Leela Chitnis, etc. My latest is Neena. What am I to do?

You are in a very healthy mental condition. But don't roll up your sleeve or you will crush your heart.



This is humour between Urmilla and Gope in "Sajjan", a social story of Sudarshan Pictures.

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5 December 1941

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Military Secretary

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Jagdish Prasad Saksena (Cawnpore)

There is a marked tendency in you to change the language of the questions sent to you. Why?

Yes. I have to make it attractive reading. Sometimes I get bad English. Sometimes merely to give complete information about a person I combine part queries from three different readers and answer them in one person's name. That saves me space and avoids repetition and I can give better service. But even though I change the construction of the original queries, I keep their meaning and spirit in tact. It is all a harmless procedure to make the reading more interesting. So, I hope you won't mind.

P. S. Nath (Dar-es-Salaam)

The cinema owner is not showing us new pictures here while the one in the neighbouring town does so What shall we do?

Migrate to the other town. That will be easier than trying to improve a cinema owner.

Niranjan Singh (Benares)

Why are the partners of Prabhat quarrelling?

Quarrelling? Heavens, no! They are just exercising their right to live happily as neighbours ever afterwards.

N. Balakrishnan (Hyderabad)

When I wrote for an autographed photo of Miss Sitara, I received the following reply from her private secretary, Mr. Amas S. Keen

"Reference your kind letter dated 4-10-41 please note that Miss Sitara won't send photo to any third person.

If you send a good present of Hyderabad to me, I will try to offer the present to Miss Sitara and then I will send you a photo of Miss Sitara. Please send the present through me as soon as you can."

I am not able to choose a suitable present for this reply.

If you wish to give Sitara a present, send her a Defence Loan Certificate. It is the most popular present. After she gets it, Sitara will send you her photo. As regards the secretary, ignore him.

Kamla Devi (Mussoorie)

Does V. H. Desai have a wife and children?

Oh, yes! He is a lawyer and has all legal and legitimate relations including perhaps the proverbial mother-in-law. But I doubt whether he can make her laugh.

After "Bharat Milap", what is the next picture of Prakash?

"Station Master" starring the well-known character actor Jagdish Sethy.

Opinions Of Leading Producers

I have gone to their showrooms to buy one thing and come out with many more than I wanted.

Sd. **Chandulal J. Shah.**





★

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Sd. **Gohar K. Mamajiwala.**

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"KHAZANCHI"

[IN ITS 10TH MONTH AT KRISHNA TALKIES - - - BOMBAY]

WHICH IN TURN INSPIRING THE INDIAN NATION—

THE SAME SPIRIT OF MUSIC INSPIRES PANCHOLI'S SECOND FILM CREATION

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DIRECTED BY **SHAUKAT HUSSEIN** &

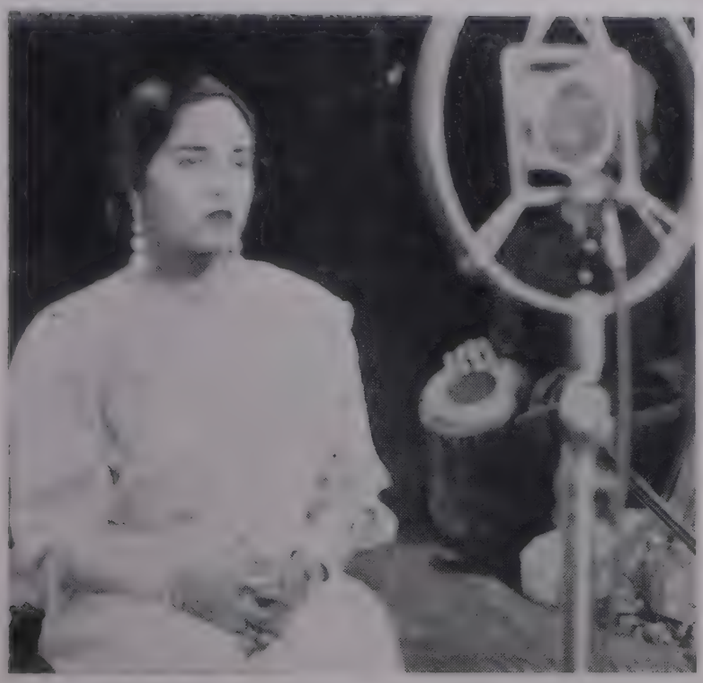
Starring **Ghulam Mohamad, Noor Jehan, Manorama, Pran, Ibrahim, Baby Akhtar, Ajmal & Durga Mota**

Awaiting Release when "KHAZANCHI" Makes Room For It - When ?

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BOMBAY — 7.



Ratan Bai returns to the screen in "Radio Singer" produced by Rose Pictures.

What has happened to Sabita Devi?

Nothing can happen to her. She is so carefully looked after by her dear old mamma. But if you know anything, do tell me.

Bajrang Vaish (Carewgunj)

On my 22nd anniversary, I would like to negotiate with a film star (female)?

A film star is not a negotiable instrument. She is an unlimited liability.

Hemant Kumar Sharma (Agra)

Which company is in need of a child star?

None. We have too many film babies lying about to want any more.

S. P. Miller (Cannanore)

A woman who will tell her age will tell anything?

May be anything but not everything.

Gagan Bihari Das (Cuttack)

Why is Mahatma Gandhi not being invited to our film studios when Mr. Satyamurthi and others are often invited?

Mahatmaji might start a fast unto death to improve our film people and we may lose one of the world's greatest living men. It is too terrible a risk.

M. A. Gheewala (Colombo)

Who produced the first Indian talking picture and what was it called?

Khan Bahadur Ardeshar Irani produced the first talkie called "Alam Ara" and so did he produce the first cine-color picture called "Kisan Kanya", featuring Bengal's favourite star, Padma Devi.

C. C. Sekhar (Gudivada)

Where is our jolly Shanta Hublikar?

The jolly old girl is now working in "Malan", a social picture of Sunrise Pictures, having recently scored a triumph in "Ghar-ki-Laj" which is drawing crowded houses.

Ram Gopal (Allahabad)

Please tell me the whereabouts of Rajkumari of "Devdas"?

After her marriage she seems to have disappeared from the screen. I am told she is very happy in her new partnership.

N. M. Abdulla (Johannesburg)

Where is Romola, the beautiful girl of "Khazanchi" nowadays?

She has finished work in "Masoom" a picture directed by Mr. S. F. Hasnain at Calcutta.

Brown Laher (Randfontein)

Is Shantaram any relation of yours?

Yes, a friend.

Lakshman P. Sinha (Gaya)

Is Yeshodhara Katju related to Dr. Kailash Nath Katju, ex-minister of U.P.?

Yes, she is reported to be one of his nieces.

Jaswant Singh (Mansadevi)

What has happened to "Sant Kabir" which was being produced by the Film Corporation of India?



Sumati Gupte and Vithal once again come together in "Old and New", a Famous Arun picture.



For Bookings Write to: BOMBAY PICTURES CORPORATION, *Ahmed Chambers, Lamington Road, Bombay.*

I think the Film Corporation has stopped their production activities but "Kavir" has been completed and will be released soon.

Kirti Narayan (Patna)

Don't you think it is better for Kanan Devi to be completely engrossed with her household work rather than waste her time and energy in acting?

Kanan has wonderful music and don't you think that she ought to share that talent with the world. And yet for a woman the best job is in her home. For Kanan's own sake, I would like her to stick to her home job. Her music that has thrilled millions so far can still be used to lull her own babies to sleep.

L. Venkatrao (Coimbatore)

In the South, 90% of the films have religious themes. Can't these producers give us something in modern social stories?

Going to the numerous temples at regular intervals seems to be a national pursuit in the South. As if to provide full scope for this pursuit, hundreds of small and big temples are thrown about all over the country which are visited by millions every year. The South seems to be suffering from acute religion. Naturally therefore religious themes are popular and pay well. And producers give to the people what pays them.

Isn't Vauhini Pictures giving some very good social pictures?

S. R. Mohan (Secunderabad)

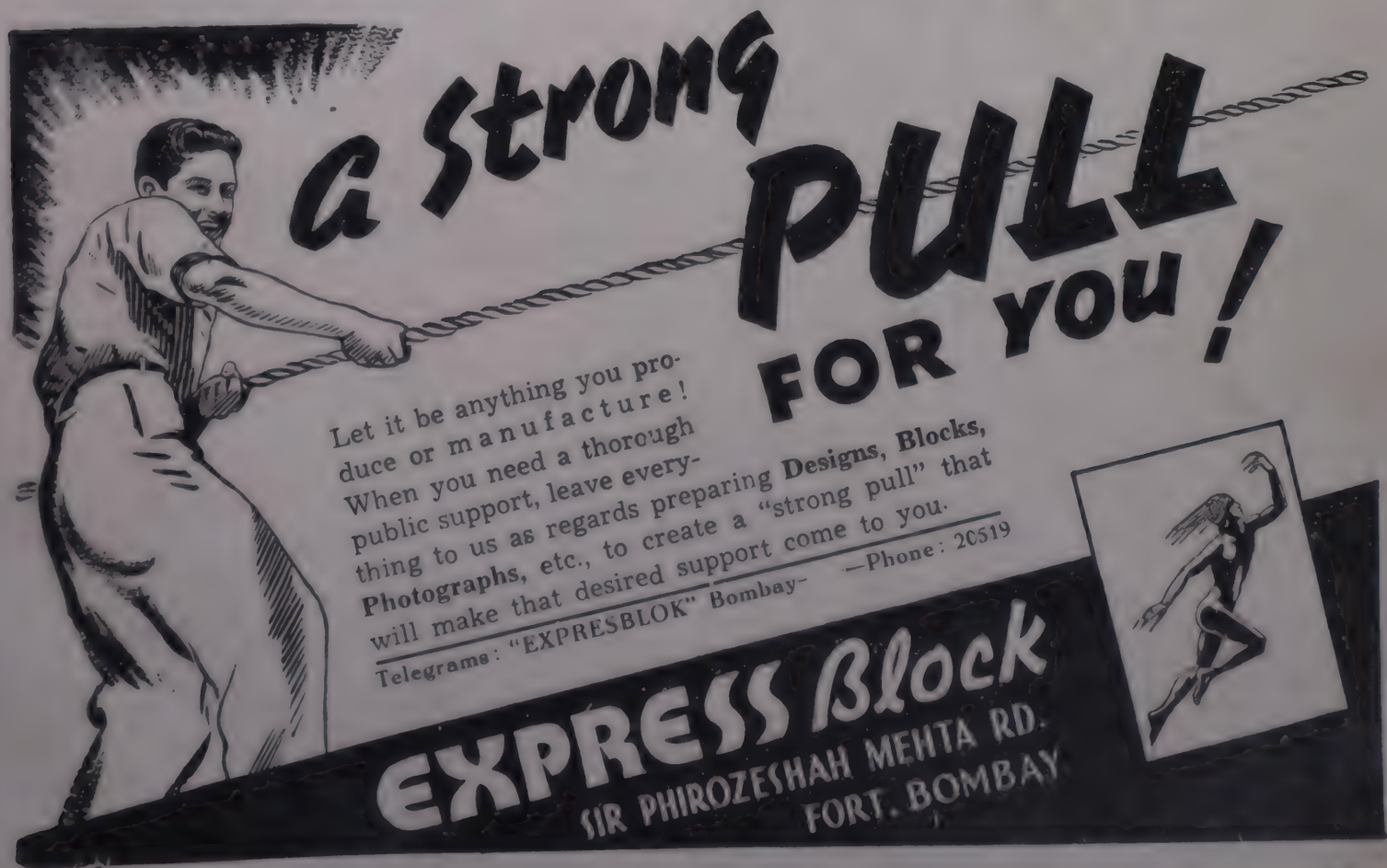
Who was the first husband of Leela Chitnis? Is he dead?

Perish the thought. Dr. Chitnis is a brilliant man and very much alive.

Gopi Krishna Prasad (Gaya)

I want to know the home address of Sardar Chandulal Shah?

Shah Baug, Peddar Road, Bombay. As the boss of several producers, he controls the destinies of hundreds of workers and if you are looking out for a job, provided you have looks for the screen, the Sardar is your man to ask.





A BREEZE OF A

The "Bandhan" Team

Bigger — Brighter — Bet

IN

BOMBAY TALKIES

Leadership Production — —

More Laughs!
More Musi
More Thrilling
Dance

Produced By: **S. MUKERJI,**
Maker of "Bandhan"
and "Naya Sansar".

Directed by	Gyan Muker
Screen Play	Gyan Mukerji an Santosh
Dialogues	Santoshi and Shahid Lat
Lyrics by	Pradee
Photography	R. D. Pareen
Sound Engineer	S. B. Vachh

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JHOOLA

in which

LEELA CHITNIS

as the Guileless Girl

AND

ASHOK KUMAR

as the Homeless Hero

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with

Shah Nawaz, V. H. Desai,
Mumtaz Ali, Karuna Devi,
Shahzadi, Rajkumari Shukla,
Master Laxman, Minoo Cooper.

Dialogue Director	S. I. Hasan
Film Architect	L. H. Choridia
Music Director	Saraswati Devi
Dance Director	Mumtaz Ali
Editor	D. N. Pai
Processing	Mohsin Abdullah



all Merry at
TALKIES
BOMBAY;
THEATRE
KARACHI

OUR REVIEW

"Darshan" A Good 'B' Class Picture

Jyoti Gives Melodious Music

Picture Portrays Dowry Evils

There are no secrets about a Mohanlal Dave story. Even without a credit title one can recognize it as Dave's very own. "Darshan" is no exception to this observation. It is as usual packed with so many homely and unhomely, social and unsocial and religious and irreligious "touches" and sentiments that from minute to minute you jump over from one old pebble to another, only differently sprinkled on the same old path. And yet for the average family audience, this Dave story does become interesting and would have become more so only if it had been taken with a little more imagination by the Director.

For a time, from the early dialogues, you suspect that the picture has something to do with the cursed dowry system prevalent among the Hindus. Later on your suspicions are confirmed when more stress is laid on the dowry dialogues.

But this dowry problem is so painfully worked out in the midst of a lot of extraneous matter, that you almost lose sight of it during long intervals.

ESSENCE OF A STORY

The story in short is as follows: A temple priest has three daughters. One is a widow, the second one is married and the third one is still unmarried. The third one falls in love with the local estate manager's nephew, a young doctor with ideals of service and socialism. The second one's husband is money greedy and demands the balance of his promised dowry and failing to get it returns his wife to her father's house.

The uncle of the hero opposes the intimacy of the heroine with the hero. The hero, however, persists and triumphs in the end! But between the persistence and the triumph, story-writer Dave has crammed in one attempted suicide, one renunciation, one fake wedding, a large crowd of suffering poor, a synthetic theft, a miraculous eye operation, an obliging storm and umpteen other what nots which, though they look illogical at times, still contribute to the dramatic value of the story.

Even inspite of its familiar mould, the story could have become a forceful picture had it received a little more intelligent and imaginative direction. As it is, most of the intensely dramatic situations in the story have been rather weakly portrayed thereby losing audience appeal.

GOOD MUSIC

Music of the picture is a decided attraction, the songs being well tuned and well sung. Jyoti really gives a soothing lilt to her music. The background music, however, was more often noise than purposeful sound.

Jyoyti and Shakir do pretty well as the daughter and the father. Prem Adib's expressions seem to come from the stage dictionary of emotions. Bhudo Advani fails to excite laughter. Baby Kaushalya is quite nice. Meera's dance is an attraction and would have been more so had the accompanying song been better sung.

Well, with a little patience, "Darshan" can be called a good "B" class entertainer

DARSHAN

Producers:	*Prakash Pictures*
Language:	*Hindusthani*
Story:	*M. G. Dave*
Dialogues:	*Pandit Fani*
Songs:	*Fani, Indra and Balam*
Music:	*Naushad Ali*
Photography:	*Shirodkar*
Audiography:	*T. K. Dave*
Cast:	*Jyoti, Prem Adib, B. Advani, Shakir, Mira, Amir, Karnataki etc.*
Released at:	*Lamington Talkies, Bombay.*
Date of Release:	*18th Oct. 1941*

Director: C. M. LUHAR



In "Kirti", a Venus picture, Lalita Pawar gives some thrilling drama.

WOMEN ALL ENVY LEELA CHITNIS



It's no wonder! Who wouldn't envy this lovely film-star with the golden voice, who won such fame as the heroine of "Bandhan"? But it isn't her success that most women covet, so much as her **attraction**—the charm, for instance, of her smooth clear skin, that owes its unblemished perfection to the daily care it gets from Lux Toilet Soap.

Here, in Leela's own words, is her beauty secret. "I make a generous lather of Lux Toilet Soap and pat it on to the face. Then I rinse in cold water. This lather is so cleansing. It rids the pores of the skin of all traces of dust and dirt that may cause blemishes, and leaves the skin softly smooth." If lovely Leela Chitnis chooses Lux Toilet Soap to guard her skin, rest assured there is no better way of keeping **your** skin beautiful.



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NAI ROSHNI
TRIMBAK

Naseem Thinks Shantaram Wonderful!

Spends Thousands On Saris & Perfumes!

Beautiful But Terribly Shy Star

By: Hyacinth

You know Naseem is beautiful and that she has more glamour in her little finger than the average woman has in her whole being. Because of this, you've thought of her as an almost unearthly sort of person who could not possibly be concerned with the common things of life.

For instance, you'd never think of her cooking pulav or shamikabab, would you? Well, that's just exactly what she often does do. She loves these two dishes but she loves them even more when she cooks them herself.

Don't imagine we are trying to deglamorise Naseem. That isn't possible. Even with a sooty smudge on her nose as she vigorously stirs her culinary concoctions she manages to exude glamour. We just want you to realize that Naseem is a very human glamour queen.

Naseem was born on January 2nd. 1922, at Delhi. She is an only child but was not spoilt although her parents were quite well off. She went to school like any ordinary little girl and was considered a clever child. In 1934 she left school, and came to Bombay with her parents soon after. By this time she was quite sure that she was destined to be an actress. She had acted in two school plays and her success in them had fired her with this ambition.



...with a sooty smudge on her nose as she vigorously stirs her culinary concoctions.

MEETS SOHRAB MODI

Eventually in 1936 she met the famous Mr. Sohrab Modi who took one look at her and then decided at once that he wanted her to star in his picture "Hamlet" which he was making at Poona.

Although Naseem was thrilled at getting this chance to star in a picture she was also overcome with shyness at the thought of having to mix with strange people in the studio. She was so shy that her mother had to get a part in the film so that she could be near her daughter all the time. Naseem's mother is a fine singer and took the part of the Queen in "Hamlet".

Before she left Minervas' in 1940 Naseem had to her credit seven pictures. They were "Hamlet", "Khan Bahadur", "Meetha Zahar", "Vasanti", "Divorce", "Pukar" and "Defeat". Now she works for Taj Mahal pictures and is a partner in the company. There are very few girls in India who at 21 are not only famous actresses but also part owners of a film company.

SHANTARAM WONDERFUL BUT OTHERS

If you ask Naseem if she has enjoyed working with all her directors she will say quite frankly, "No I didn't like working under any of them because none of them have been really good directors". So you see that although Naseem is shy, she is not afraid to be honest even if it means incurring the wrath of important people.

But Naseem thinks that Shantaram is a wonderful director and she hopes that one day she will be able to work with him.



MISS NASEEM

But let me tell you more personal things about Naseem. She is 5ft. 4 inches in height and weighs 106 lbs. She doesn't have to diet to keep this weight and this is fortunate because she wouldn't give up her pulav and shami-kababs even if she did show signs of getting fat!

Naseem's skin is a lovely golden brown colour and her make-up harmonizes with it perfectly. The day I interviewed her she was dressed in a filmy white Moghul costume. She dresses like this at home, but wears saris when she goes out. She was



MR. SHIRAZ — MAKES NEWS!

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This Reducing and Enlarging printer reduces and prints a 16 m.m. film from a 35 m.m. film, enlarges and prints a 35 m.m. from a 16 m.m. film and also makes a contact print from a 16 m.m. to 16 m.m. film.



This is an opportunity to the makers of topicals, newsreels, commercial and advertising films.

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TARDEO - BOMBAY



She is terribly shy.

wearing magnificent diamond earrings and a ring to match. She tells me that she loves jewellery but the stones must be real. She earns over Rs. 2500/- a month so she can well afford to buy real stones.

Naseem works hard for her large salary and although she is exhausted after her work at the studio she still manages to fit in a daily three-hour dancing lesson.

She has very little time for recreation but does not mind this because she is terribly shy when she meets people socially. She has overcome her shyness where her work is concerned but is still inclined to get tonguetied when she meets people at parties.

She does not belong to any club because the European clubs she would like to join do not accept Indian members and the Hindu clubs will not accept Mohamedans. She could join the C.C.I. but she does not wish to because....well....

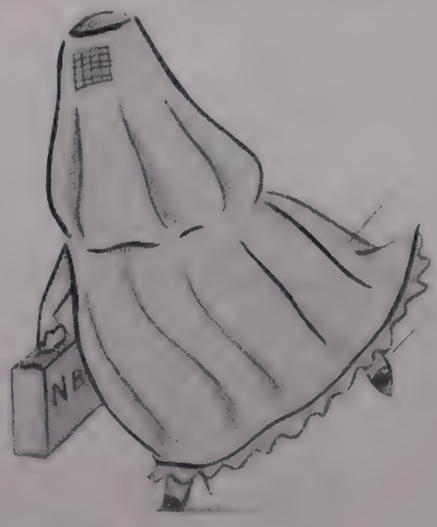
Naseem loves riding but does not do so much of it nowadays. She learnt to ride when she was a school girl. During her two months' vacation her parents used to take her to Mussoorie and it was there she had learned to ride.

Naseem has a great love for Delhi, because her friends and relations are there, so after every five or six months she goes there for a holiday. She is so well-known there, that she has to wear a veil or she would be recognized and mobbed by her fans. She says with pride, "I have an extra special 'burkha'. It is a modern one, in fact you might almost call it streamlined."

HORRIBLE POSTERS

Naseem went with Sohrab Modi on a personal appearance tour of Hyderabad, Bangalore, Madras and Ahmedabad. At Ahmedabad station they were caught in a huge crowd and couldn't reach the train. Her fans fought to get near her so that she was almost suffocated and could hardly walk.

When Naseem goes to the Races, instead of dressing like a glamorous star she wears a simple white cotton sari and makes herself look as inconspicuous as possible. It is her



She has to wear a veil.

retiring simple nature which is her chief charm. When you look at her beautiful face and remember that she is a famous actress you expect her to be imperious, talkative, and even a little vain. When you find that she is quietly dignified and shy you are her fan for life.

Knowing her simplicity and sweetness it is hard to imagine how anyone could print slanderous posters about her. Those who know her were shocked to see large posters, crammed with falsehoods, pasted all over the city.

When they told Naseem about the posters she said "I don't care very much what they write about me. I'm sure my fans will not believe anything so horrible. I don't want to be worried about this unpleasant business so I shall just place the matter in the hands of the C.I.D."

Naseem leads a very sheltered life. Most of her spare time is spent in her modern flat at Warden Road where she lives with her mother. She does not mix much with the other actresses because they are more worldly and sophisticated than she is. Her one actress friend is Sardar Akhtar who is also a home-bird.

. SIMPLE BUT EXTRAVAGANT .

Naseem has no vices. She does not drink and only smokes when it is necessary for her to do so for a film role. She does not like tea or coffee but drinks milk instead.

She likes country life and would like to live in a hill-station. The climate in Bombay does not agree with her and she would like to retire soon and return to the screen after four or five years.

She liked her role as Nur Jehan in "Pukar" best and likes acting with Prithviraj and Chandramohan.

She is very fond of birds but does not care to make pets of dogs or cats.

She enjoys going to see English and American films and is one of the few stars who admits that she learns something from them.

When it comes to clothes Naseem is very extravagant. She admits that she has over a thousand saris and still continues to buy more.

She also collects glass bangles and

Con. on Page 39



She would like to have a large family.

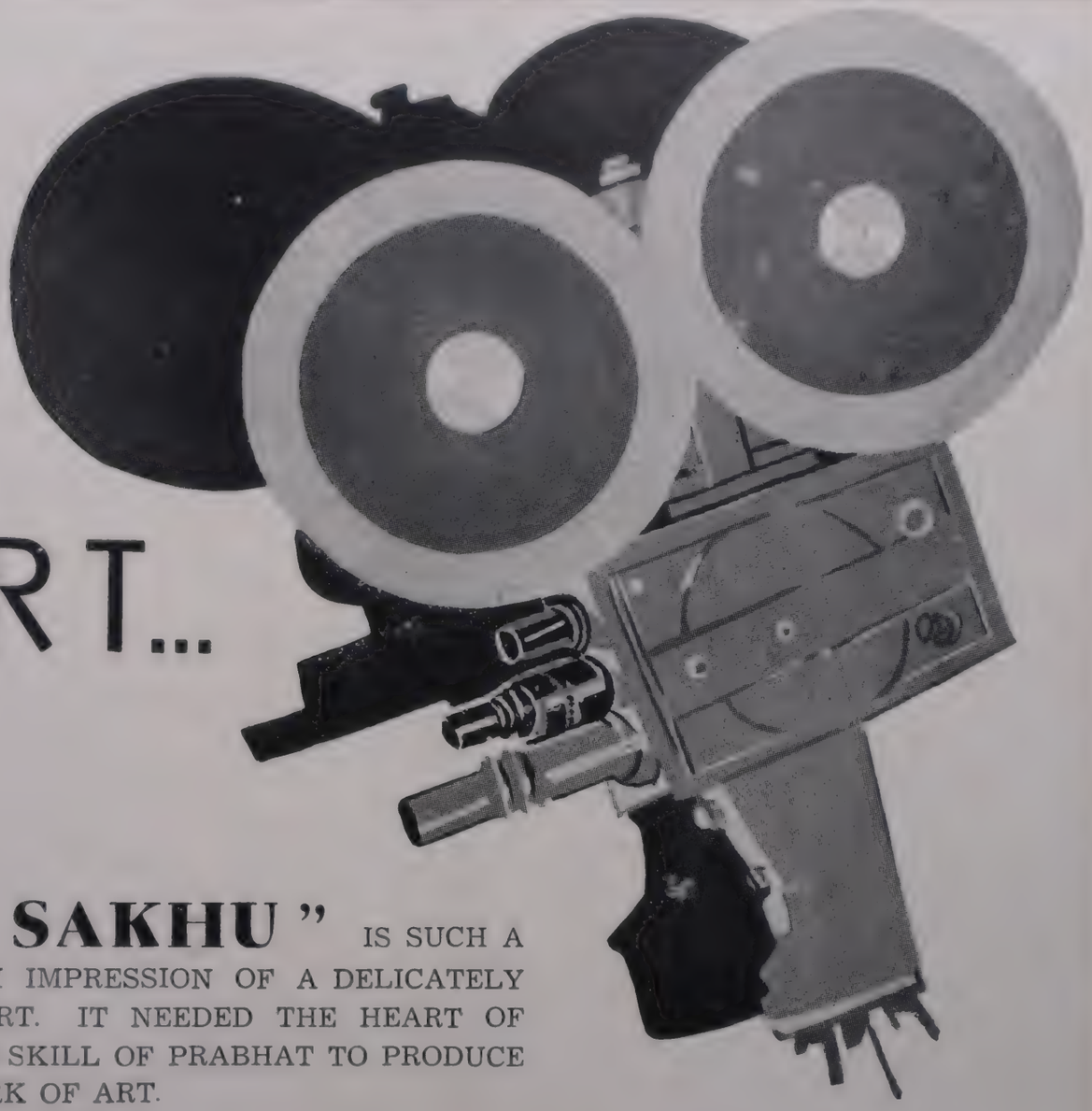
FILMING A

.....THAT SUMS UP THE GRANDEUR AND THE BEAUTY OF THE SCREEN: INDEED, THE GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY OF ALL ART.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, POETRY, SCREEN ACTING .....IT APPEALS TO US JUST SO FAR THAT IT PICTURES THE HUMAN HEART.



DISTRIBUTED B



HEART...

"SANT SAKHU" IS SUCH A PICTURE, A RICH IMPRESSION OF A DELICATELY BEAUTIFUL HEART. IT NEEDED THE HEART OF SAKHU AND THE SKILL OF PRABHAT TO PRODUCE THIS SWEET WORK OF ART.

"SANT SAKHU"

Starring: **HANSA, GOURI, KULKARNI & SUMITRA**

Directed by **DAMLE, FATEHLAL & RAJA NENE**

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Sandhurst Road. BOMBAY.
Next Brilliant Hit
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(Hindi)
Story - Direction
KUMARSEN SAMARTH
BRILLIANT

Give Us Publicity With Pep

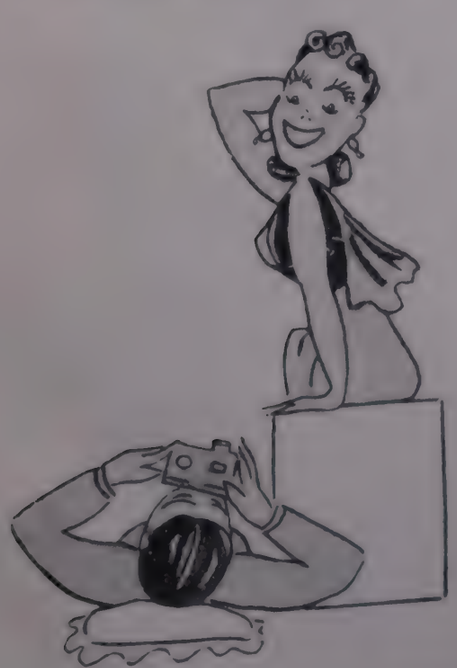
Tell Us About Private Lives

Someone should put a fire cracker under those dull creatures who are in charge of film publicity. Their advertising schemes have as much originality as posters advertising a jumble sale in a home for the aged.

When some optimistic individual wants to sell a new toothpaste to the public he has it done up in a fancy wrapping and photographed at flattering angles. Then the photograph is set up in an advertisement which claims that the paste will make your teeth "as white as driven snow" or "as shining as pearls."

When a film company wants to introduce a new star to the public they have her put on her most gorgeous sari and incidentally her most sugary smile and photograph her at flattering angles. These photographs are submitted to the press along with labels which claim that she is charming, alluring and captivating.

In both cases the result is the same. At first the public look with interest at the pictures of the new toothpaste and new star and perhaps indulge in a few oohs and ahs, but soon the novelty wears off and they become just another tooth paste and just another star.



Photograph her at flattering angles.



casually pats a child on the head.

No pains are taken to hold public interest or to keep the star in the headlines.

In Hollywood many stars make news by getting married and divorced in quick succession and those conservatives who don't have publicity managers who are clever enough to find ways to keep them in the public eye. If a star casually pats a child on the head there is always someone around to write a sob-story about the incident and to convince the public that the star adores children and has a heart of gold.

HUSH! THE STAR

There is too much 'hush-hush about the private lives of our stars in India. Fans like to know more about their favourites—what their homes and families look like when they are not posing before the cameras.

They would like to see off-guard pictures of film heroes enjoying themselves at some night haunt or other and unposed pictures of their favourite actresses out shopping or trying to be domesticated.

We would like to see the stars made more human by clever and unusual publicity schemes.

Think how intrigued and interested people would be if a rather large-eared actor was photographed with emphasis on his offending aural parts and the comment under the photograph was "His ears are outstanding, but so is his personality."

We can hear all those dull publicity men saying "But he'll lose favour with his fans if we write that." We say "Nonsense". If his ears are large nothing can hide the fact and so his fans will admire him for showing that he is not afraid to draw attention to his ears and have them laughed at.

But if he insists upon being photographed as a glamour boy people will think him foolishly conceited and very soon some local wit will start the slogan "Glamour-boy, glamour-boy, what big ears you've got."

SENSATIONAL BIG CONTRAST

Hollywood's Garbo is a mystery woman but her "I want to be alone" complex is sensational only because the other stars' private lives are common knowledge and her silence is unusual by contrast.

Here in India they are trying to publicise Neena as a mystery woman. This won't cause a sensation



Glamour boy, glamour boy, what big ears you've got.

LOOK OUT FOR IT – NEXT RELEASE



FEATURING

SURENDRA & ROSE

with

Veena Kumari, Sankatha, Quayamali, Pesi Patel and Keshav.

Directed by R. THAKUR

NATIONAL STUDIOS

"NATIONAL" FOR BETTER PICTURES



Notices which will make our eyes pop.

because as far as the public is concerned all the stars are mystery women.

Publicity here is primitive not only where the stars are concerned but also where film advertisements are concerned. Every picture is advertised as a "smash hit", "glorious entertainment", or "the year's best", but the public are becoming a little sceptical because so few films live up to their glowing notices.

Why copy American slogans? Why not be original? Why not occasionally cause a sensation with a notice like this: "This film is the year's biggest flop. Don't say we didn't warn you!" We guarantee that the public will flock to see the flop out of curiosity and the picture may end up by being a box-office hit.

We want to see notices which will make our eyes pop out and our minds register "We must see that picture". We want to see pictures of Motilal dancing at the Cricket Club, of Prithviraj playing tennis and of all the stars when they are not trying to look like stars!

Con. from Page 33

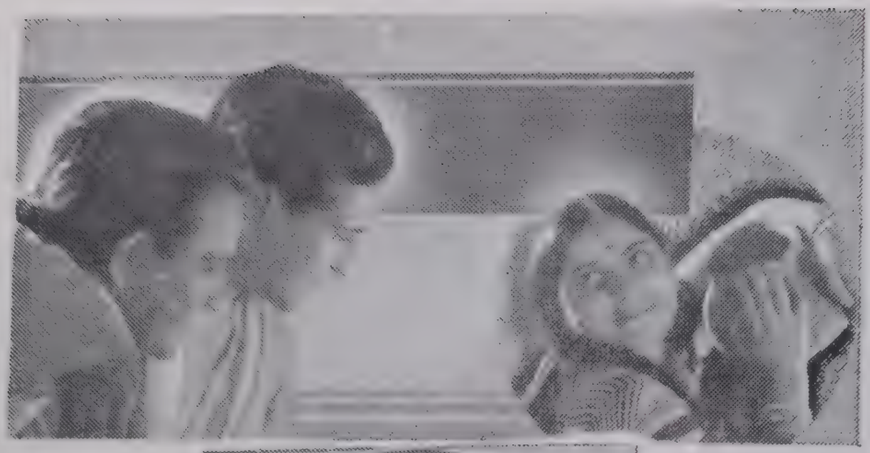
wears them by the dozen. Her other extravagance is perfumes. She has a box containing Indian perfumes which is worth about Rs. 500/-.

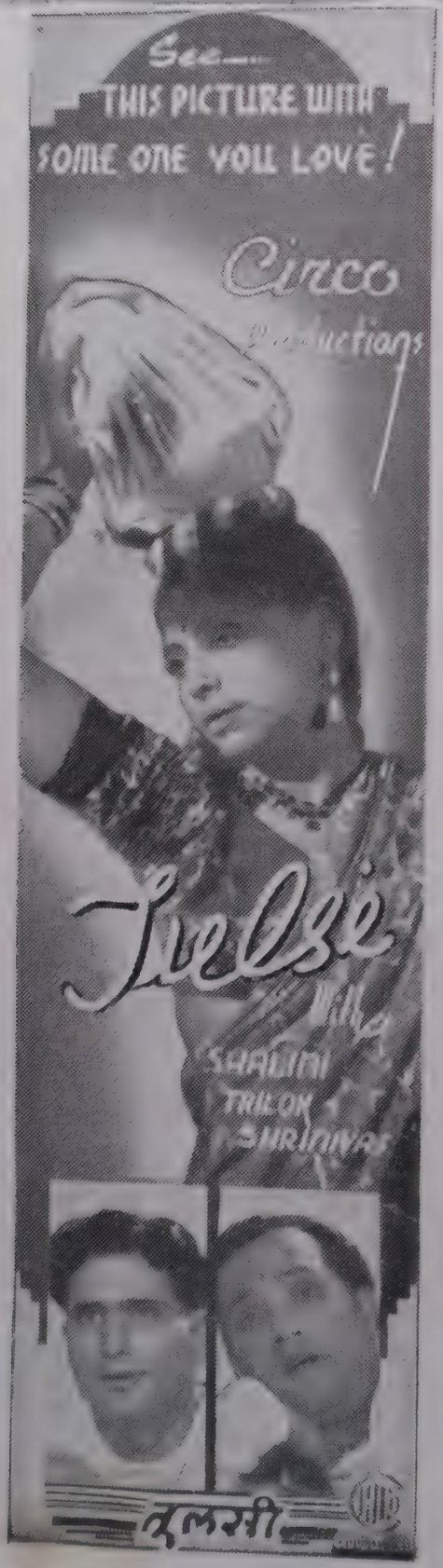
Her favourite perfume is Worth's "Je Reviens". It is a small flat bottle and costs Rs. 45/-. When you take a sniff at the bottle you realise why Naseem doesn't mind spending such a large amount of money for it. The perfume is absolutely heavenly.

Naseem isn't terribly anxious to get married but if she meets a good and attractive man she might consider changing her name. When she does marry she would like to have a large family because she is very fond of children.

Don't repeat this, but we have a sneaking feeling that before another year has passed Naseem will be Mrs. Something-or-other.







The Greatest

X'mas Attraction

For Fair and Elite Bombay

Featuring

Two New Stars !

THE NOBLE STORY OF

3 YOUNG SOULS 3

LOVING EACH OTHER

to the extent of even Sacrificing their Lives for the Happiness of each other !

Directed by **GUNJAL**
of "Mother India" Fame

Story by **PUJARI**

Music by **B A L I**

Sound by **Minoo Katrak**

WITNESS This Powerfully Beautiful Spectacle at

NOVELTY (Bombay)

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TULSI

"SWASTIK-INDIA" RELEASE

Released on 20th December

Coming Attractions:

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Distributors:

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SHOBHANA SAMARTH

As "Seeta" in "Bharat Milap" a Prakash picture, Shobhana proves herself to be an ideal cast for the picture.

NEW YEAR PRO

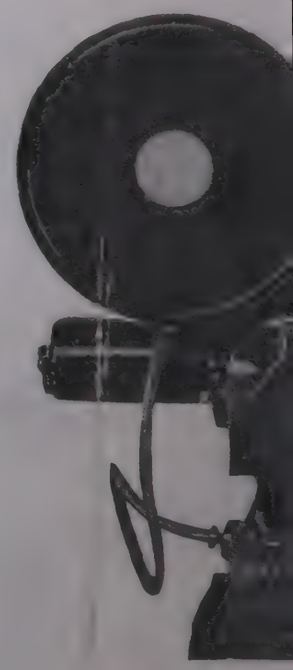
THERE ARE MORE RCA
PROJECTORS IN INDIA THA

ACCLAIMED THROUGHOUT THE W
RCA SCORES TRIUMPHS AFTER
ING FILM STUDIOS AND THEAT
AND

The Unique Demand For RCA Necessitates Advance Buying.

RCA has many an adherent in India and the following Theatres which are either newly constructed or are under construction have all chosen to equip themselves with RCA Photophone Equipment:—

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Bandra	-	Cinema under construction (Mr. Shantaram Bhatt).
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Matunga, B.B. & C.I.		Cinema under construction (Mr. Manchubhai). Cinema under construction (Mr. Masani).
Matunga, G.I.P.	-	Cinema under construction (Mr. Virker).
Tardeo	-	Cinema under construction (Mr. Bhavnagree).
AKOLA	-	Rajkamal Talkies. Krishna Cinema. Cinema under construction (Mr. Uttamchand).
BANGALORE	-	Majestic Cinema—and all Cinemas controlled by Dr. Patel.
INDORE	-	Regal Theatre. Krishna Cinema.
MADRAS	-	The Casino and the Crown Theatre.
NAGPUR	-	Variety Cinema.
SHOLAPUR	-	Prabhat Talkies.
TRICHINOPOLY	-	Rajah Talkies.
ADEN	-	REGAL.



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THE MAGIC V

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F OF SUPREME POPULARITY

ND EQUIPMENTS AND SIMPLEX
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UMPHS IN INDIA BY EQUIPPING THE LEAD-
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In 1942, several leading studios go RCA to get better sound.

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NUR JEHAN—
A new charmer in a new picture, Nur Jehan will be seen in "Khan Daan" a Pancholi Art picture.


3
SMASH
HITS
YOU
MUST
SEE!
ALL FROM
THE FIRST
RELEASE IS
APNA GHAR
THEY WERE BORN TO PLAY THESE ROLES
SHANTA APTE CHANDRA MOHAN &
MAYA BANERJI IN
APNA GHAR
HINDI-MARATHI
Directed by
DEBAKI BOSE
DASH OUT THE OLD DUNYA
SWING IN THE-----
AAJ DUNYA
Starring
SHOBHNA MAZHAR &
JAIRAJ
Directed by
A.R.KARDAR
THE GREAT INDIAN MOTION PICTURE!
MAHATMA VIDUR
HINDI-MARATHI
Starring
VISHNUPANT PAGNIS
DURGA KHOTE
Directed by
PARSHVANATH ALTEKAR
& BABURAO PAINTER

A GREAT COMBINATION of a perfect screenplay from a swell piece of story material



WITH

BEAUTY QUEEN NASEEM & PRITHVIRAJ

IN A TOWERING TRIUMPH OF EMOTIONAL DRAMA

Supported by:

RATANBAI, MUBARAK, MIRZA MUSHARRAF, MADHURIKA

Story Written & Produced by
M. A. MUGHNI

Associate Producer
M. EHSAN

Dialogues by
KAMAL AMROHI

Direction:
K. M. MULTANI

Photography:
DRONACHARYYA

Music:
PROF. BASHIR

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Blackmailed Interview of Mazhar Khan

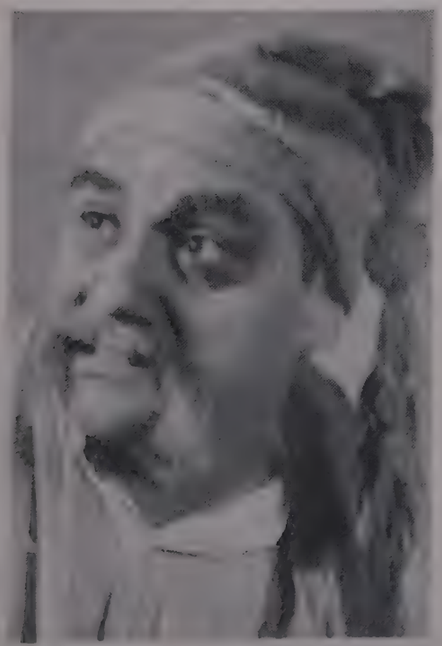
Blushing Confessions of Famous Actor

(By: Our Special Representative)

[Mazhar Khan—the name brings to mind some rare and difficult portrayals on the Indian screen. Modest Mazhar is this time made to talk. A fluent speaker on the screen, he stammered talking about himself. And that is why this personal article took three months. The interview is in Mazhar's own words—only the stammering pauses, the sly blushes and the pleasant surprises are left out.

We do not wish to be worried with more questions so we give his address here: Mazhar Khan, Bachan Lodge, Worli Sea Face, Bombay 18. Readers can write to him if they like, because Mazhar also helps the new comers....The Editor.]

"I was born just like every one else in the usual way and there was nothing unusual about it. Just as my arrival in this world was without my previous consent, so was my day to day growth. And thus I grew up by the inevitable conspiracy of circumstances. At the school age, I was sent to an educational institution and when I passed my matriculation, I found myself a full-fledged police sub-inspector.



In his immortal role as Thakur in Shantaram's "Padosi", Mazhar put in a remarkable performance.



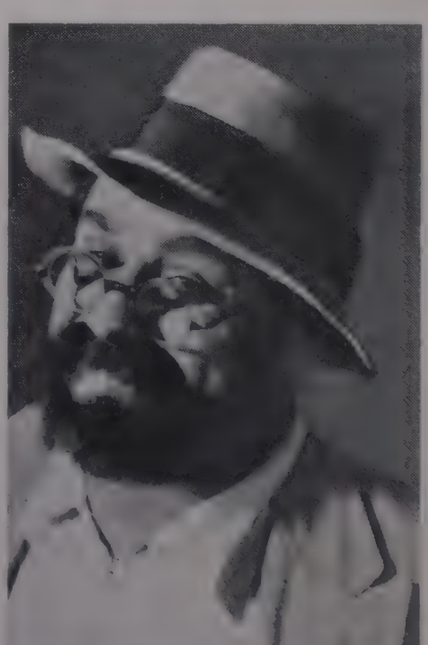
Snehaprabha Marathe, a new talent, will make her debut in the Marathi version of "Nirdosh", a National picture.

"While in school the glamour of the Indian screen attracted me. My interest in films increased with every new picture I saw. I can vividly recall those moments of ecstacy when along with the dramatic swings of rising and falling situations, I used to rise and sink back in my seat, just like a bouncing ball, in quick succession. What a nuisance I must have proved to my neighbouring spectators, I can realise now—but who cared then.

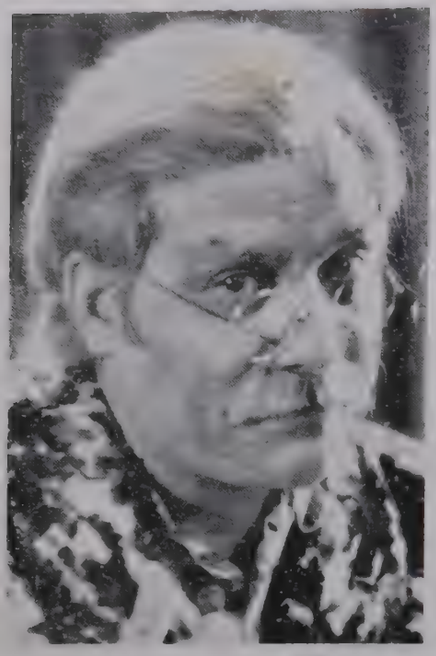
"In my heart of hearts I secretly admired the heroes and villains of the silver screen and more so their daring exploits. After a time, I found within myself a strong urge to become a film actor. This desire matured into a fancy and, in due course, developed into a craze. My heart craved but the musings of reason suppressed this craving with ruthless tyranny. At last, the craving got the better of reason, taking a bold step, I shook off the police uniform and rushed to Bombay, the Mecca of films.

WE—POOR MALES

"Reaching Bombay, I received a rude shock and felt my well-nursed dreams shattering to pieces when I saw studio gates carefully guarded by heavily built Pathans who always carried big *lathis* as a symbol of their unquestioned authority. I said to myself in despair, "These are not studios but Gardens of Eden whose inner doings and private enchantments must be protected from intruders like myself." But strange to say, any lady could get the entrance without any difficulty. And the fairer she was and more dazzling her bloom, the easier it was for her to get a passport to the forbidden land. Neither the stalwart arms of a Pathan blocked her way nor did the gates remain closed with



Mazhar with a Zola expression



Mazhar's great character portrayal in "Sonera Sansar" is still remembered as a landmark of great acting.

that obstinacy as in the case of we poor males.

"Day in and day out I waited for an opportunity till one afternoon, escaping the watchful eye of the Pathan, I sneaked through the gate and dashed forward without looking behind. I was received with a gruff but a few more daring efforts like this secured me at least a standing place in this earthly heaven.

PROFESSIONAL HIGHWAYMAN

"I was an actor now and was given the role of a villain in my first picture. It was neither a surprise nor a disappointment for I had a tough body roughened in the maintenance of law and order. The role thus fitted me. I do not know whether I did my part successfully or not but the cinema public liked it and that fact alone acted as a spur to my ambitions.

"My other pictures followed in quick succession. This was the period of stunt pictures. I played the villain in all of them. My job was looting, marauding, terrorising, acting as a foil to the hero and even sometimes kidnapping the heroine, and shall I say in a manly way that I discharged these duties with due responsibility and marked efficiency.

"Then came the period when the trend of Indian pictures had to undergo a change in order to keep pace with the times. The stunt element in the films did not disappear totally but more attention was paid now to mythological, historical and semi-social type of films.

"The roles that I was assigned in these pictures required not only daring adventures and heroic feats of valour but those subtle expressions and emotional contortions of the face which are essential in depicting a characteristic role with a touch of extra realism.



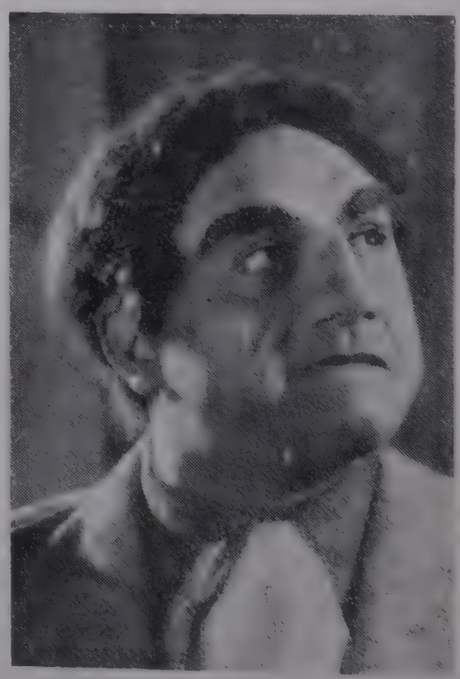
Mazhar as Noor Ali in "Masoom"

"I was ever convinced that before behaving like a certain person and living his life, one must look like him. Here comes the significance and importance of the art of make-up in film-acting. And in the field of character-acting, the element of make-up assumes all the more importance. I, therefore, paid particular attention to this side of acting. In all the pictures produced in this period, my work won wide and generous approval from the ever-increasing number of cine fans. What a joy to reap the fruits of hard labour! Love's labour is never lost. I loved my work and therefore laboured to make it as lovable as I could by giving it touches of realism. Quite naturally, therefore, the public appreciation of my work sent me to seventh heaven of delight—the delight that I am told Napoleon felt when he wore the military uniform for the first time in life.

14 YEARS AND 112 PICTURES

"Times were fast changing and so were the tastes of the people. The film industry had to adjust itself to the changing conditions if it was ever to play its due role in the national life of our country. Talking pictures had already revolutionised the film industry. Now there was a definite demand for purely social films with a purpose, important roles in these new type of films required good character-actors who alone could portray them with success. To my own surprise, such roles suited me to the core, I found them not only absorbingly interesting but also providing me with an opportunity to put to test my hidden faculties which afterwards found their appropriate outlet in pictures like "Padosi" and "Akela"

"Taking stock of my fourteen years continuous work in the film industry I find myself right in the rut of film life and have to my credit more than 112 pictures. I have played all-sorts of roles—from the meanest beggar to the august em-



Mazhar in a Bella Lugosi style in "My Eyes", a social picture.

peror. Thus have I tasted the bit[illegible]sweet cup of film life from every [illegible], believe me, every sip [illegible]

I lived the life of a miserable Rickshaw-walla amidst pangs of poverty and have no hesitation in saying that these poverty stricken lead no better lives than worms. And yet I ruled India twice and administered justice with that awe-inspiring serenity and majestic bearing that marked out Akbar the Great from all the rest of the Moghul emperors. In between these two extremes. I became a sadhu, a whimsical millionaire of moods, a typical Marwari, a usurper, a crusader, a blacksmith engrossed in his own loneliness and a neighbour with a heart of gold. Such are the vagaries of film life that one is tossed from one role to another, and if an artiste lacks elasticity in his personality, he may crack any time and end his career in disaster.

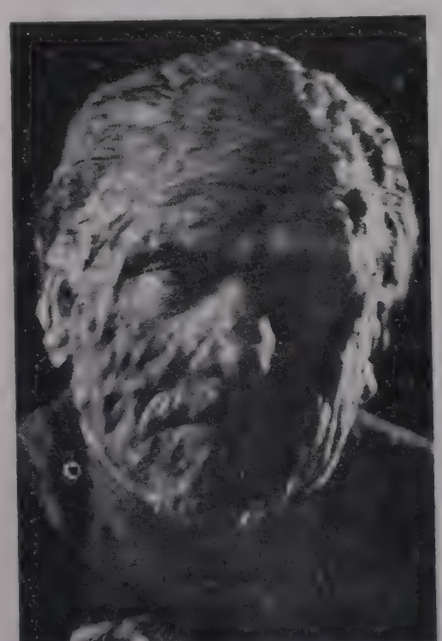
"From my past films. I would like to mention "Baghi Sepahi", "Sonera Sansar" and "Milap" but particular mention must be made of "Night Bird" because of its make-up perfection. I changed six disguises in it and, believe me, in one of them I made myself a monster of a human being. If any one doubts it, I am ready to make a monster of him too within six hours. A trial is solicited.



Mazhar Khan looks like Paul Muni in "Professor Waman" of Ranjit.

OMNIBUS ACTIVITIES

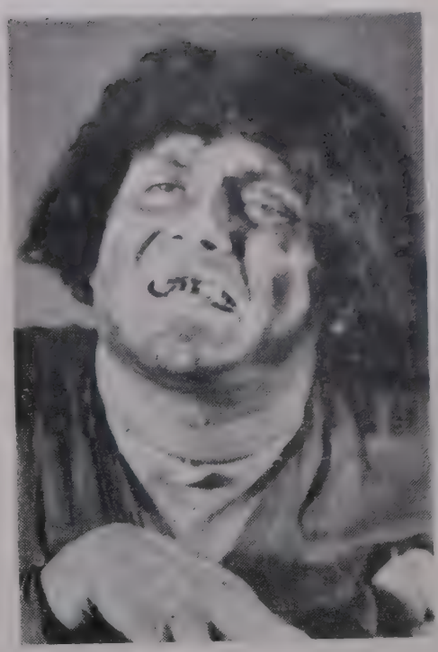
"Of my recent pictures, "Padosi" and "Akela" give a new angle to my career as a film artiste. I wish my fans should see these two pictures especially "Padosi" and feel with me the sobs and sorrows of human life cut into Hindu and Muslim pieces.



Mazhar imitates Boris Karloff.

"My coming pictures are "Masoom", "Bhakta Kabir", "Raja Rani", "Nai Dunya", "Marvee" or "Meri Dunya" and "Vasant Sena". My roles in these films vary in character and importance and I am not going to say anything about them. Time is the best judge. However, I cannot escape the temptation of quoting director Husnain who, on his arrival in Bombay recently, solemnly predicted that my role in "Masoom" is destined to eclipse all my previous achievements.

"I think my life story will not be complete and I will be charged of ingratitude if I do not mention the names of directors like Mr. V. Shantaram, Mr. Debaki Bose, Mr. S. F. Husnain, Mr. Ezra Mir and Mr. A. R. Kardar. Shantaram is a genius in creative art and Debaki Bose a keen lover of art with the vision of a philosopher. Both of them treat the artistes honourably and are totally devoid of stiff-neckedness which is the hallmark of some budding producers and directors who want their artistes to obey them unhesitatingly whether they are right or wrong. Mr. Husnain is nobility personified and determined to tread a new path in film production. Mr. Ezra Mir is an old director with a proud record. And last but not the least the inimitable, ever polite Mr. Kardar whose prestige goes higher with every new picture. It is my proud privilege to have worked under them.



Mazhar—after the Hunchback of Notre Dame fashion.

"And so I find myself in the rut of film life, with the burly Editor of "filmindia" threatening me to tell my own story or else....."

OUT TO WIN

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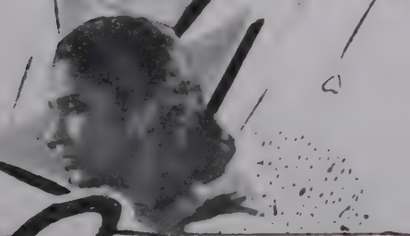
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LOVE IN MARBLE

A Commoner's Symbol Becomes An Emperor's Sigh

By: Dewan Sharar

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In the days of great Shah Jehan, most famous of India's Moghul Emperors, there dwelled in the city of Agra a sculptor-architect; and his name was Ustad Isa Mohammad. From Shiraz in Persia he came—a quiet, unpretentious man, no longer young, for no mere youth could have attained to such eminence as his. He was unmarried, and his whole heart and soul were dedicated to the art he loved. And the Emperor, holding him deservedly in favour, commissioned him to carry out extensive decorations in the Imperial palace; and accepted at his hands a carved screen of exquisite workmanship, richly and delicately wrought. "This shall go into the Empress's Zanana," said Shah Jahan: and Ustad Isa bowed enraptured; he knew that no more signal honour could have been bestowed upon him.

Assad Khan, Comptroller of the Imperial Household, saw to the screen's transport. Assad Khan was young, very handsome, of the blood royal and much admired by all the Empress's ladies. He, however, had eyes for only one of them; and that was his cousin Naseem whose name means Garden Breeze—the loveliest of all and the Empress's favourite. Unfortunately Naseem was not at all sure that she cared for him in return.

Assad Khan directed the palace eunuchs as to the setting up of the screen, and the Empress's ladies, with faces discreetly veiled, crowded round to admire. Assad had been hoping for a word with Naseem: he got it, but little satisfaction therewith. Naseem could talk only of the artist who had created the glorious screen. "Who is he, Assad? What is his name and where does he live?" she wanted to know. Assad Khan told her reluctantly.

"What does it matter to you, Naseem? He is Ustad Isa of Shiraz. The Emperor has lately given him the old library by the Elephant Gate for a studio and dwelling-house". "What manner of man is he?" "Oh, plain and no longer young. Naseem, never mind him now. Let us talk of ourselves.

Naseem would not talk of themselves. She was so lost in rapture over the lovely carving, the delicate openwork tracery and exquisitely wrought figures, that she had *no* thoughts to spare for him.

She was still gazing at the screen, heedless of all else, when he left and the Empress returned. The Empress was Arjmand Banu Begum, known as Mumtaz Mahal (Glory of the Palace), and famed in history to this day as one universally beloved. She smiled understandingly at Naseem's spellbound wonder.

"You like this beautiful thing, Naseem?" she said.

"Majesty", said Naseem, from her very heart, "I have never seen him,



Ustad Isa stood entranced. In all his life he had never dreamed of loveliness such as this.



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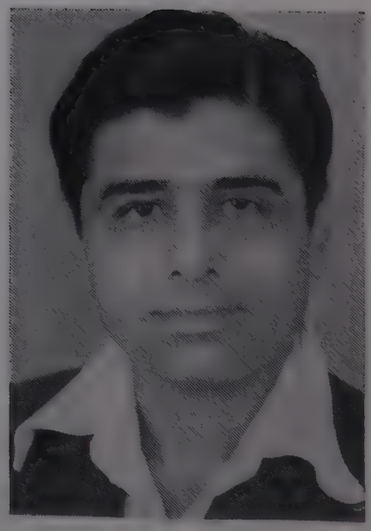
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yet I love the man who has created such beauty!"

A TRYST IN THE NIGHT

That night, when the world slept, a figure cloaked from head to foot in a dark burqa stole from the women's quarters of the palace and, keeping to the shadows, slipped quickly across the moonlit courtyard and through the gardens to the old library by the Elephant Gate.

It halted, that little flitting figure, by the sculptor's door. There was a light in the studio; Ustad Isa worked late. Peering through the tracery of the window, Naseem beheld him in the lamplight—a tall man, no longer young, even as Assad Khan had said, but grave and pleasant of face.

She knocked softly and urgently.

He looked up bewildered. She knocked again; he set down his pen and opened the door, regarding her with some surprise.

"Let me in quickly lest any see me," whispered Naseem.

He conducted her into his studio. She looked about her with eager interest through the burqa's gauze eyepieces.

"Who are you, lady, and what brings you here at this hour?" asked Ustad Isa.

"I am one of the Empress's maids-of-honour," said Naseem.

He started at her in amazement.

"But you ought not to be here!" he exclaimed.

"No. That was why I came in secret", said Naseem. He could not see her face beneath the all-enveloping burqa, but her voice was low and very sweet. "To-day the screen you gave the Emperor was set up in our zanana. I have looked at it ever since with such wonder and rapture at its beauty that I can think of nothing else; and I have come to offer my homage to such a master as you."

Ustad Isa the sculptor regarded her veiled figure for a moment in silence.

"Lady," he said at length, "This is a great honour you have done me."

"I had to come," said Naseem "Nothing would do but that I must tell you with my own lips; and this was the only way."

"Alone and at night?" said Ustad Isa. "Were you not afraid?"

"My desire was greater than my fear," said Naseem simply. "Now that I am here, Master, will you not show me more of your work?"

Many of the great of the land had made that request before; but never had it given Ustad Isa such pleasure.

Strangely, in that strange hour, friendship grew between them. He was amazed to find how quickly the time sped by.

"I must go," Naseem said at last.

"I will see you safely back to the palace," said Ustad Isa.

"No, No; none must guess that I have been out. Two figures would assuredly be seen, whereas alone I can slip unobserved from shadow to shadow," said Naseem.

"I grieve to let you go," said Ustad Isa.

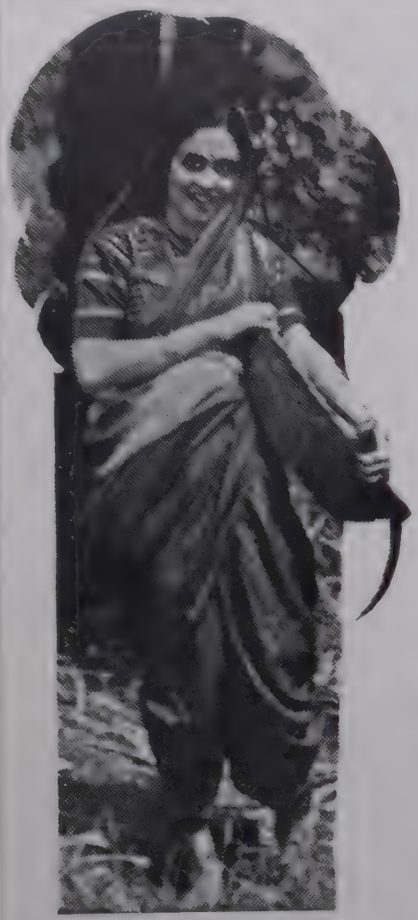
"It may be that we shall meet again."

"I wish I could think so. But how? You must not take such a risk again; and I may not set foot in the zanana, nor see your face—"

"That at least you shall do." said Naseem.



"Tell whom you will", said Naseem, "nothing in the world ever make me marry you now."



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She threw back the burqa

Ustad Isa stood entranced. In all his life he had never dreamed of loveliness such as this. For a long, long moment he and she stood gazing deeply into each other's eyes; and love bloomed like a miraculous flower in the hearts of both.

Naseem sped, a shadow among shadows, through the dim gardens.

MARRIED

It was not until she was within the walls of the palace that the footstep sounded again, loudly and without concealment. She gave a little cry. The tall figure of Assad Khan caught her up and barred her way.

"Naseem!" he said.

She did not answer.

"What does this mean?" asked Assad Khan sternly. "I saw you steal out when you thought everyone was abed; I should recognise you though a dozen burqas cloaked you. You went to the sculptor's house and spent more than two hours alone with him. Why?"

Still she was silent.

"Have you no shame?" demanded Assad Khan. "You, my own cousin! What of your reputation? Would a virtuous woman of the harem do such a thing? If I make it known, you will be dismissed from the Empress's service in disgrace."

"You will not make it known!" Naseem cried. "Truly there was no harm in it. I only wanted to meet the sculptor who had wrought the marvellous screen, and see for myself what he was like—"

"Now that you have done so what have you gained by it?" demanded Assad Khan.

Naseem, silent again smiled.

"Do you want the Empress to know?" pursued Assad Khan

"No—please no!"

"I will keep silent on one condition only. Promise to marry me, and I will say nothing to anyone of to-night's work."

Naseem faced him with defiant eyes.

"Tell whom you will!" she said. "Nothing in the world would ever make me marry you now!"

Assad Khan carried out his threat But he was too late; for Naseem had got her story in first, and been duly scolded for her escapade. "It was a foolish thing to do," the Empress said, "but I know it was nothing worse than folly. You must promise not to be so rash again."

"I promise, Majesty," Naseem said gratefully, "even though it means that I shall never see Ustad Isa again."

"Do you want to?" asked the Empress.

"Majesty, with all my heart," said Naseem.

"Be comforted. None can tell what the future may hold," said the Empress gently.

Wise was that gracious lady. She bided her time; she spoke to the Emperor when she judged the moment propitious. And a few weeks later Naseem and Ustad Isa were married; and none but wished them well save only Assad Khan, who promised himself that this was by no means the end of the matter.

BIRTH OF A DREAM

But not all his spite could lessen their happiness, that grew deeper and ever deeper as time went by. "Surely there was never a love so wonderful as ours" said Ustad Isa. "Naseem, it is in my mind to commemorate it forever that generations yet unborn may know and marvel."

"How will you accomplish that?" asked Naseem.

"How, save through my art? I will design a building that shall be more beautiful than any ever seen or imagined; and when I have saved enough money I will execute it in marble, and you and I will watch it grow, an eternal emblem of our love."

He set to work upon sketches and plans, and a small clay model to scale. And as it grew beneath his hands Naseem saw with wonder that his words were indeed true; no more glorious thing had ever been imagined by man. She told him so, and he smiled at her with all his love in his eyes. "By you alone was it inspired, Naseem," he said, "and to you shall it be dedicated."

Into that golden happiness became of a sudden, tragedy.

Shah Jehan had been for some time engaged in a strenuous campaign in the Deccan, where certain of the petty chiefs under his rule sought to rebel and the Empress had accompanied him. It ended, as all had known it must end, triumphantly, with the spectacular defeat of



"Majesty," said Ustad Isa, "we two give it to you gladly and with all our heart."

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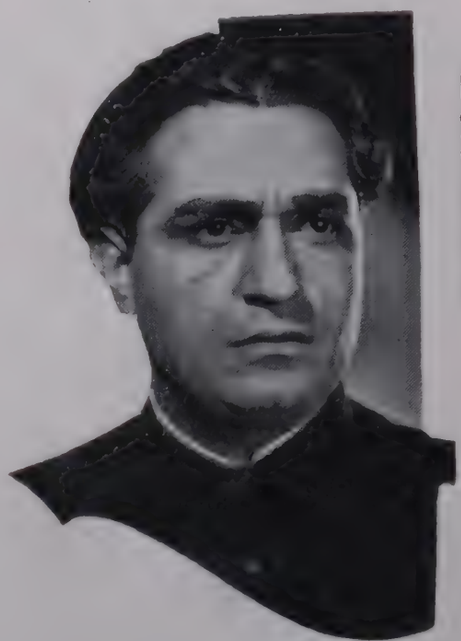
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the insurrectionists, and the addition of the kingdom of Ahmednagar to his empire.

The news reached Agra early on a gay spring morning. A messenger on horseback rode into the courtyard of the Fort.

"It is news of conquest; it must be," said Naseem, but she spoke uneasily. "It cannot be defeat—"

"I will go and see," said Ustad Isa.

He went; and came back with a stricken face.

"Naseem, be brave," he said. "I have bitter news for you."

"Tell me quickly," said Naseem.

"Is it defeat?"

"Worse than that," said Ustad Isa. "It is victory; but the Empress is dead."

So there was mourning throughout the length and breadth of the land for her who had been dear to all; and Shah Jehan came back to Agra victorious but heartbroken. Nothing could comfort him in his loss for he had loved Mumtaz Mahal with a love such as is given to few.

"The only remaining service I can do her," he said, "is to perpetuate her memory. I will raise such a tomb as shall tell the world centuries hence that there was none to approach her in beauty of body or soul. It is all that is left to me now."

SHAPING LOVE'S MEMORY

He sent the tidings forth. He offered a fabulous sum to the architect who should submit the design most worthy—so far as anything could be worthy of such a subject. And the greatest craftsmen of the day responded; but though as yet he had given no sign, there was little doubt as to whose design would ultimately be selected. And because Ustad Isa was so great an artist none begrudged him his potential triumph save one man only—his old enemy, Assad Khan. "Once" said Assad Khan, "I swore revenge on him. Now, I think, comes the chance to attain it."

He set spies to watch Ustad Isa. They reported in due course that his behaviour was thought bewildering. "He makes sketches and destroys them half-finished, dissatisfied," they said, "and yet hidden away in his studio is a completed model of such amazing beauty that there could be no question as to its being adjudged the best."

Assad Khan's brow darkened.

"So he has his suspicions and would fool me", he reflected. These half-finished attempts are no more than a blind. The secret one is the real one, and he is withholding it in the hope that the Emperor will offer a still higher reward. Now I have Master Isa Mohammad under my thumb at last."

Ustad Isa was troubled in spirit. He fretted because he could conceive no monument worthy of his beloved Empress, try as he might and dearly though he desired to do it. None of his attempts came near to comparing with the masterpiece into which he had put all his heart and soul. "Beloved, let the Emperor have that. He has been good to us, and I loved the Empress dearly," Naseem pleaded again and again; but always Ustad Isa's reply was the same. "No, Naseem. This is ours and ours alone; the very embodiment of our love. Ask anything of me but that."



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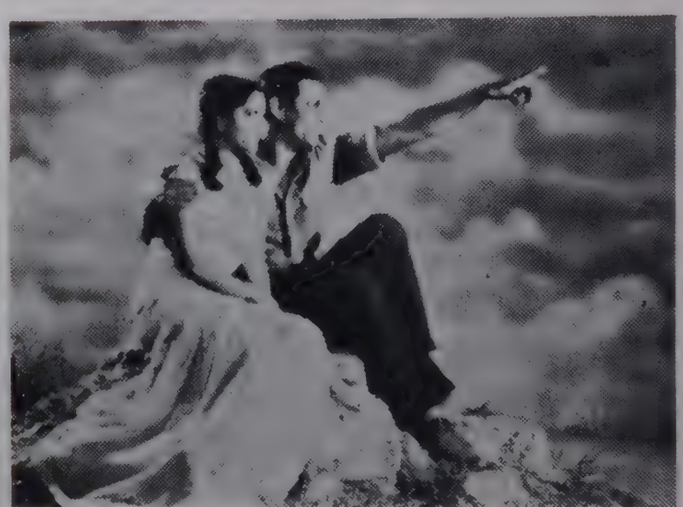
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THE SERPENT IN EDEN

Assad Khan's chance was not long in coming.

"Many the designs for my Empepress's tomb," Shah Jehan said to him, "but none wholly to my liking. I cannot understand why Ustad Isa has not submitted one. I was counting on him for one that should be perfect."

"Majesty," said Assad Khan, "I hesitate to say this; but it is well-known that Ustad Isa has completed a design so beautiful that there can be no doubt as to your Majesty's acceptance of it. Only—he desires more money than even the great sum you have offered, and is waiting for it to be increased.

"Who has told you this, Assad Khan?" said the Emperor sternly. "I find it difficult to believe it of Ustad Isa."

"Majesty, it is common talk; and Ustad Isa, questioned, will not speak."

Shah Jehan was silent.

"Majesty—have I your leave to ask Ustad Isa whether it is true?" said Assad Khan.

"That much you may do," said the Emperor and Assad Khan departed exultingly.

To the ears of Ustad Isa and Naseem, as they stood with heads close together considering a carved panel, came the sound of a thunderous knock upon the door; and a servant admitted Assad Khan.

"Ustad Isa," he said, "I come from the Emperor, and it may be that you can guess my errand. It has reached his Imperial Majesty's ears that you have completed a design for the Empress's tomb, and that you are deliberately withholding it—in the hope, rumour says strongly, of asking more money."

"That rumour," said Ustad Isa, "lies."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Assad Khan. "My soldiers are outside, and have orders to search the house if necessary."

"For what?" asked Ustad Isa. "For the model you speak of? There is no need; it is here."

From a carved wooden chest he produced it. Even in clay, a mere miniature, it was lovely beyond words. Assad Khan's eyes gleamed darkly

"Why has it not been submitted to my Imperial master?" he said

"It was never intended for the Emperor," said Ustad Isa. "It was made before the Empress's death and designed to commemorate the love of Naseem and myself—"

"What! you give his Imperial Majesty second best—or nothing?" thundered Assad Khan. "That is an insult to the throne and heavily punishable!"

Naseem caught her husband's arm.



Zahur Raja, now producer, director and actor, will be soon seen in "Badal", the maiden picture of Eastern Pictures.

"No insult is meant," said Ustad Isa tranquilly. "When the Emperor knows he will understand."

"The Emperor does know," said Assad Khan. "Also, he understands very well; for which reason he has sent me here to demand that you deliver up the model immediately."

"I refuse," said Ustad Isa.

"Refuse the Emperor's demand? That is treason!"

"Isa," Naseem pleaded, "for my sake give it to him—"

"Under pressure? No!" said Ustad Isa

"Ah, think! Is not our happiness while we live better than a hundred monuments after we are dead? Isa I implore you—"

"This touches my honour," said Ustad Isa gravely; and Naseem was silent. "Once for all, Assad Khan, I refuse to deliver up the model."

"Then I am empowered to seize it," said Assad Khan, "and to cast you straightway into prison for disobedience and disloyalty."

"I do not believe it!" Naseem cried desperately. "The Protector of the World would never do such a thing—"

A quiet voice from the open doorway said: "Naseem is right". Naseem gave a cry and sank in a deep bow. Ustad Isa made obeisance. Assad Khan wheeled sharply and saluted. suddenly pale of face.

The Emperor Shah Jehan stood in the doorway.

He said: "I have heard all we need to hear. Assad Khan, go; take your men with you; and await us at the palace."

Assad Khan, with an ashen face, obeyed. They heard him give an order to his men, and the jingle of arms and the tramp of feet as they marched away and out of hearing.

Shah Jehan took up the model in his own hands. He looked at it long and deeply.

"This," he said gently at length, "is incomparable. It is all that I would desire the tomb of my beloved Empress to be. If I ask it of you as a friend, Ustad Isa, will you not give it to me?"

Ustad Isa and his wife looked into each other's eyes.

"Majesty," he said, "we two give it to you gladly and with all our heart."

And the exquisite building that Ustad Isa designed, and Shah Jehan had built, still stands on the banks of the Jumna, though three long centuries have passed since its inception—a dream in marble, the loveliest thing in the world; and men call it the Taj Mahal.



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These Glittering Stars!
How Do They Look At Home?

By: M. A. *Hamid*

This is not an article but a study, undertaken to prove that our stars of the silver screen are human beings, just like you and me, sharing and cherishing the common virtues and idiosyncracies of the human race. There was a time when they were considered a class by themselves, leading a hectic life, marrying recklessly or even pulling on without marriage and otherwise over-doing their part on the stage of life. They do all these things more or less even now but the social stigma which was once attached to the profession is losing its severity every day. A very happy symptom, indeed.

The other day, a friend of mine became unnecessarily bitter against the film stars. He said, giving a twist to his nose: "These actors and actresses....You know they spend ....spend everything in youth and only think of saving in old age". He probably had in mind an old actress taking the rounds at the C.C.I. in desperate need of saving. "That is true of all", I retorted, "Why blame only the film stars." And there is nothing strange about it for Bernard Shaw has very aptly said that youth is a flooding stream from which one could draw buckets at will but in old age, one has to bottle up, painfully, everything that comes to him

By no means, I want to shatter your dreams about your favourite stars. You keep on cherishing the fantasies about them but if at any time you suddenly discover that your idols have feet of clay, don't be surprised or disappointed for they are just ordinary flesh and blood—a little more flesh than blood on account of their fat salaries.

If our study is going to be of any interest and value, it must be pursued without fear or favour. While I assure the readers that I would be frank and outspoken in my reflections even to a point of audacity, I confess shamelessly that I am writing here only a fraction of what I know. Mr. Baburao Patel must share with me these feelings for he has not only put the brakes on my liberty of writing but still carries with him the editor's privilege of censoring my article. In offering these slight impressions, tossed off in spare time, I will ask my readers to thank those who have honoured me (or my friends) with their friendship—and they are none other than the stars themselves. We are living in a world which is made by man but ruled by woman. Hence the 'ladies first' rule and this brings us to our lady charming of the screen —Naseem Banu.



Mazhar Khan entertained Producer-Director S. F. Hasnain of Calcutta at the Taj. Here are some of the guests at the main table. From right to left: J. K. Nanda, A. R. Kardar, Y. A. Fazalbhoy, Mazhar Khan, Mr. S. F. Hasnain (the guest), Sir Rahimtoola Chinoy, Baburao Patel, M. A. Fazalbhoy etc.



Leila Desai—she is now coming to Bombay.

BEAUTIFUL NASEEM

Naseem's real name is Roshan Ara. She was born at Delhi but her native town is Amritsar. This is perhaps news to you for you have been told oft and anon that Naseem belongs to Delhi.

She was born on the 2nd, January ....but I am not going to tell you the year, for you must not forget that a lady's age is her personal property and I and you have no earthly right to talk about it. So 2nd January! And what a pity! Naseem missed the bus for New Year Honours just by one day.... through no fault of hers, of course.

Naseem is popularly known as the beauty queen of the Indian screen. Now, whoever that genius may be who coined this phrase, he overstated the fact. Beauty, she certainly is, every inch but not the queen. And besides, she does not like to be a queen. In fact, her recent 'no' to wear the royal robes landed her into a temporary mess.

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Shobhana Samarth and Chandrakant as Sita and Ram in "Bharat Bhet" a Prakash picture.

A few hirelings came forward to wage a war of propaganda against her just to cow her down. After deep deliberation and thorough planning, they brought out a slanderous poster against her. The only relic of that proud achievement of these filthy men is pasted on a dustbin on Mohamed Ali Road where if you stop to read the contents, the awful smell drives you away. The whole joke is that Naseem herself is still ignorant of the contents of this master-piece of "literature"! If you happen to face Naseem in real life, you will find hard to believe her quick transition from girlhood to womanhood. She looks so naive, careless like a child. Innocence plays on her face. But her lips betray and when she talks, she is a full-fledged woman.

PROOF OF HER FUTURE PROMISE

Now whatever she looks on the screen—Nur Jehan or anything, she is different at home. I expected flowers in her house, works of art, paintings. All she has is ultra-modern furniture but it just lies there. There is almost everything in her house but it will be difficult to locate when you need any. I think this is due to her lazy good nature that she does not like to trouble her numerous servants by scolding them to do things properly.

You might think that, perhaps, she is jealous of things beautiful. But no, she is not. I remember her once showing me a photo of an Indian princess and happily remarking, "See! How lovely and beautiful she [illegible]" I looked at the photo and then at her "You have nothing to grudge", I said. She blushed. A woman, after all. One could see a mixture of red and white on her face with innumerable undercurrents of emotions.

That set me thinking. Yes, she could express emotions effectively. After all, she is not all beauty without life, as some of her critics prefer to call her. And she solemnly assures me that in her coming picture "Ujala", she is not only going to give a lie to the propaganda against her that she cannot act with emotion but she will be seen shining with ever more brilliance. Now that is a bold statement and as I was about to state my doubts, she guessed the inevitable and throwing herself in the air, said, "Here's the proof".

I looked....she danced.

And as she danced, she went around the room, now in sunshine, now in shadow, her movements of body rising and falling in tune with soulful beauty. I think, I better stop or else even the good-natured Naseem may suspect my good motives.



Manorama comes smiling once again in "Khan-Daan" a Pancholi Art Picture.

INTER-PROVINCIAL LEILA DESAI

Leila Desai is, perhaps, the finest inter-provincial product in our filmland. She is full of grace and charm. Her fatal weapon is her pair of beautiful eyes that continue to haunt you even when you are far and away from them.

I saw her for the first time in New Theatres' Studio No. 1, Calcutta when on my way back from Rangoon. She was bare-footed and bare-headed, without powder and lip-stick; her saree wrapped round her carelessly and her hair absolutely out of control.

My impression is that she never walks but just glides through the air. She has all the qualities of a successful dancer, including her bulk, but the surprise of all surprises for me is that she does not seem to know dancing. However, she is extremely hard-working and through sheer constant practice she masters her dances so completely that people have begun to compare her dances with those of Sadhona Bose. To some extent, Leila is very business-like. She deals with the right man. She seems to care more for the person who can help her getting a better part in a film whoever he may be. No wonder, she has been so successful in her film career though, comparatively speaking, there are few films to her credit. A sure tip to ambitious artistes!



Ishwarlal and Madhuri in "The Guest" a Ranjit picture.

Leila Desai seems to have a fretful nature. If some one just says that her such and such shot is not up to the mark, she will at once rush to the director and ask him to re-take it. He may move heaven and earth to prove that there is nothing wrong with it but Leila's heart won't be at peace till the shot is retaken. And if her wishes are ignored then she is liable to spoil the next shot through sheer nervousness.

There is good news for those who will have the good fortune to work with her for according to the latest reports, she is coming to work in a newly floated company of Bombay. She is very fond of mixing with her unit and is often seen distributing sweets and sweetness among them.

I have heard that blended tea gives better taste. I do not know and do not care to know for I am not very fond of tea. But there is a remark which I have heard about Leila Desai but which I never understood. I merely reproduce it here with the hope that someday some one will make me understand. And that remark is—"In the field of art, Leila sometimes suffers from Bengal's superiority complex and at other times from Gujerat's delicacy complex."



Isn't it a love situation from "Municipality", a social comedy of Brilliant Pictures.

HOME LOVING KHURSHID

Khurshid hails from Lahore—the city of the Shalimar—which some-

day hopes to become the fashion centre of India—She joined films against the wishes of her parents. So you can be sure that she has the courage and audacity to do whatever she likes.

I think almost every film artiste has some ulterior motive in becoming an artiste, however much he or she may or may not like the art itself. Khurshid is no exception, and she too had an ulterior motive. And what was it? To get a man, no I am sorry, the man. So as far as she is concerned, the film career has been an adventure—a sort of a hunt for husband.

Now don't be shocked to hear that she has succeeded in finding her husband and is living happily with him. I am not going to tell you his name for he is a well-known actor and you might begin disliking him for no fault of his. The only tip I can give is that he weighs just a few hundred pounds and is thoroughly athletic.

From the time Khurshid has found her man, the screen career has lost its charm for her. She naturally feels the happiest within the four walls of her home and proudly mentions this fact. So she is a home bird, perching now and then on the studio tree out of sheer professional necessity. She, however, tells me that she is looking forward impatiently to the day when she will be able to leave the screen and live peacefully in some corner with her mate,—I mean her husband.

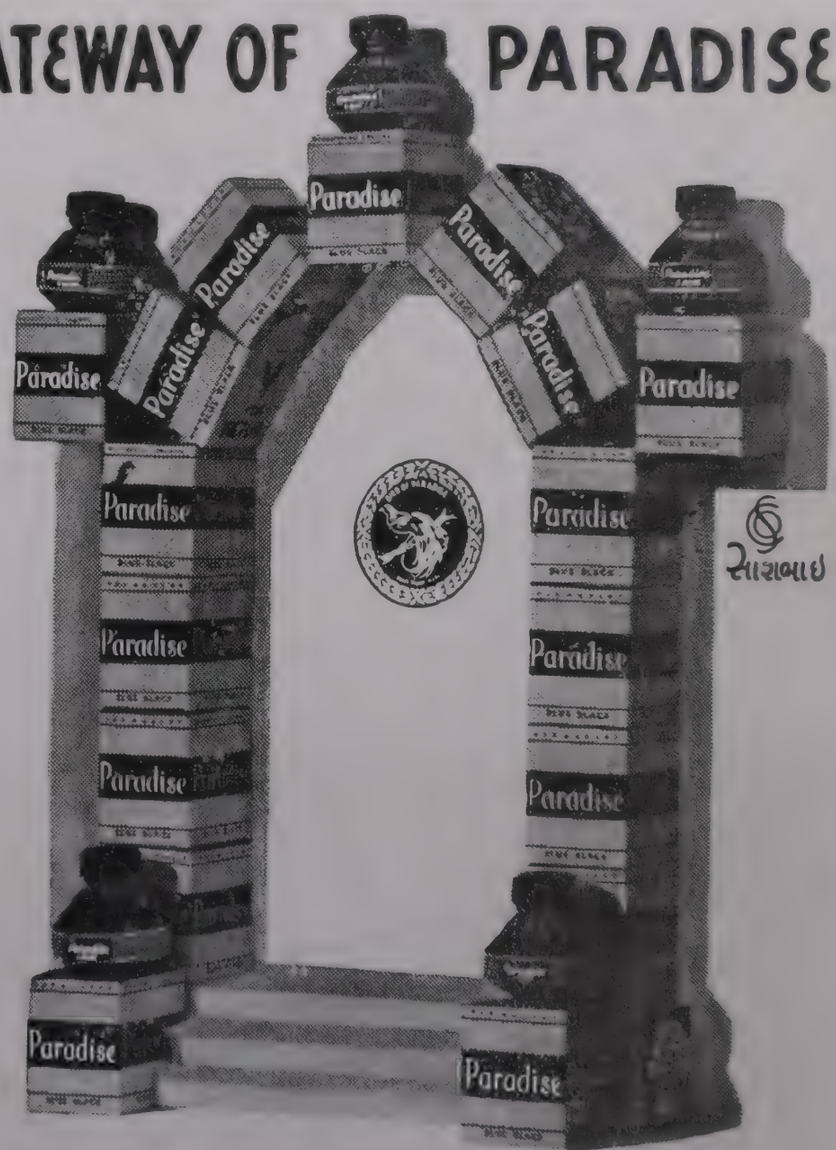
Khurshid sneers at those actresses who say, "No woman has ever gained anything from domesticity". She is simple. Luxury bores her and she resents seeing women strutting like pea-cocks. She hates society, parties and dinners. I remember, once an eminent Englishman of Bombay invited Khurshid and her husband to a dinner at the Taj. She politely refused and, in return, invited him to an Indian dinner at her house. She knew that no Englishman will ever have the courage to face *chapatees* and *parathas* or cherish hot Indian curries.

She enjoys food best at her own dining table, and eats without any ceremony or formality. Not infrequently, she puts both her legs on the chair while eating. May be this process facilitates digestion. I do not know.

Usually, she does not like visitors, and the proof is that whether she is in the house or not, her nameboard indicates that she is out. But if you ignore these instructions, knock at the door and succeed in getting into her drawing room, you will see Khurshid clad in the simplest possible clothes greeting you with a pleasant smile in the pre-

Con. on page 80

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MAHARAJA TALKIES - INDORE

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* Pictures & Producers



Leela Chitnis creates new glamour in "Jhoola" a Bombay Talkies' picture.

FAZLI BROTHERS (Calcutta)

Director Hasnain, when he paid his hurricane visit to Bombay recently, became a great social success not only among journalists but also among the producers. Entertained by Film Actor Mazhar Khan, Distributor Chunilal Desai and several others, Director Hasnain was made quite at home in Bombay.

People who saw the trial of "Masoom" were loud in its praise, showering congratulations on Director Hasnain.

"Masoom" has a unique story and with Anis, Mazhar Khan and Romola in the cast it is claimed that it is the best picture coming from Calcutta in the last three years.

Mr. Hasnain has left for Lahore where "Masoom" has been released.

The next picture which is under production in Calcutta is called "Chowranghee", in Hindi and Bengali, and is directed by Mr. Hasnain's younger brother. In a couple of months "Chowranghee" will be ready for the screen.

PRABHAT FILM CO. (Poona)

Just at present there are hardly any production activities in the studio at Poona as all the partners are busy settling their own differences among themselves.

Half of their time is wasted in running between Bombay and Poona and the other half is utilised in finding faults with one another.

The result of all these activities is that production in Prabhat is at a standstill.

We hope all these differences will settle themselves and once again Prabhat would start functioning as a full-fledged studio should do.

PANCHOLI ART PRODUCTIONS (Lahore)

More evidence is coming from Lahore about the huge anticipations of "Khandaan".

Even those who are distantly connected with the picture are now eloquent about this picture becoming a big success. Dalsukh Pancholi is of course confident and has already switched on his attention to still another new picture called "Poonji".

CHHAYA PICTURES (Bombay)

This new production unit is chaperoned by Gajanand Jagirdar, Pandit Anand Kumar and Raja Pandit. Their maiden production is a socio-religious subject called "Gora Kumbhar" which is being produced in Marathi. The main attraction in the picture is the versatile Lalita Pawar who is expected to give a stunning performance under the jealous nursing of Pandit Anand Kumar. This picture is expected to be ready some time in February.

PRAKASH PICTURES (Andheri)

The final settings of that mytho-



On the sets of "Masoom" during a tea interval. Right to left: Anis, Mehtab, Director Hasnain and Mazhar Khan, India's great character actor.

logical spectacle "Bharat Milap" are now being shot by Director Vijay Bhatt. Because of its two versions, Hindi and Marathi, this picture is necessarily taking a long time but it is a delight to observe the results after the careful attention given to the picture by its director.

With Shobhana Samarth, Shahu Modak, Chandrakant, and many others included in the cast, this picture promises to be even a greater success than "Narsi Bhagat".

Another picture which will go on the sets almost immediately is called "Station Master", a social story, featuring Jagdish Sethi.

NATIONAL STUDIOS (Bombay)

Director Mehboob, the production chief of these studios, could not be a very happy man just at present with a number of pictures on the sets morning and evening.

While "Nai Roshni" has been released at the Pathe Cinema, "Garib" and "Nirdosh" are lying ready to take their turn in screening.

A new picture that has gone in the sets is a comedy called "Lalaji" starring Yakub and Yashodhara Katju. This picture is once again directed by Lalitchandra and Chimankant Gandhi, which means in other words, that it is being supervised by Mehboob.

"Vijay", a social picture, directed by Mohan Sinha has been completed, while "Roti", the mighty production of the studio for the year, is progressing rapidly under the direction of Mehboob.

All hopes are now centred on "Roti" which features Chandramohan, Sheikh Mukhtar, Sitara and Akhtaribai Faizabadi and from what is being talked and discussed it seems that these hopes will be fulfilled.

BOMBAY TALKIES (Bombay)

By the time this is in hand "Jhoola" will have been released at the Roxy Cinema in Bombay. To say that the picture was a success is to paint the lily.

The Bombay Talkies people have been having such a unique run of luck in their productions recently that it becomes an easy job to be a prophet of their future.

Not being spoiled by their success, the executives of the studio have already begun a new social story to be completed within three months of "Jhoola".

In "Jhoola", however, the studio expects a big triumph, this time, more because of its excellent story not to forget the teaming up again of Ashok Kumar and Leela Chitnis.

FAMOUS ARUN FILM CO. (Poona)

Shiraz Ali Hakim's social picture now in the making is called "Old And New". The picture is gradually taking shape under the expert direction of Bhal G. Pendharkar,

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and with Sumati Gupte and Dinkar Kamanna in the leading roles, the picture promises to be a new document in social production.

JANAK PICTURES (Bombay)

This new company is sponsored by one of the most popular executives in the film industry, Mr. Chhotubhai Desai. As the maiden production of this company, "Rai Saheb", a social comedy is already in shooting with Jagdish, Kausalya, Ratanbai and others in the cast. Before the next month is over "Rai Saheb" will have been completed.

SHALIMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

Producer-Director W. Z. Ahmed has been busy shooting continuously "Ek Raat", the maiden production of Shalimar. By the middle of January, Director Ahmed promises to keep "Ek Raat" ready and begin a new one called "Man-ki-Jeet".

With Neena and Prithviraj sharing stellar honours in "Ek Raat", the picture is likely to prove the most popular hit of the season.

RANJIT FILM CO. (Bombay)

Under Sardar Chandulal Shah's unsparing captaincy, this studio becomes a huge bee-hive of activity. From day to day new pictures are released and launched and still new ones are being discussed and put on the anvil. It is a non-stop business of production which beats the very mathematics of the box-office.

"Dhandhora" directed by Charlie has been released at the Royal Opera House and is reported to have collected record figures during the first week. After "Dhandhora" will come "The Guest" directed by Chaturbhuj Doshi and featuring Madhuri, Shamim and Rama Shukul. But what Director Chaturbhuj Doshi seems proud of in advance, during his accidental restaurant meetings, is his new picture called "Dhiraj" which, he says, is really going to be a unique social picture because of its theme and dynamic action. Pandit Indra, of course, confirms this opinion and he has written the songs for the picture.

"Beti" by Director Jayant Desai has been completed and is also awaiting release. With Khursheed and Vasanti as the main attraction of the picture, "Beti" is also likely to be as successful as "Shadi".

CIRCO PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

"Apna Ghar", according to its production schedule, is in the last month of its completion. It seems that Director Debaki Bose will give his final touches to the picture in the first week of January and cross over to Calcutta.

Another social picture on the sets is "Nai Duniya" directed by A. R. Kardar. By the end of this month this picture will be completed and seeing Mazhar Khan and Shobhana Samarth in the cast one feels almost confident of its success.



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With that inviting look, Kanta is going to attract millions in "Chandan", a social picture of Ashok Movietone.

taking fiendish glee in leaving one another without a star and completely in the soup. On many occasions the stars themselves set the pace. Only a month back one could see a young actress going the rounds of all studios offering her services, in spite of the fact that she had already taken a substantial advance from one studio and had signed on for an exclusive contract. These activities of hers caused a great deal of unpleasantness between many producers. Had this woman been in Hollywood she would have had to bid a silent adieu to filmdom, and yet this woman here in Bombay is still in demand.

You can now ask me what all this is due to and whether there is a way out? I reply there is and a very easy solution at that. A little business morality.

STUDIO PEST NO. 1

Among the major pests of studios that must be ranked along side with cockroaches, white ants, bugs, Multanis, crows, rust, inclement weather, advertisement canvassers, star's husbands and bailiffs are the breed of women known in film slang as Screen Mammas, a calamity which no scientist has as yet been able to explain successfully.

Technically speaking the Screen Mamma is the mother of a female star, who chaperons the innocent virgins to her work and acts as a sentinel for her snow-white chastity. However, like birds of prey, Screen Mammas are of various types and breeds. The most typical having those mountains of flesh that usually give birth to cross-breed stars. A champion of this class is Mrs. Potbelly, mother of a one-time Anglo-Indian screen star.

MRS. POTBELLY

When I first came across this champion Screen Mamma, I got a queer feeling that I had by mistake strayed on to a set of Kikubhai B. Desai's "Circus Queen" and was about to watch Moti put a dowager elephant through her paces. I still insist that no one can blame me for this illusion as anyone similarly placed would have also thought that the mass of seat-flesh wriggling dangerously beside a camera belonged to the rear quarters of an elephant. However, it was only after a minute examination that I discovered the mass of flesh to be of human origin ....the head was hidden within the folds of the cameraman's black sheet, hence the optical illusion.

It was later I learnt that this champion Mamma insisted on inspecting the focal point of the camera before her god-damn daughter was photographed.

As Miss Devi is now completely sabotaged for screen purposes, fifteen pictures of hers having consistently failed, it is rumoured that Mrs. Potbelly is open for engage-



Lalita Powar and Mahindrakar give some emotional play in "Gora Kumbhar" a social story of Chhaya Films directed by Pandit Anand Kumar.

ment as a professional chaperon, her proud boast being that she knows all the tricks of the studio including monkey tricks.

A TECHNICIAN KICKS

It appears that the cine-technician who went to the hills for a holiday with the arrival of the bachelor-husband, has now threatened to send me on a holiday to a hospital. Candidly, I appreciate the guy's concern for my health and I cannot think of any better place to go horizontal than in the peace and quiet of a nursing home....but, the only snag in the whole thing is that whenever I am promised a hospital-holiday something always seems to go wrong, and I am left hale and hearty and holiday-less.

No, my friend, you can't send me to a hospital....no more than the Lady who tried putting me behind bars. You see, I too, have my lucky star!

A WEATHER-COCK GARMENT

I understand from an American magazine that a designer of female clothes recently had a brainstorm, as a result of which dames will now make themselves clearly understood even when they are firmly gagged. The new garment is a reversible nightgown with the word "Yes" embroidered on the outside (or inside) and the word "No" embroidered in red on the reverse—inside (or outside, as the case may be).

I recommend that this apparel be immediately manufactured locally so that it could be used as the ideal Xmas gift for a young lady from a gentleman, who doesn't mind being half-sure of himself!

NEENA'S PARCEL

It was a day during the warm expectations of Christmas that I found a nice big parcel wrapped in crisp brown paper lying on my table. For a moment I felt the postman had left it there by mistake, but on an inspection of the label I discovered with a pull at my heart that no mistake had occurred and I was the rightful claimant to the package.

Slowly and with gleeful anticipation I untied the thing and when I had opened it imagine my surprise to find a thick file bursting with letters. The accompanying note attached to the cover read as follows: *Dear Sir, As you were impudent enough to print the "Interview" I did not give, will you please now make amends by informing the people who have overwhelmed me with letters asking for autographed photos that I shall be sending the same to them as soon as my studio prepares a fresh stock. The first two hundred I had vanished within a day of filmindia's publication. As you and filmindia have jointly been the cause of all this I am sending you the letters to realize the extent of your mischief, which you call journalism. Yours etc. Neena.*

RECORD BREAKING FAN MAIL

For a few minutes I gazed dolefully at the mass of letters spread before me and then with the courage of Farhad attacking the mountain I began counting them, more out of curiosity than anything else. For half-an-hour with the spirit of an ancient Christian martyr I stuck to the tedious job....after that I gave it up. I had counted a thousand and about twice that amount lay still uncounted. By then the size of her fan mail had completely bewildered me.

However, while still in that benumbed condition three facts slowly emerged themselves from the heap of Neena's fan mail: Firstly, the amazing pull of "filmindia". Letters had come from almost every corner of India and even from remote stations in Burma, Ceylon and Africa. Secondly, the quickness with which Neena had become popular even without an actual screen appearance. Thirdly, how deeply the necessity of new faces is felt among the fans.

A WORLD RECORD!

I am not quite certain about fan mail statistics, but I am definite on one point, and that is, that Neena's fan mail constitute a world record, inasmuch, that never before in the history of cinematography has an aspirant for film fame received so many letters before being seen on the screen.

Honestly, I am surprised at the whole thing as I never in my wildest imagination ever dreamt that such a large following could be collected with the mere publication of an unauthorised "interview".

I plead innocent, Neena....the fault is filmindia's and its hefty editor's!

COURSE FOR A CURSE

A letter received from a friend at Lahore states that the Punjab University has started a special six months course for students desiring to learn journalism. This is, indeed, very revealing and worthy of commendation, but still I feel that six months training will prove futile as experience has shown me that it takes more than twelve months for a journalist to become bold enough to demand his first month's wages.

I suggest that after the six months' theoretical course the students be sent to Bombay to receive practical training with news weeklies. After a year I guarantee they will have become thoroughly versatile, completely hardboiled and totally penniless. After that, if they are still bent on remaining in Bombay they could apply for jobs as tenors in the Taj Mahal Hotel, for they would have received considerable training in singing for their money!

HIS FATHER'S VOICE

Overheard at a school:

Teacher: What race of people have the largest population on earth and multiply at an amazing rate?

Journalist's Son: Creditors!

OUR REVIEW

Moti's Rare Courage In 'Circus Queen'

Huge Crowds Welcome Thriller

First Circus Romance of India

This is one of those several thrillers which the late Kikubhai Desai has produced for the screen. This was his second last picture, the last one being "Sheikh Chilli", not yet released.

The unique feature about "Circus Queen" is its background of a real circus with its complete paraphernalia of artistes, clowns, horses and wild brutes.

For the first time in India has such a daring attempt been made to shoot film sequences actually in the lions' and the tigers' cages.

Moti, the heroine of the picture, has shown rare courage not only in entering the brutes' cages but also by closely flirting with the lions and the tigers, through several shots.

Many an artiste had cried off during the early preparations for the picture and run away even without so much as seeing a lion.

Moti, loyal and faithful to her producer, stepped out to do what no other girl in the Indian films has done yet. So to those who now say that those lions and tigers were tamed and trained, we would suggest their stepping into a cage even now.

Moti's performance therefore becomes a unique landmark in the history of screen acting. We now expect Nadia to follow up the lead given by this fair-complexioned girl of the Punjab.

A STATE INTRIGUE STORY

Generally speaking, "Circus Queen" is a story of state intrigues with a soft ruler, a popular brother, a wise prime minister, a scheming woman and a gang of desperate ruffians.

The circus part of it begins with Sundari who does the wild animal act during the circus camp in the native state.

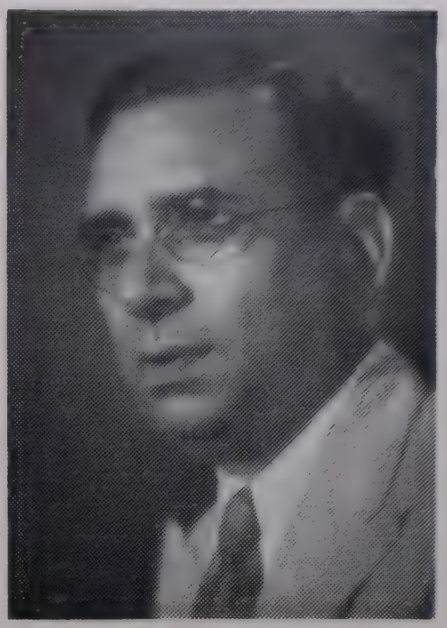
The profligate ruler desires to get Sundari for his bed and sets a number of his henchmen to do so. Quite accidently Sundari meets Pratap the younger prince and brother of the ruler, and both manage to fall in love with each other.

In the palace a scheming woman in Shyama Devi is introduced. She lives with the Chief but wants to sport with his younger brother. She

CIRCUS QUEEN

Producers:	*Paramount Film Co.*
Story & Scenario:	*Batuk Bhatt*
Dialogues and Songs:	*Santoshi and Karim*
Language:	*Hindusthani*
Photography:	*A. M. Khopkar*
Audiography:	*K. Damania*
Music:	*Khan Mastana*
Cast:	*Moti, Gulab, Jal Merchant, Bose, Puri, Dhulia etc.*
Released At:	*Super Cinema, Bombay.*
Date of Release:	*28th Nov.* '41

Director:
BALWANT BHATT



Mr. L. M. Chhabda, proprietor of Sudarshan Pictures is an enterprising exhibitor and distributor from Ahmedabad. His maiden production, "Sajjan" is now running at the Lamington.



Moti and Jal Merchant give many a thrill in "Circus Queen" a Paramount thriller.

plots and intrigues but is often frustrated by the loyal prime minister.

So all this boils down to Sundari and Pratap on one side, the King and his henchmen on another and Shyama Devi and her gang on still another side. All these parties move together simultaneously creating a thrilling and breath taking drama which does not slow down even for a minute anywhere once it gets going. The result is: Pratap gets Sundari. The King blesses them. The Prime Minister becomes triumphant and Shyama Devi dies in a cauldron of boiling oil.

STOPS THE THINKING MACHINE

Producing such a speedy picture, inspite of several clumsy blunders, is an art by itself. Here is a motion picture that moves every second and takes one through a hurricane of unbelievable episodes and thrills. Its very speed beats the thinking machine which seems to halt for a time to allow the picture to pass.

However, the little breathing space one gets is provided by the splendid songs which punctuate the human and animal thrills. A couple of songs delivered through Moti are remarkably well tuned and well sung.

Gulab has done good work as Shyama Devi, the sponger. Puri is quite amusing as the stupid Maharaja.

Well, "Circus Queen" is a pleasant novelty in its circus element and incidentally becomes the record of a little woman's big courage in doing her duty. If the huge crowds at the Super Cinema in Bombay are an indication of the popularity of the picture, "Circus Queen" ought to prove a very successful hit.

Con. from page 69

sence of her husband, of course. She will talk to the point and bluntly. No coquettishness.

On the screen, she is glamorous, vivacious and what not. The camera has always been more than friendly to her. But in private life she neither likes glamour nor too much of vivacity. In her habits and tastes, she is inclined to be conservative.

Khurshid's greatest asset is her voice about which she never cares. The surprise of her life she experienced when she discovered that she is the most popular amongst her fans because of her songs. Her voice so often described as golden, has never been golden to me. "It has been silver—a metal of far greater loveliness. It has the coolness of silver and its sparkle....It is at once brilliant and chaste." Don't you agree? And if you agree, there ends the matter.



OUR REVIEW

"Nai Roshni" Better Than "Kasauti"

Kanaiyalal Smashes Through

Harish And Amar Disappoint

This is a "B" team production of National Studios and it is only slightly better than "Kasauti"

The story of this picture is written by Mr. Agha Jani Kashmiri and when asked what he had meant to tell the people, he himself couldn't tell. Thereafter we searched throughout the story for a theme, a motive or at least a provocation and having found none returned to the conclusion that the story was probably written for entertainment, for box-office or for some other mysterious purpose.

In a story so vague it is difficult to tell why everyone in the picture moves about.

THE TWO ENDS OF SOCIETY

The picture opens in the "Dead End" fashion with sweepers sweeping municipal roads and one woman sweeper singing a song.

The words of the song describe the unenviable lot of the poor sweepers. The song complains of want of bread, clothes and a mate. The actual portrayal is done by Iqbal, a good singer, who probably taking the song as one to be sung for sake of its music, puts it over well musically but in direct violation of the spirit and meaning of the words. The "Dead End" idea therefore is debauched in its very spirit.

From this early dawn atmosphere which has nothing to do with the subsequent story, we are introduced to Mohan, a poor struggling bank-clerk with a shrewish wife in Vijaya and Geeta a sweet lamb of a daughter; to Masterji a ticklish school teacher with Shanti his docile wife and Mohan the ideal son who learns music and becomes a music teacher to fall in love with his first official pupil; and as if in contrast with these poor people, we are also introduced to Bihari, a young bank manager with an eye on other girls but with a wife, Indira, waiting at home.

Mohan, the bank clerk, serves at the bank where Bihari is the manager. That way the two ends meet in this story. On the poor side of this story, we are shown a wife unreasonably dominating her husband, while another poor man driving out his own son while his wife pleads vainly.

We are also shown the thirst of money which the poor carry throughout their life and how, when they once in a life time get a prize lottery, even that is wrested from their hands by a cruel fate. The conclusion seems to be that the poor are cursed by fate and no matter what they do they can never come up.

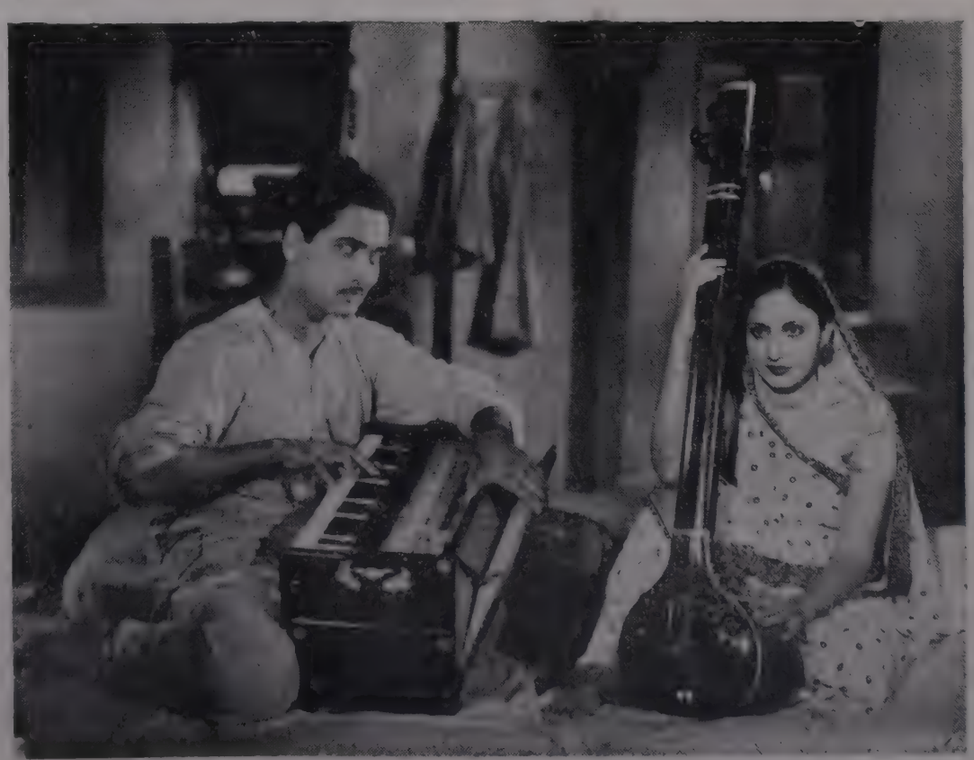
NAI ROSHNI

Producers:	*National Studios*
Story, Scenario, & Dialogues:	*Agha Jani Kashmiri*
Language:	*Hindusthani*
Songs:	*Dr. Safdar*
Music:	*Anil Biswas*
Photography:	*Malaya & Billimoria*
Audiography:	*Billimoria*
Cast:	*Sardar Akhtar, Harish, Husna Banu, Amar, Kanaiyalal, Sunalini, Sankatha etc.*
Released At:	*Pathe Cinema, Bombay*
Date of Release:	*22nd Nov. '41*

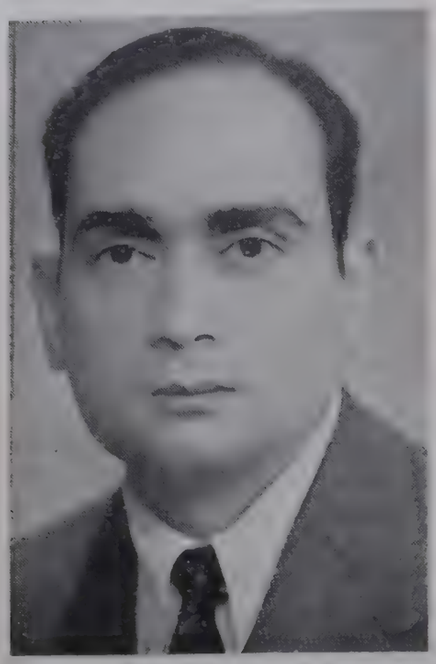
Directors: CHIMANKANT & LALIT MEHTA



Writer Aga Jani Kashmiri



It's a musical lesson with romantic notes in "Nai Roshni" a National picture.



Director S. F. Hasnain, who made a name in "Qaidi", has now completed "Masoom", perhaps the best social picture coming from Calcutta in recent memory.

THE RICH PATRONIZE THE POOR

Coming to the rich side of the picture, we see a boisterous bank manager with a fashionable young wife. We are told that while the wife was away her manager-husband had managed to secure another girl for going about. With this scandal, the rich side begins its play in the story, till the wife prepares a plan to bring round her husband to see sense. The plan works out by leading a poor innocent young man to love the rich married woman and by making him a pawn in the game till the husband getting jealous restores himself to his wife. To heal the poor man's wound, a girl of his own kind is mated off with him. Do the poor have poor hearts and believe in poor love?

The plot is as follows: Indira is the wife of Bihari the young bank manager who, for a time stays away from his wife. Mohan is a poor bank clerk, struggling with his job, life and wife. He has a marriageable daughter in Geeta. Mohan's neighbour is Masterji, a school teacher, who has a grown-up son in Madan, a musician. Madan and Geeta are intended for each other, but they cannot be married straightway because story-writer Agha Jani would have no plot that way.

So their affair is pulled through till the end and Madan is allowed to fall in love with a rich married woman in Indira. Madan of course is blind and stupid because till very late in the day he doesn't know that Indira is the bank manager's wife, though he calls on her every day.

There is a weak-cracker-like explosion in the story at this stage and Madan is marched off to marry Geeta. We are asked to take this piece as a bit of comedy. We do, to oblige friend Agha Jani.

The general technical work of the picture is far below the National standard, which is usually very high in production values.

The photography of this picture is amateurish and the sound is rather loudly recorded.

KANAIYALAL SMASHES THROUGH

Sardar Akhtar as "Indira" has hardly anything to do. The cameraman has been very unkind to her. Harish as "Madan", the musician hero, proves a sad disappointment. His face looks too well fed and seems to have become less photogenic. Amar as "Bihari" the bank manager, from what we see of his performance in this picture, is hardly a good selection for the screen. His high cheek bones, sunken cheeks and deep-down eyes give too grim an appearance of a starving man. Sankatha as "Masterji" has done well this time in restraining his dramatic delivery of dialogues. Sunalini as "Vijaya" the shrewish wife is excellent. If the recording had been in her favour, her performance would have still improved.

The best bit of acting, however, is given by the inimitable Kanaiyalal as "Mohan", the poor struggling bank clerk. He takes all the sympathy of the audience right from the beginning with his choice, well spoken dialogues and well thought actions. Kanaiyalal is certainly a rare type of an artiste in our screen world and given a right role few can attain his excellence of performance.

Well, "Nai Roshni" is quite a good "B" class entertainment though there is nothing much in it to shout about except the constantly punctuating humorous touches which tickle the ribs temporarily.



That dark shadow is Mubarak threatening the coy Naseem in "Ujala" a Taj Mahal picture.

OUR REVIEW

'Sangam' An Enjoyable Entertainment

Damuanna Overwhelms All

Childish Romance Between Meenaxi & Winayak

This is a comedy, pure and simple, fashioned after the Hollywood streamlined stuff. And because Indian life has no traditional school of humour, some of the situations in the story look like Western grafts, illogically brought in to create some synthetic comedy.

And yet the effort of the writer in fitting in the "borrowings" is eminently successful and praiseworthy. Though the story has no particular direction in theme, which is usual with story writer Khandekar who begins telling one thing and ends by telling another, yet there are occasions when the rich-vs-poor-sermons are doled out to throw a problematic shadow on the skeleton of the story. This attempt is altogether too weak, because the scenes of conflict between the Zamindar and his agriculturist tenants are swept out of memory by the subtle and overwhelming slap-stick-intrigues of Damuanna Malwanker who plays the role of the editor of a news weekly.

Kunda (Meenaxi) is an independent wealthy heiress under the ambi-

SANGAM

Producers:	*Navyug Chitrapat*
Story & Scenario:	*V. S. Khandekar*
Languages:	*Hindusthani & Marathi*
Photography:	*Annasaheb Gune*
Music:	*Dada Chandekar*
Audiography:	*V. Chavan*
Hindi Dialogues:	*Amritlal Nagar*
Cast:	*Meenaxi, Vatsala Kumptekar, Malati Gupte, Sunderabai, Salvi, Vinayak, Damuanna Malwanker etc.*
Released At:	*New West End, Bombay*
Date of Release:	*8th Nov. 1941*

Director: JUNNARKAR



Damuanna Malwanker is doing his diplomatic stunt over the telephone in "Sangam", a Navyug comedy.



Mr. Ambalal Hiralal Patel is a pioneer in importing projection equipment into India. At present as the proprietor of Cine Agency (India) he has installed over 100 installations all over the country and is actually servicing 500 theatres in addition.

tious protection of her aunty (Vatsala)... The aunty is trying to get Kunda a rich, well-placed husband. Bhayyasaheb, a Zamindar, (Salvi) is the chosen opposition.

Kunda meets Mukund (Vinayak) on a train journey and both are attracted to each other. Mukund is poor and educated.

We are now introduced to Pundopant (Damuanna) the editor of a news weekly. This looks like a locally inspired character. Whatever it be, the role is intensely amusing and not far from reality. In his constant pursuit of self-interest, this shrewd editor lies, blackmails, bribes, and somehow blunders through life to earn a pretty comfortable living. He has sized up society in general and has learned to take the "ayes" for "nays".

And now the mix-up starts. Bhayyasaheb, the Zamindar is keen on marrying Kunda. Kunda loves Mukund. Mukund, equally anxious, for a time nurses a misunderstanding. But it all turns out to be well. Kunda and Mukund are joined and Bhayyasaheb and Pundopant go to jail together.

DAMUANNA'S MASTERLY BIT

The best performance is given by Damuanna Malwanker in the unscrupulous editor's role. With an appearance all in his favour, and a role fitting him like the proverbial glove, Damuanna stalks through the picture a master of every situation making the others look poor flesh. His overwhelming comedy takes the sting out of the tragic scenes and makes them look insipid and unnecessary.

Winayak, Salvi, Meenaxi and all fall a victim one by one to the superb artistry of Damuanna, who shadows the picture so thoroughly that he himself becomes its solitary theme and resistance.

The puerile romance between Meenaxi and Winayak looks a pale, anaemic affair which stoops a little over the surgeon's operating table but fritters the opportunity with almost criminal indifference.

Both Winayak and Meenaxi give too poor a performance for such seasoned players. Vatsala Kumptekar as the aunt is highly unconvincing, being too young and coquettish. Salvi as the Zamindar is quite good, but hasn't much to do.



Mr. R. R. Patel, the smart advertising executive of "filmindia".

Malati Gupte, a new girl, makes her debut in the role of Shanta, a sort of a wounded deer—wounded at the hands of the lusty Zamindar. She seems to be a mild, vegetarian type of personality who not only needs a little more experience in this work but also a good quantity of vitamins to chase off her anaemic appearance. Her effort, however, is quite sincere though it fails to impress.

POOR PRODUCTION VALUES

The picture has poor production values, photography being poor and the sound being careless.

The direction lacks imagination and at best can be called just poor. In the hands of Winayak, this picture would have, perhaps, become a more thrilling comedy, the story having enough dramatic material for pictorial exploitation.

And yet after all done and said, "Sangam" is definitely an enjoyable entertainment worth seeing.



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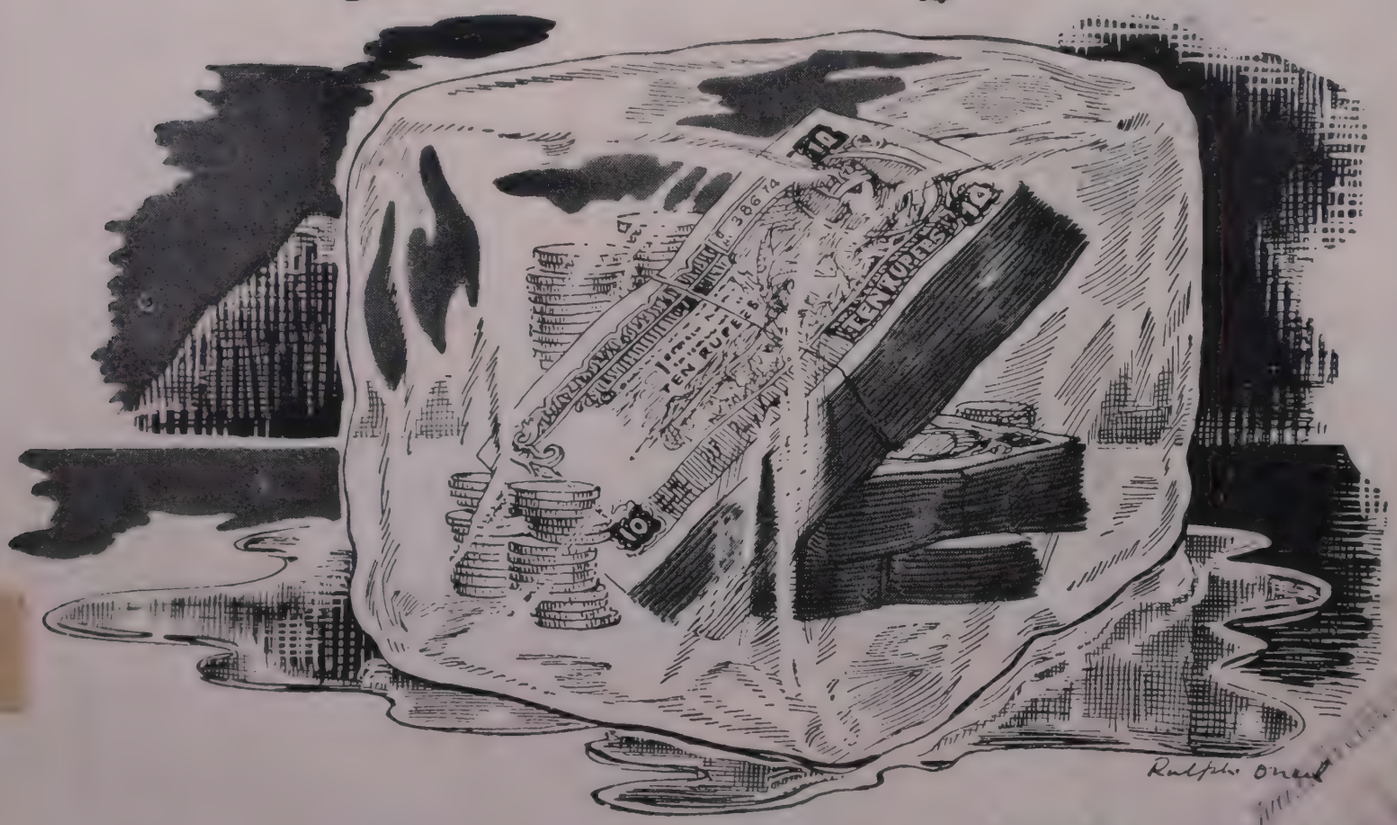
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VOL. 8 No. 2

On The Cover

Shobhana Samarth.

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Foolish Angels

The exhibition business in the country, inspite of the three decades of its existence, is still an unsound proposition from a commercial point of view.

Complaints reach us from every possible town in India about the heartless exploitation indulged in by the producers and the distributors of films.

From month to month, the exhibitors are called upon to pay heavier minimum guarantees if they require pictures for their theatres.

In towns where two or more cinemas are available, the film distributor plays one exhibitor against another till he has succeeded in knocking out as much minimum guarantee as he can, even before the picture is ready for release. This racket has now reached a peak where the exhibition business has ceased to be paying and every day we hear of theatres either closing down or changing hands.

Exhibitors shout and complain at intervals, but the exploiting distributors know very well the inability of the exhibitors to unite amongst themselves and the merciless exploitation continues unchecked.

The result is that today the entire exhibition business stands on the ruins of hopes with no hopes in future.

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For some reason or other, in India, the exhibitor has not realized the importance of his role in this industry. The average exhibitor, we find in the country, is always the last man who should have taken to the business. He has always a parallel claim on his attention and energies in some other trade or business and exhibition of films almost invariably becomes a side show for him.

The result is that, what such an exhibitor earns in his original and stable business, he loses in his showmanship trade. And that is how the Indian film industry has been getting a lot of pirated capital.

With such people in the industry, the exhibition trade can be summarised in a single sentence: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Somehow, the average Indian exhibitor has not yet realized the purpose of his existence. He still remains a weak and submissive pimp between the film distributor and our picture-goers. And as long as he remains so, there is no future prosperity for him.

The showman has a greater social purpose to pursue than the film distributor. He is the ultimate link between the great public and the film producer, and as such his showhouse becomes a nation's classroom as important or perhaps more so than those found in our schools and colleges. A showman therefore can become a greater and bigger teacher than the present day synthetic made-to-order school and college professor. Once our showman realizes this social significance of his role in life he must proceed to discipline himself and organize his business gradually till he becomes strong enough to face the menace of the heartless racketeering film distributor.

In our country, the most illusive ideal is unity. It is missing every where, though teachers, philosophers and politicians have been preaching about it for a century. In this lack of unity is epitomised the long tale of our nation's woes.

With this national background it is futile to expect all the exhibitors in the country to unite



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and form into a powerful association to counter balance the merciless racketeering practised by the film distributors.

But the principle of unity can be practised on a smaller scale in towns with two or more cinemas by the two or more exhibitors of a station uniting among themselves and presenting an organized front to the film distributor. In this small individual way, the racketeering Goliath can be effectively met by the suffering David.

We have seen this idea in practice at Nasik, where the one-time rivals have not only built a prosperous business by uniting among themselves, but have become friends moreover. And film distributors don't quote minimum guarantees to the Nasik showmen. Pictures run on flat percentages at Nasik and the showmen choose their show and time.

Can't this idea be practised by others who complain bitterly and in complaining expect the journalists to organize their exhibition business by kindling a conscience in the racketeering distributor?

Every town can have an association of its own cinema owners based on the principle of "live and let live" and thus face the common enemy. Is it not easier for two or four persons to meet and pool their resources and organize themselves than for the country-wide exhibitors to unite into a nation-wide association—which association is an impossible dream in this country?

Just at present our stupid and blind exhibitors are practically financing the Indian film industry by selling their homes and ruining their future. And with this finance the film distributors are enjoying the comforts of life. Can we ever miss the Packards and the Buicks in which our distributors roll?

The fools who have paid for those cars are the exhibitors, for "fools build houses and wise men buy them".



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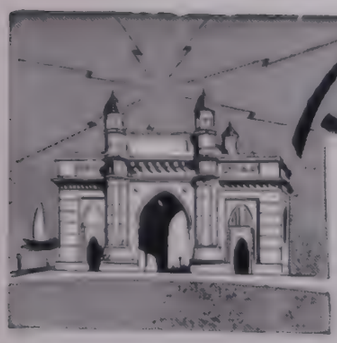
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Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

A SCANDALOUS FILM

The Film Advisory Board has recently released a short film called "The Women of India". Though the Film Advisory Board is a war-time institution with its primary purpose of producing war propaganda, it has so far been producing everything else but war propaganda. "The Women of India" is therefore one of the series of unnecessary and badly produced shorts which the Board has released so far.

The story of this latest brain child of the Board has been written by Miss Pramilla Rama Rau. I have been under the impression that this girl was taken merely to act as the Secretary of the Board. But evidently that was not right, seeing that she has now written a film story.

After seeing Miss Rama Rau's effort on the screen, my advice to her is that she should not attempt another film story. "The Women of India", as a brain effort of Miss Ram Rau helps to lessen Miss Ram Rau's personal charm and discounts the general impression about her that "she seems an intelligent child."

As a documentary, recording the progressive evolution of the Indian woman, "The Women of India" is a scandalous farce, which no decent man or woman of India would endorse. The final impression one gets from the film is that the Indian woman is a child bearing machine or has been a child bearing machine till the British civilization stepped into the country. The commentary accompanying the relevant sequences is also unfortunate.

There is another sequence where we are shown some wild woman of the forest as India's previous womanhood and we are suddenly switched on to some modern streamlined women.

Can't we have some of those millions of divine household wives in our country who work with their mates in the fields, who help their husbands in their occupations and who keep the flame of motherhood alive after the hallowed traditions established by Seeta and Savitri?

Why have we to fall back upon doubtful products of modern civilization to present to the world the ideal womanhood of India?

"The Women of India" is an insult to the womanhood of India and an outrage on the nation. One wonders how this picture is allowed to be circulated with Mr. V. Shantaram in the saddle, as the Chief Producer to the Board.

If the Board is incapable of producing something useful and sensible let it not insult the Indian people by producing something stupid and irreverent.

Will Mr. V. Shantaram tell us what he wishes to do with this short film after what we think of it? I am anxious to support the War effort of the Board, but where is the war effort, unless this short film is to be taken as a war offensive on India's womanhood?

PLEA FOR WISER CENSORSHIP

Shall we adopt adequate measures to protect the young from the influence of vice that often runs riot in our own and foreign films exhibited in this country or not?

That is the question we have raised and are harping on it for at least a year, but apparently we are breaking our heads against a stone wall.

Why is the Censor Board so dense, we entirely fail to see. Did we suggest anything revolutionary, subversive or violent?



In "Nirdosh", a National Picture in Hindi and Marathi, Nalini Jaywant looks more charming than usual.

Most emphatically not. All we did was, we supported a resolution passed by the All-India Women's Conference which asked for reasonable restrictions on the exhibition of certain pictures or parts thereof, which should not be seen by boys and girls under sixteen. We quoted certain examples which were covered by the resoultion of the Women's Conference and asked for the redress of a very real grievance.

But this is not all. We tried to be quite helpful. Against the red-tape plea of the Secretary of the Film Censors' Board we submitted the rules and regulations made in this behalf by the Government of Gwalior, gave free counsel to the Board, recommending a reference to the Bombay Advocate General. We even heard that the Secretary was moving in the matter. But he is still where he was, quite motionless.

It has taken exactly a year for us to learn that the Board is moving in the matter. Will it be another year before we hear of the appointment of a rules-drafting committee?

Let us record here, however, that care was taken by the theatre-owners at New Empire, Kohinoor and Edward, when, for weeks together, the film "The Birth of a Baby" was shown, not to sell tickets to boys and girls under sixteen. Perhaps the Board of Film Censors recommended it, but the Board can claim little credit for the same as the American Women's Council and other social health organisations which produced this eminently good educational film for wide propaganda, themselves had taken care to prescribe it for adults and grown-ups only, so that the charge of immobility, unresponsiveness, insensitiveness and shall we say, irresponsibility, can still be kept levelled at the Film Censor Board and its Secretary.

We think, it is time to have a new Secretary on the Censor Board, a person who will be more alive to his social and official responsibilities.



This superb character actor, Kanaiyalal, will be once again on the screen in "Khilouna", a social picture of Amar Productions.



Prithviraj is not reading the palm. He is just giving a lover's promise to Naseem in "Ujala" a Taj Mahal social picture.

GIVE US SOME MORE

Those who had the opportunity of having seen the documentaries on the lives of Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru had nothing but encomiums to shower on their producer, Mr. Pathy.

We learn, the National Studios have shot a documentary on the life and career of the late Sir Syed Ahmed, founder of the Aligarh Muslim University, with the help of Mr. Ahmed Abbas, our well-known contributor and scenario writer.

We would suggest, that the romance of the Benares Hindu University, which has now developed into a full developed modern little city from mere mango-groves and fields, may also be filmed. The Benares Hindu University itself might spend a few thousand rupees on this, if none of our producers have that much imagination.

We are writing this in the midst of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of the Benares Hindu University, when Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, now 82 years young, is still planning to collect another five crores to expand the activities of this residential University with the help and co-operation of its new Vice Chancellor Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan.

While on a topic like this one sees no end of the suggestions one can make. Why not the Jamshedpur Steel Works be similarly filmed and several other industrial and educational enterprises?

Sometime back Prabhat Educational shorts made their appearance. All the new organisation did was

WHO DOESN'T ADMIRE SHOBHANA SAMARTH ?



Every girl—yes, and every man too, enviously admires the flawless skin of this lovely film-star. How does she manage to keep her skin so beautiful? Well, let Shobhana Samarth tell you in her own words....

"This is what I do" she frankly says. "I use Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin beautiful. The creamy lather of Lux Toilet Soap is so active it cleanses the skin completely—takes away every trace of dust and any clogging impurities, so that there is never any fear of blemishes. Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully soft and smooth, and so clear—I am never afraid to face the strongest lights".

Shobhana Samarth is one of the most widely travelled of Indian film actresses. She has seen what both the new and old worlds have to offer. Yet she, with her wide experience, pins her faith in the simplest kind of skin-care—Lux Toilet Soap. That *must* be because she finds it is the best.



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CHANDAN

(CHANDAN MEANS SANDALWOOD WHICH BURNS TO ASHES GIVING ITS FRAGRANCE TO HUMANITY!)



Starring: KANTA, NAZIR, MAYADEVI, ASHIQ HUSEIN, BABY LALITA (A new find) W. M. KHAN, JAMSHEDJI, ANWARI etc.

Direction:

DHIRUBHAI DESAI

Ashok

PICTURES' PASTORAL ROMANCE OF BHIL—LOVES AND HATES!



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that it produced a wretched film about the Indian Air Force, which was neither good propaganda nor good story. Why don't the Prabhat Educational film the Benares Hindu University story with all its picturesque monuments and holy atmosphere of Kashi? Apart from the patriotic service to Hinduism and India's youth, there is money in it.

Ranade's full biographical film at this hour would be equally timely. His life story presents excellent material as also Tilak's, but will someone take the trouble of going beyond mere good and soft love romances? Even the Bombay Talkies appear to think that the half-hearted idealistic story that "Naya Sansar" was, was quite enough to exhaust their idealism and liking for novelty!

A SQUARE DEAL TO OUR TROOPS

A reader of "filmindia" who is on active service in Iraq writes to us that very old and rotten films are being shown to the Indian troops in Iraq.

In the last four or five months, they have seen only old Wadia Movietone films and none other.

Now that is rather letting down the boys who have gone to fight and die for us so that we may live in peace in our homes.

And yet we have in our country Colonel Beard. Capt. Ghandhy, Major Stobart and several other highly paid persons who are supposed to attend to this requirement of our troops overseas.

May we know what they do beyond rolling about in their attractive looking uniforms if they can't make it a little easier for our troops overseas?

These brave boys must be shown some of the latest films released in the City. Aren't the boys offering their best by giving us their precious lives? Can't we give them at least our best pictures?

The Army Headquarters must requisition some of the recent releases like "Jhoola", "Khazanchi", "Doctor", "Sikandar", "Swami" etc. and show them to our fighting forces.

Is that too much to ask?

IMPATIENT REQUISITIONING

There is a panic among the film producers of India, because the Defence Department has suddenly requisitioned all the available stock of raw positive film, over six million feet, from the Kodaks.

While the Kodaks are doing their best to ease the situation by a sensible rationing of the balance of the stock and by promising to maintain the trickle of supply in future, the sudden requisition has proved a severe hardship on the producers in the country with over fifty new pictures in the making at present.

Admitting that war time needs have to be given priority, the Army Headquarters could still have exercised a little more patience by taking up stocks gradually as they arrive into the country.

Deputations made to the authorities to release a part of the requisitioned stock for a month or two, till the new supplies came in, were of no avail and the authorities with their usual wooden-headedness could not realize the plight of the producers.

But the Government should not forget that on the smooth progress and continuation of the Indian Film industry, depends the success of the Government's internal war propaganda. The numerous shorts of the Film Advisory Board and the British Ministry of Information, not to mention the vernacular newsreels, have to run with regular Indian feature films which films alone draw the crowds.

If the Indian producers are deprived of the supply of raw positive film, there will be less copies of Indian films in circulation and therefore a lesser opportunity for the propaganda shorts to be shown.

The film is a terrific medium of propaganda and if the authorities wish their propaganda to be country-wide and effective, the least they can do is to keep the Indian film industry well supplied in its essential requirements.



Husna Banu looks charming in "Dhandora" a Ranjit comedy.

"FILMINDIA" STORY SOLD

"Love In Marble", Dewan Sharar's story of the Taj, which appeared in the New Year Number of "filmindia", has been purchased by Director A. R. Kardar for picturization.

Another story of Dewan Sharar is reported to have been purchased by the Chitra Productions as the next starring vehicle for that popular artiste, Leela Chitnis.

Dewan Sharar—that name sounds as romantic as the numerous romantic works of this celebrated writer of international repute. I have come across few people with Sharar's acute gift of dramatic talent and with his genius to weave an intriguing plot from thin air.

The other day, I read a famous Sharar novel, "The Gong of Shiva", published in England and I think that if some enterprising producer can produce this story in English, there is good money waiting for him, not only in India but overseas, with India so much in the international headlines at present.

Indian producers, whose chronic complaint about lack of good film stories has now become a scandal, will do well to get in touch with Dewan Sharar at Connaught Circus, New Delhi. I am sure, Sharar has or will have a story for every mood and every hour and every producer. And every one of them will provide one more proof of Sharar's genius and soaring flight of imagination.

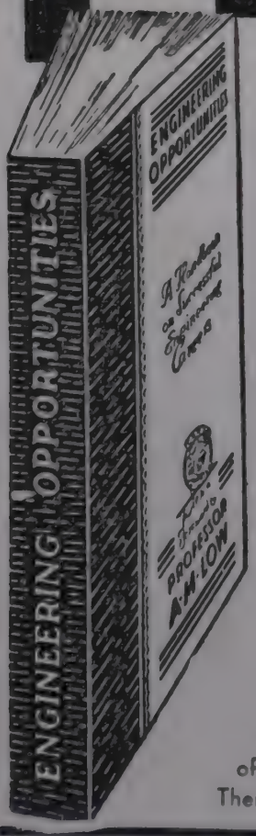
"PADOSI" IN ASSAM AND SIND

When "Padosi" was screened in Bombay about a year ago, we welcomed it as a symphony of Ram and Rahim, a picture that had the vibrant and unmistakable message of peace and harmony between Hindus and Muslims in the symbolic characters of Mirza and Thakur. There was none of the tub-thumping propaganda to drive this lesson but that was the obvious moral thereof.

We are very glad to find that at least two provincial governments in India had not only the wisdom to see this educative value of "Padosi" but they signalised it by declaring the shows of this picture tax-free within their provinces. These Governments are the Sind and Assam Governments. It is remarkable that in either case, the Premiers were Muslim viz: Khan Bahadur Alla Bux and Sir Sadulla Khan.

This token of appreciation must be very pleasing indeed to the producers viz: Shantaram and his colleagues. Is it not a pity, however, that the lesson of their own creation is so woefully lost on them?

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THE MOST CHEERING NEWS YOU'VE HAD THIS *Season!*



THREE HITS IN A ROW!

You haven't a show without



Editor's Mail

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

R. N. Murthy (Bangalore)

Why don't you advise Dr. Patel to install a better sound system at his theatres and improve in other respects?

Dr. Patel has been a successful showman so far and I can't believe your complaint. He has a superb sound equipment in R.C.A. What he probably requires is efficient mechanical men behind the machines. Dr. Patel will read this and will do the needful. Only good showmen can survive in these days of competition.

What are the necessary qualifications to become a successful director?

With the happy exception of a few, most of our really successful directors are uncultured, uneducated, uncivilized folks. They are all in the news but many of them can hardly read English. Many of them are crude opportunists. Some of them are successful blackmailers. A few are sweet-spoken exploiters. Altogether not a good advertisement for our industry. But they somehow, copy or steal, produce box-office hits at intervals, and all of them being practical men of business, they have enough commonsense to exploit their occasional success for their own good. These are hardly qualifications and therefore people with really good qualifications are at a discount.

Vrajdas Virchand (Raipur)

How many producers have come out with educational film shorts for mass uplift after what you wrote in "filmindia"?

The National Studios are producing a film of the founder of the Aligarh University under the supervision of Mr. Ahmad Abbas. The Prabhat people made a show of production for a time but got busy otherwise and seem to have lost all interest at present in the educational shorts. The Film Advisory Board, however, has produced several shorts and some of which are partly educational.

T. R. Raman (Madras)

In the December issue, giving the names of six best cameramen, you seem to have forgotten Ramnoth of South who photographed "Sumangali". How is that?

Yes, I owe my readers an apology for this omission. Ramnoth just escaped my memory. Being far away, he remains far out of my mind. Yes, Ramnoth is an excellent cameraman and ought to be classed among the first three. In his hands the camera thinks, perhaps more effectively than in the hands of several very good cameramen.

V. Sampson Paul (Kopbal)

Where is Sabita Devi after "Holiday In Bombay"?

Probably gone back to her native town after the "holiday". Really, I have no news of her. Her dear old Mummy keeps her so well covered that we can't get any news angle on her.

T. Ramalingeswara Rao (Gudivada)

Do you know that people write bad of you in the Vernacular journals (in languages which you don't know) and what do you say about it?



Like this she comes back to the screen again to revive old memories in her million fans. - Sulochana in "Ankh Michowni", an Amar picture. And let me tell you, she is going to open old wounds in a million hearts.

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AND OTHERS

Dancing at the Casino in Venice I stepped on a lady's toe. It was a clumsy thing to do and I apologised to the lady profusely. But she wouldn't have the apologies and burst out in beautiful Italian. Not imagining that so beautiful a thing can abuse and not knowing what she was saying, I said "Thank you". She got exasperated and put in some more lung exercise. My friend afterwards told me that the lady did not abuse only me, but when she was about it, she took in all my ancestors. A beautiful language from beautiful lips, who would think that it was just filthy abuse? That day I was glad, I did not know Italian. And so were my ancestors. Do you think, I should learn the Vernaculars to know what filth people write?

By the way, do you mind shortening your name for postal and economic reasons? It is a bit too long for one man.

Miss D. Premlata (Madras)

Has Renuka Devi left the film career?

Oh, no! She finishes a production and goes home on her own job. She will, in all probability, be seen in "Mun-ki-Jeet", the second Shalimar picture.

N. Fakruddin (Bellary)

Where is Kumar nowadays?



Shamim is fast becoming popular. She will be on the screen in "The Return of Toofan Mail", a Ranjit-Wadia picture.



Mazhar Khan, India's celebrated character actor, will come to the screen again in a classic role in "Meri Duniya", a National Artists' picture.

He has just finished acting Shah Jehan in "Taj Mahal" produced by Mohan Pictures. I don't know where he is shifting next. These actors don't inform people about their professional activities and when we go out finding, we find something more than expected.

Would you mind giving a brief life sketch of Ashok Kumar?

Born in "Jeevan Naiya". Over twelve-pictures-old. Still going strong.

Madhukar M. Angre (Bombay)

Which film director is capable of filming a picture with the least wastage of the raw film?

The one who is unemployed.

Under present conditions how long would a second rate picture take for completion?

Pictures become second rate after they are released. Till then they are all first rate. So the time taken for both is the same.

Madan Mohan Sharma (Agra)

Just as in "Kangan", the son of a Zamindar loves a girl, so in "Bandhan" a daughter of a Jagirdar loves a school master?

And in "Jhoola" a ward of a Zamindar loves the heroine. The Zamindar complex seems to have become a chronic complaint with the Bombay Talkies.

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A new charmer, Suvarnamala comes to the screen in "Awaz" a social picture of Saraswati Cinetone.

And the story of "Anjan" is like the story of "Bandhan"?

And the story of "Jhoola" is the story of the Bombay Talkies. Isn't it a pity?

N. Balakrishna (Hyderabad)

Is it true that the songs coming from Miss Manorama in "Khazanchi" were all recorded by the playback system?

Yes, and sung by Miss Shamshad of Lahore.

How far is a director of a film responsible for a picture?

In India, completely. Responsible even for wasting the producer's money. In our country the film director is a movie Moghul who has in his hand not only the fate of the people under him but also the future of the producer.

Balbir Singh Marwah (Jobbulpore)

A friend of mine wants to marry a film actress of repute, but he is confused. Could you kindly guide him?

Let him remain in this confusion for some time more till his favourite actress of repute goes out of reputation. He can then safely marry her. Her poison tooth will be pulled out by then and her bite won't prove poisonous. And she will still remain a film actress in other respects. A friend of mine married a popular film actress recently, but she is so popular that my friend is still waiting for his chance, though for all purposes he is her legally married husband.

Kirpal H. Panjwani (Karachi)

Is it true, that when some one tries to meet film stars, they avoid him?

Yes, purely in defence of self. People come from different provinces of India and the different provinces have different ways of greeting. Those from the North wish to embrace; those from the South often come without the shirt; those from the West lift their dhoti and arrive; those from the East crawl to and fro at an annoyingly slow speed etc. How do you expect the film girls to meet all these panzer movements. So they gallantly withdraw according to plan.

Do the film stars lead a good life?

Yes, as good as the nurses, the stenotypists, the lady doctors and others.

B. L. Ramchandra Setty (Bangalore)

Kindly give the name of the best institution where I can learn the art of dancing?

Uday Shankar's Art and Cultural Centre, Almora, U.P. That is easily the best institution in the country.

Who is the better dancer between Sadhona Bose and Leela Desai?

Sadhona Bose; better and more emotional.



Hari Shivdasani, who is pleased to call himself a polished American actor, gives a polished display in "The Return of Toofan Mail", a Ranjit-Wadia picture.

2 Great Stars

MEET IN ONE HEAVENLY PICTURE

NASEEM
PRITHVIRAJ

With **RATANBAI, MUBARAK, MIRZA MUSHARAFF & others**

Directed by: K. M. MULTANI

Screen Play by: KAMAL AMROHI

COMING SHORTLY





UJALA

S. B. A. Zaidi (Agra)

Why have the pictures of Bombay Talkies become so popular?

The success of the Bombay Talkies is a triumph of excellent team work. They handle only subjects which they can handle well and do not run after spectacular costume pictures. Their activities are institutional, planned with an industrial eye and profits play a large part in their calculations. And yet I often wish that they would take a little risk and give us something progressive and something unusual at least once in a while.

C. M. Raju (Pavagad)

Have you at any time advised Chandramohan to stop drinking whisky?

No. Whisky sobers him and he becomes a very pleasant companion. And it is with whisky in that he often appreciates others. By the way Chandramohan is quite a strong individualistic type of man and hardly needs anyone else's advice.

B. N. B. Vathsal (Secunderabad)

Can any film concern of Bombay compete with Prabhat?

Very few if Prabhat works and turns out pictures. But just at present almost every concern from Bombay has licked Prabhat. At present the Prabhat partners are busy settling their own differences and they don't seem to bother about their fans. So you must wait for the great Prabhat to get into its stride again. The partners seem to have too much spare money to worry about new productions or business.

Muthu Ismail (Bezwada)

What about Circo's "Akbar The Great"?

The idea seems to have been given up for the present.

Miss Kunda Deshpande (Akola)

What about Ratnaprabha? Will she not appear on the screen again?

Pandit Indra, who often calls himself her brother, tells me that Ratnaprabha has retired from the screen. If that be true, we have lost a girl with a very melodious voice.

A. G. Goel (Fyzabad)

Has Pradeep left the Bombay Talkies and joined the National Studios?

Not yet.

B. N. P. Shaw (Baidyanath Devghur)

We have not heard of Sulochana our old favourite for a long time?

Wait a little longer old boy. She is coming once again to the screen, more charming than ever be-

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN INDIA

This Reducing and Enlarging printer reduces and prints a 16 m.m. film from a 35 m.m. film, enlarges and prints a 35 m.m. from a 16 m.m. film and also makes a contact print from a 16 m.m. to 16 m.m. film.



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produced at an enormous cost—showing the real scenes of Moghul palaces at Agra Fort, Delhi, and other places where Shah Jehan & Mumtaz Mahal have lived in their days.

Direction
NANUBHAI VAKIL

— Starring —

- **KUMAR**
- **SAROJINI**
- **INDURANI**

MUBARAK, S. NAZIR

Late **Khalil Ahmed, Sharma, Ram Marathe, Mira, Indira and others**

Social Comedy

ZEVAR

Direction **K. Amarnath**

Starring **INDURANI**
Jayant, E. Bilimoria
Jagan, Gulamrasul

Devotional Epic

SANT

SURDAS

Direction: **Nanubhai Vakil**

Starring
SAROJINI

Magic Thriller

SAROVAR KI SUNDARI

Direction: **A. M. KHAN**

Cast
Romilla, Zeibunissa
Amina, Prakash, Benjamin
etc.

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fore, in "Ankh Michowli", a social picture of Amar Productions. And I still think that Sulochana is the only really beautiful woman, the Indian screen has ever had.

I am not going to miss her picture, because I am told that she sings some snappy tunes and vamps as she has never vamped before. And when Sulochana vamps it is a sight for the gods.

Miss Kumud Sinha (Chhindwara)

I want the address of Prithviraj?

Prithviraj Kapur, College Road, Matunga, Bombay.

A. K. Mohan (Palakol)

Kindly inform me which of our Indian actors and actresses are interested in pen friendships?

None and for several reasons. Several of them just can't write any language. Some of them who do are too lazy to write. Most of them make bad friends and are not a social friendly type. Some of them have too much vanity and they expect people to write to them and they haven't the decency to reply. Our actors and actresses themselves believe that they are glamour personalities and have not yet thought of their work as a profession. Even outside the field of their work, they walk on air expecting people to notice them and pay them compliments. How do you expect friendships with such balloon-boobies?

Auba Rajkumari (Oorgaum)

"Filmindia" gives very little news about South Indian films. Do you envy them?

Yes, I do, films like "Sumangali" and "Devata"; but that doesn't stop me from giving news. The trouble is that the South Indian producers don't send me enough news and I can't get someone on whom I can rely to send me authentic news regularly, even though I am prepared to pay well for such a service. Well, I don't miss anything. Your producers are missing an opportunity to exploit the popularity of "filmindia" for commercial purposes.

Shantilal Doshi (Kamshet)

How many magazines other than "filmindia" do you edit?

I have enough worry with one. With the prices of paper soaring high, with the producers quarrelling and yet making no news, with the stars wanting free publicity, with the distributors objecting to my reviews, with a couple of court cases on hand and with umpteen small and big obstacles, editing "filmindia" is difficult enough for one man.

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. . . this beautiful GIFT COFFRET— In it you'll find four of the finest toilet soaps, including the first-class Godrej No. 1 and the new Big Soap 'Vatni'. The gay colouring, and the excellent quality and lingering fragrance of the soaps will accent the sheer joy of giving. (And all this variety and gaiety for just one rupee!) Give this most likable little gift to a friend or relative, or give one to yourself; (also available with the Godrej shaving stick). See it today at your store.



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STUDIOS

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SUPREME
RELEASE

D. N. Panjnigar (Poona)

Some papers say that "Kanchan" has broken all records whereas "filmindia" writes that it is bitterly disappointing. How do you reconcile these two extreme views?

"filmindia" is not "some papers". It is the only paper. See "Kanchan" for yourself and find out who is right.

A. S. V. V. Sangha (Bangalore)

Who sings better between Shanta Apte and Leela Chitnis?

Of course, Shanta Apte.

P. K. Mathew (Quilon)

Is it true that Ahmed Abbas is the present guardian of Snehaprabha?

So am I if a friend is to be called a guardian. Her legal guardian, however, is her husband Kishore Sahu.

V. M. Raghavan Nair (Kalapettu)

Why is it that some of our film actresses who belong to other communities, change their real names and accept Hindu names?

Because Mr. Jinnah's Pakistan idea has not yet caught the popular fancy. When it does Devis and Bais will become Banus and Begums overnight.

Shewak M. Ramchandani (Mirpurkhas)

Who is this new chap with the strange name of Hyacinth?

It is not a chap. She is a beautiful chirper who interviews film stars for "filmindia", forgets what they say and writes only her impressions. Hyacinth is a sweet name though originally it belonged to the son of Amyclas a Spartan King. The story goes that this lad was loved by the two gods Apollo and Zephyr. But the boy preferred the sun god and Zephyr feeling hurt killed Hyacinth. His blood became a flower and is called Hyacinth. I think, it was after the flower stage that girls called themselves Hyacinth. So you see, our Hyacinth has a tradition behind her and please don't utter her name so lightly in future.

We cannot get "filmindia" here before the 10th of every month. And these ten days we feel like ten years. Will you please favour us by sending it on the first of every month?

Would you mind asking that bad guy Hitler to stop the war so that I can get some paper in time for "filmindia". Thanks, if you can do that.

I became very glad when I saw the price of "filmindia" increased to twelve annas. Otherwise I was afraid I would lose my favourite magazine.

Oh, don't you worry. We shall have soon to ask for a rupee a copy. Please get used to that idea and you will think twelve annas to be cheap.

G. P. Kejriwal (Benares)

Who is this Rita Carlyle?

She is everything in "filmindia" except Baburao Patel.

K. S. Iyer (Mandapam)

What is Hari Shivdasani doing nowadays? Don't you think, he is a very handsome actor? May I know his address?

Hari himself thinks that he is a very handsome actor. And because he thinks quickly and loudly, he does not give me a chance to think. But Hari is popular, not only in the films but also in the clubs. He will be seen in three pictures: "Nat Duniya", "Return of Toofan Mail" and "Meri Duniya". Hari's official residence is: Bombay View, Kittridge Road, Colaba, Bombay, where he has to go when all the clubs in Bombay are closed, that is, if he is not sleeping in the studio sheds. Hari thinks that sleeping in studio sheds is more convenient than paying taxi fares in these days of petrol rationing.

Madhu Sudhan Singh (Bangalore)

Let me know whom Shantaram is going to select for war propaganda pictures?



Sarojini as "Mumtaz Mahal" in "Taj Mahal", a costume picture of Mohan Pictures.

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Hitler will be the villain and Churchill the hero. Choose your role.

Shrikant Goswami (Jodhpur)

Whenever the heroes touch the heroines on the screen, what idea strikes them?

That the director is watching them and it is no use.

Adeebul Hassan (Bombay)

I think the court scene which a majority of Indian films show is a waste of time. What is your opinion?

I think these scenes constitute a contempt of courts and defiance of law and order.

Is it necessary that every Indian picture must show clouds and storms?

Not necessary, but they help to clear the clouded brains of our directors and the storms help to check the storm of criticism.

Abbas Ahmed Ballim (Pietermaritzburg)

Why is not kissing allowed on the screen?

Because the censor inspectors get palpitation. Don't worry it goes on behind the screen.

Doulatram C. Dowlwani (Hyderabad)

My friends who have seen "Kanchan" recently at the Capitol (Hyderabad) say that your review was true to its last word. I wonder, why producers should get hot instead of improving their pictures. On the other hand they blame the man who shows his friendship by giving the right review and which review if sincerely thought over can improve their next picture. Really, I cannot understand these producers.

Nor can I and I have been at it for the last twenty years.

Lieut. Kadir Mahomed (Basra)

I am very much interested in the welfare of the Indian film industry and some of the people therein. I would very much like to know through the columns of your magazine, what are Miss Maya Bannerjee's matrimonial intentions now that she has been separated from her husband for quite a time. It is a pity that one should fall in love with another person's wife but since they are separated, I don't think there is any harm?

No harm in merely falling in love. But I didn't know that Maya was married and separated already. In fact, I am not sure whether she is a married woman at all. But you seem to know more. I can now see that you are mighty interested in the "welfare" of the industry and "some" of the people therein. Maya Bannerjee stays at Cadell Road, Shivaji Park, Dadar, Bombay and you can get further information from her.



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The Press Pays Its Supreme

"KARAMVIR", Lahore, writes,—

"We strongly urge the public to see a film like "Masoom", because to see it is to foster Hindu-Muslim unity. Through films Muslims have known enough of Hindu life, but Hindus are still in dark about their neighbours' life. They should see this picture. For mutual understanding it is essential that both the communities should know each other well."

"CINEMA SHOW", Lahore, writes,—

'"Masoom" is an achievement greater than the greatest.'

"MOVIE FLASH", Lahore, writes,—

'"Masoom" provides the biggest fan fare. Hindu families are coming to the picture in large numbers, as, for them, it is quite a novel picture.'

"CINEMA", Lahore, writes,—

'"Masoom" is a feast for eyes, ears and mind.'

"RUP-BANI", Delhi, writes,—

"The direction of the picture is so masterly, novel and artistic that I cannot help calling Mr. Hasnain a genius."

"PICTURE-GOER", Delhi, writes,—

"The direction of the film is superb and speaks volumes of Mr. Hasnain's directorial genius."

"MASOOM" BECOMES THE NA

Directed By:
S. F. HASNAIN

Tribute To "MASOOM"

"MOVIES", Delhi, writes,—

"The film is remarkable for brilliant directorial touches and acting of a very high order."

"VISHWAMITRA" Daily, Calcutta, writes,—

"Masoom" is a very good picture in all respects."

"LOKMANYA" Daily, Calcutta, writes,—

"Masoom" secures a special place in Indian films."

"JAGRITI" Daily, Howrah, writes,—

"Even the most strict critic has appreciated "Masoom" whole-heartedly."

"CHITRA", Lahore, writes,—

"Masoom" appeals to Hindus and Muslims with equal force.'

"DIN O DUNIYA" writes,—

"Masoom" is ten times better than 'Qaidi'.'

"ADAKAR" writes,—

"The most psychological and suggestive picture of the year."

"TEJ", Delhi, writes,—

"Masoom" is a picture which gloriously brings a message of culture and civilization for all the communities.'

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Directed by **GUNJAL**
Featuring the Two New Stars
SHALINI and NEELA

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The Screen-Craze of Elite Bombay Now In
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Directed by
PAWAR
of
"Resurrection"
Fame.

In HINDI and MARATHI

Watch for the All-India Premiere at NOVELTY (Bombay).

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Straight From The Shoulder

Oh! For Some Well-Groomed Women

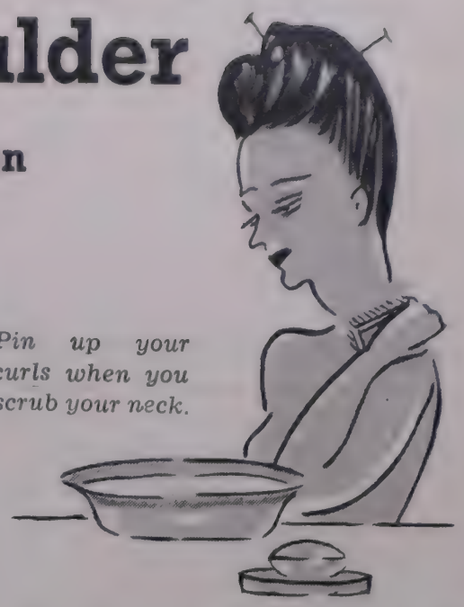
If you are looking for advice on how to be a glamour girl, then don't read any further. This article won't tell you how to elongate your eye-lashes or how to acquire a Sylph-like form. This article is written for the benefit of every woman who feels that it's too much trouble to be well-groomed.

To be well-groomed one must be clean and tidy. Water is free and there's no law which says a woman mustn't waste time in front of a mirror tidying herself.

It is most important that a woman should look at herself long and searchingly in a mirror before letting herself be seen in public.

Have you ever seen a person at a distance and thought "that's an attractive looking woman" and then when you've got close to her thought "What a disappointment; she doesn't look at all nice close up".

Well that's what people are thinking about you. Your face may be divine but if you've got a grimy-looking neck someone's going to notice it and remark about it. So many women scrub their faces until they shine but don't wash their necks because they are afraid to get their hair wet. The simplest remedy is to pin up your curls on top of your head so that they are not likely to get wet when you scrub your neck.



Pin up your curls when you scrub your neck.

CATS WITH TEETH

Another thing which makes women look slovenly is the nail biting habit. Not only does the nail biter spoil her nails, but she also makes grimaces when she is indulging in a nail biting session. Next time you see a fellow nail biter watch how she bares her teeth and smudges her lipstick as she chews her nails. It is a disgusting habit and one which can be cured with a little self-control.



Watch how she bares her teeth as she chews her nails.



Every time you jerk the hardened wax off your upper lip, tears will stream out of your eyes.

There may be some nervous women who find it hard to rid themselves of this habit. If the old remedy of painting the nails with quinine has no effect then buy yourself a set of those beautiful false nails which are being sold and wear them over your own nails. You won't find them tasty tit-bits and in any case you'll be so thrilled with the new look of your hands you'll probably resolve never to chew nails again.

Then there is the woman who has lovely long nails but never keeps them clean. If she does work which makes her nails dirty then she should use a dark polish. But best of all she should scrub them often with a soapy nail brush and keep a file handy for emergencies.

Now let us talk about the woman whose hair looks like a Malayan jungle. She is the woman who brushes the front of her hair but never the back and then sets out for a car drive with her hair loose and expects to look lovely when she arrives at her destination.

The shops are loaded with beautiful, coloured scarves which keep the hair tidy and look very attractive. There are some men who like to see a girl with her hair flowing in the wind as she drives along. That's all right as long as there's a wind to keep the hair streaming gracefully but what happens when the wind stops blowing and the hair falls back on to the head in a matted heap? We'll tell you. The girl looks lousy. Tie your hair up securely when you set out on a drive. You can always take off your scarf when you get out of the car if you've an attractive hair-do to reveal.

HEAD AND FOOT CONDUCT

Some women adore wearing toe-



The Jungle Comes to the Town

in all its GLORY
with all its EXCITEMENT

WADIA MOVIETONE'S

The JUNGLE PRINCESS

Featuring **NADIA**

WITH JOHN CAWAS ★ RADHA RANI ★
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IT PROMISES TO SWEEP THE COUNTRY
FROM COAST TO COAST

with its DARING TECHNICAL ACHIEVEMENTS
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with its SURPRISINGLY MELODIOUS SONGS
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WADIA 1933 MOVIETONE

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less and back-less sandals but they don't take the trouble to keep their feet scrupulously clean. No woman can look well-groomed with grubby looking heels and toes exposed. If you must wear sandals then wash your feet several times a day. If the under sides of your heel are lined and cracked then massage the skin at night with olive oil.

There are some unfortunate women who have hair on their upper lips and a pretty fierce growth of hair on their arms. However well-dressed a woman may be her grooming is not complete if she goes out laden with this unnecessary hair. If the growth is not too strong then she can camouflage it by painting it with a solution of peroxide and ammonia until the hair is bleached light. If she wants to remove the hair altogether she should buy a set of depilatory wax from a chemist and remove it with that. The hair will reappear naturally, but the growth will become weaker and weaker until it is practically non-existent.

Mind you, we don't deny that this depilatory wax treatment is painful because it is. Everytime you jerk the hardened wax off your upper lip tears will stream out of your eyes, but when you see the result you'll completely forget about the pain.

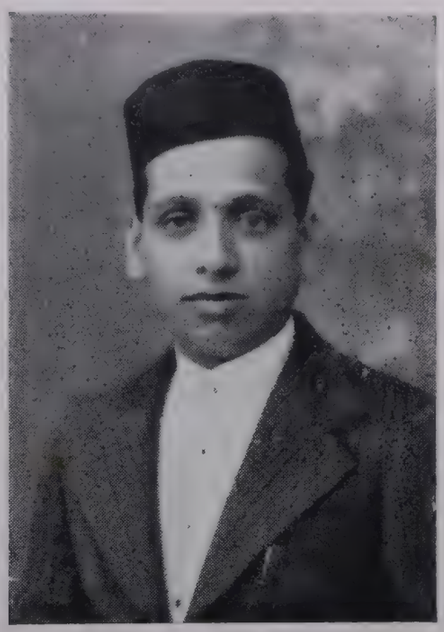
Are you one of those women who let their frilly petticoats show beneath their saris or let the shoulder straps of their thingummies slip down their arms?

If you are, then pin them up quick because if there is anything a man hates it is to be out with a woman who lets the world see glimpses of her under-wear.

It is because of this that we advise women to take a good look at themselves in the mirror before venturing out.

Turn and twist before the mirror. Make sure your back view is as faultless as your front view. Take a pride in being well-groomed because good grooming is a first step to glamour!

DEPARTED

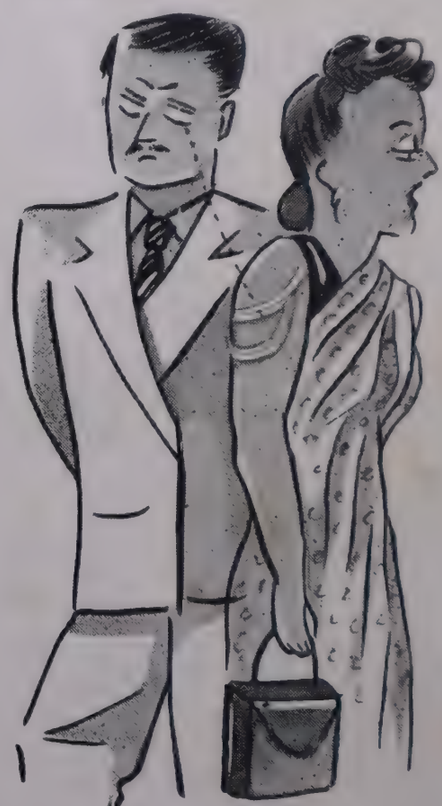


AND LEFT US BEHIND

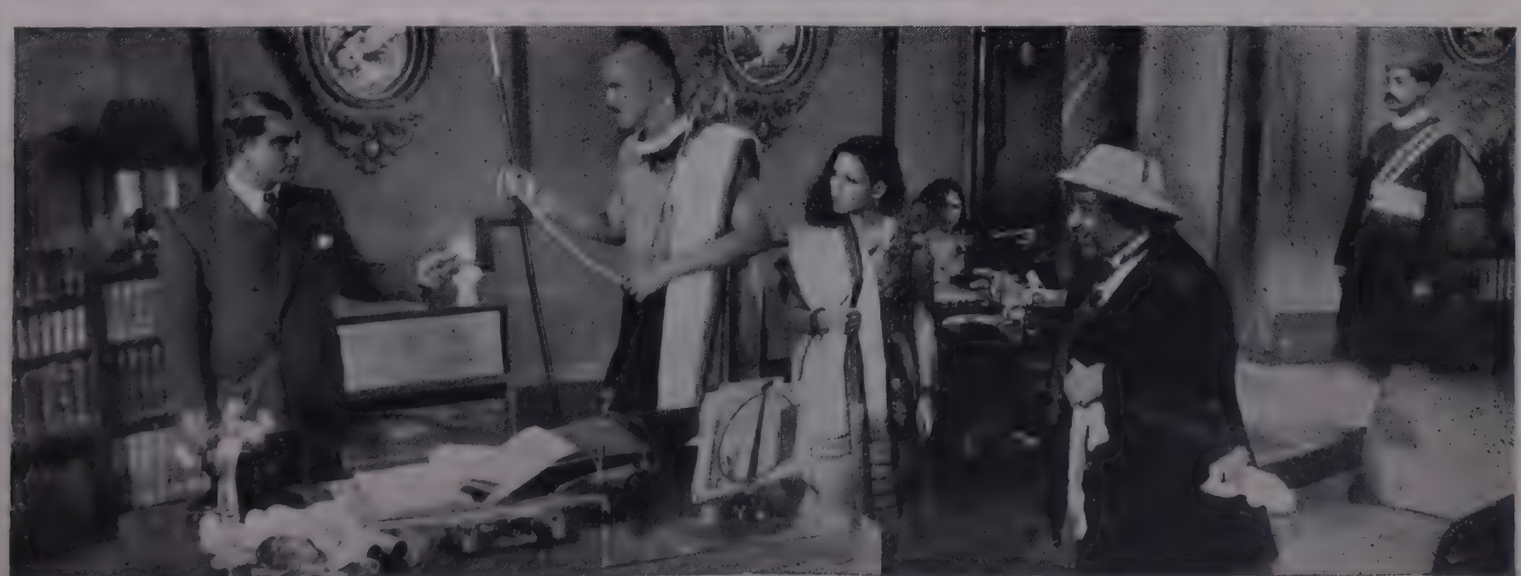
Mr. B. P. Samant, our brilliant young publicity expert, chief of Messrs. B. P. Samant and Co. and Peerless Pictures died on the 16th January of heart failure at the early age of 35.

Enthusiastic and ambitious, he began his career at the very rung of the ladder and rose to the top with perseverance and industry. A friend to everyone, Mr. Samant had secured unique popularity at such a young age.

Well, he has gone his own way, leaving us behind—mourners all.



....lets the shoulder straps of her thingummies slip down her arms?



In "Roti", a social picture of National Studios, everything from the primitive to the ultra-modern seems to be provided for.


The "Jhoola" Songs:
THEY'RE UNIQU
The "Jhoola" Dances:
THEY'RE TERRIFIC
There is NO precedent for the
crowds it brings at the
ROXY
TALKIES
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are proud and happy that
they have given a start to 1942 with
the biggest box-office show of all time

JHOOLA

Screen's most lavish laugh-and-rhythm wonder!

Producer: **S. MUKERJI**

Maker of "BANDHAN" and "NAYA SANSAR"

rring YOUR *own favourites:*

LEELA CHITNIS *and*
ASHOK KUMAR

with **Shah Nawaz, V. H. Desai, Mumtaz Ali,**
Karuna Devi, Shahzadi, Rajkumari Shukla



Producers of "Narsi Bhagat" Present "Bharat Milap"

India's First Classic Picture

The most important film news of the day comes from Prakash Pictures Studios—their great devotional-cum-historical drama "Bharat Milap" has left the sets and is now ready to make box-office history on the screen.

Over two years in the making, and costing several lakhs of rupees "Bharat Milap" promises to be a land-mark in the history of motion pictures in India. For its theme it has one of the purple-patches of ancient India, the story of Rama and the sacrifice of his brother, Bharat. Director Vijay Bhatt has taken the best parts of "Ramayana" and moulded them into a matchless and memorable motion picture. For two years the entire resources of Prakash were concentrated on various items of production and piece by piece they have built an imposing structure of art and entertainment.

A NEW STANDARD ENTIRELY

In the year 1940, Prakash's name was marked out for their most magnificent production "Narsi Bhagat" and in all probability, Prakash's banner shall soon fly high in this year immediately after the release of "Bharat Milap"—their biggest hit on screenland of India.

"Bharat Milap" is not the picture which is to be ranked among all previous mythological productions so far. It shall set its own standard. It shall begin a new era in Indian Film Industry.

Even a child in India is aware of the holy name of Bhagwan Shree Ramchandra, his immortal sacrifice and his great love for his brother Bharat. The name of Bharat also shines in the heart of every Hindu as a symbol of brotherly love and sacrifice. His life is a harmony of truth, beauty and sacrifice, and "Bharat Milap" is nothing but a poem vividly interpreted on the silver screen by a humble artist like Vijay Bhatt. People may call him the director.

The story of "Bharat Milap" is based on Valmiki's Ramayana, the great epic of Indian culture and civilization. Mr. V. Aundhkar who himself is a great scholar of "Ramayana" is responsible for the original script in Marathi and Pandit Anuj the versatile screen-writer of many years' experience has written the dialogue in Hindi.

A CLASSIC PICTURE

Mr. Kanu Desai the famous Art Director of "Narsi Bhagat" has been again busy drawing marvellous designs for the sets and costumes of this epoch making production. Till now he has drawn more than five thousand designs of the various sets, pieces of costumes and decorations which are to be used for spectacular scenes of the picture. It will be interesting to note that before he began planning for the first set of "Bharat Milap" he was engaged in special study of ancient Archaeology, school of costumes, ornaments and other relics of the Ramayana age.

In the cast of "Bharat Milap", Prakash presents big names—each one of them has the distinction of appearing in the box-office hits in the past. Never before such a mighty cast was seen together in one picture. The producers are really proud to announce their names—they are: Durga Khote, Shobhana Samarth, Shahu Modak, Prem Adib, Vimla Vashishtha, Umakant, Nimbalkar, Chandrakant, Kale, Pande, Amir Karnataki, Vasant Kanse, Kausalya, Madhusudhan etc.

With such a mighty cast, enormous outlay in costumes and ornaments of ancient times, gorgeous sets, and spectacular mob scenes — all this means the astounding sum of rupees four lakhs; in other words, this will be the production cost of "Bharat Milap".

Director Vijay Bhatt who has proved his genious and directorial ability in his last picture "Narsi Bhagat" is again heading for new laurels, and after the screening of "Bharat Milap" Prakash's name shall shine in the hearts of millions as the solitary symbol of Indian Art, Culture and Civilization. (Contributed).



Director Vijay Bhatt discussing the script of "Bharat Milap" with Mr. V. Aundhkar and Pandit Anuj.



ASHOK KUMAR—

Charging every day and fast changing, Ashok gives a sparkling performance in "Jhoola", the 'Wuthering' box-office hit of the Bombay Talkies Ltd

Shalimar Pictures gratefully thank



MISS NEENA



MR. PRITHVIRAJ

AND



BARAK



MISS GULAB



MR. SINGH



MISS MUMTAZ



MR. PRAKASH



MISS FEROZA



MR. SULEMAN

FOR THEIR EXTRAORDINARY PERFOMANCES

IN

Ek Raat

SHALIMAR PICTURES BOMBAY

and

Sjt. S. K. Pal

for

The Music of All Nights

IN

Ek Raat

SHALIMAR'S Mun-ki-jee

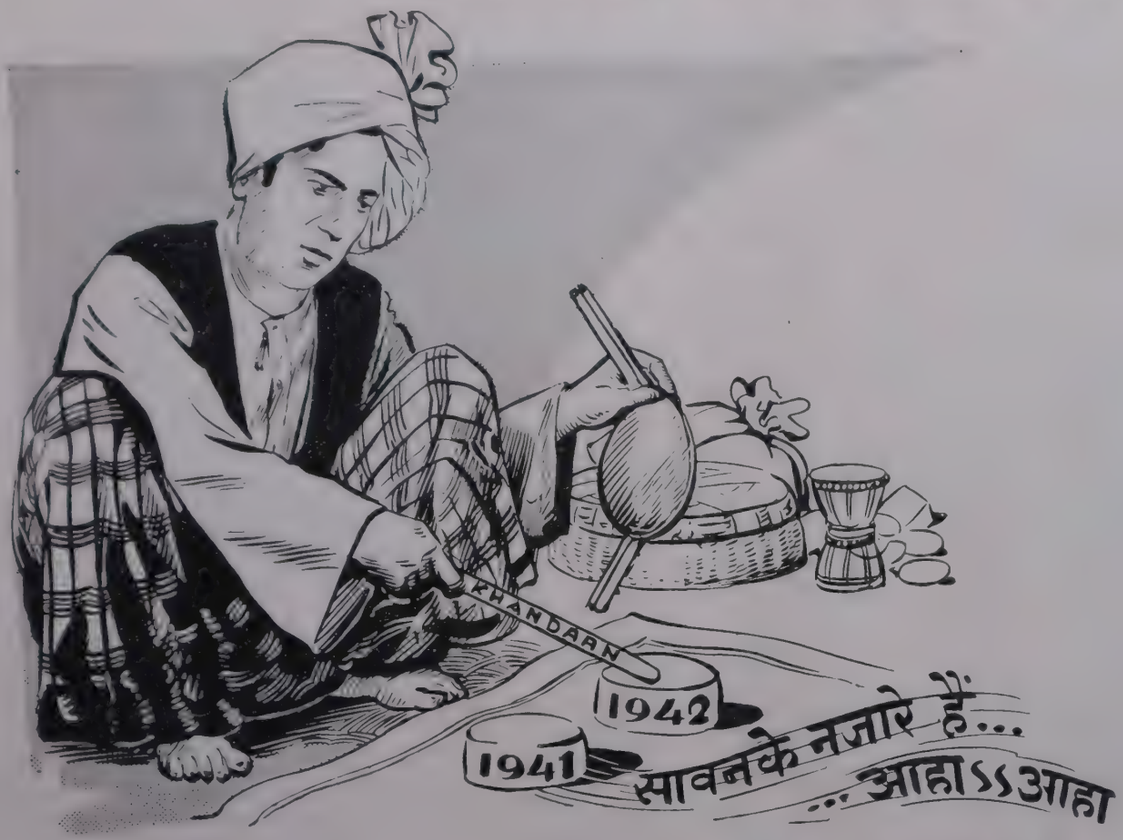
UNDER PRODUCTION



KAUSHALYA—

This little girl has grown up into an heroine in "Rai Saheb", the maiden social production of Janak Pictures.

THE MAGIC MAN
From THE NORTH.....



....DALSUKH PANCHOLI
CASTS HIS SPELL ON 1942 !

"KHAZANCHI"
CHARMER OF 1941
IN ITS
11th MONTH AT
KRISHNA TALKIES
BOMBAY

TO BE FOLLOWED BY

khan-daan

TO CHARM 1942

Starring:— GHULAM ? MOHAMAD, NOORJEHAN, MANORAMA, PRAN, IBRAHIM, BABY AKHTAR, AJMAL AND DURGA MOTA

Directed by: SHAUKAT HUSSEIN



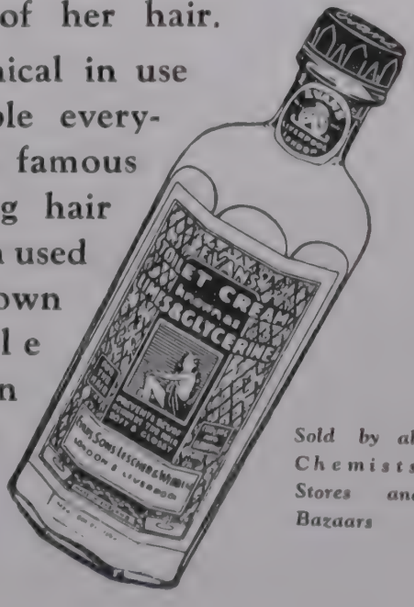
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LIMES & GLYCERINE

Thick, long glossy hair is the heritage of Indian Womanhood. The modern Indian woman who is proud of her appearance *knows* that Evans' Limes & Glycerine ensures the lasting health and beauty of her hair.

It is economical in use and obtainable everywhere. This famous and refreshing hair tonic has been used by well - known fashionable Indian women for over 25 years. Get a bottle to-day.



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NO GIRL
COULD HAVE
THIS HERO



HE LIVED ALONE

BUT NOW HE IS COMING TO MEET YOU

IN

EASTERN PICTURES'

BADAL

A MESSAGE OF HOPE FOR A CLOUDY YEAR

DIRECTOR
ZAHUR RAJA

MUSIC DIRECTOR
MUSHTAQ HUSSAIN

PRODUCER
R. S. LAKHANI

STARRING :

ZAHUR RAJA

• RADHA RANI • URMILLA • SHANTA • BABY SHAKTI • S. NAZIR • JAMSHEDJEE • A. R. PAHELWAN • RADHA KRISHEN

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NAIGAM CROSS ROAD, DADAR,
BOMBAY 14

Modesty In Modern Times

Our Girls And Our Films

Modesty is a word which sounds strange coming from modern lips but it is a word which has been dragged into the present century as a cover for coyness, inferiority complex, and plain dumbness.

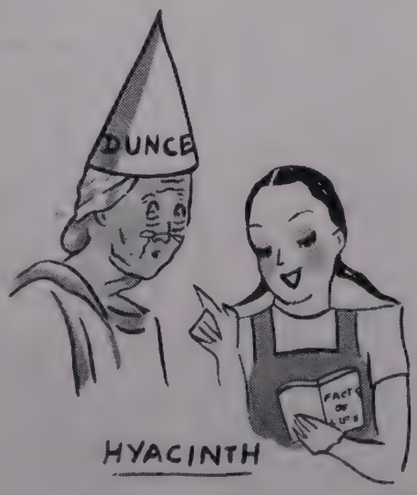
Modesty is the quality which made maidens of the past century feel faint when a man looked at them and it is the quality which film stars are supposed to lack.

The word modesty can rarely be used truthfully nowadays unless it is preceded by the word false. It is false modesty which keeps thousands of Indian girls from joining the film business and it is false modesty which George Bernard Shaw lacks. If a man knows he's a genius and someone comes up to him and tells him he's a genius he'd be a fool to say "Aw, come. I'm a pretty ordinary fellow y'know". It doesn't pay to put on a modest violet pose. Keep on belittling yourself and very soon people will begin to think you really can't be such a wonderful fellow after all.

But it is really the type of modesty peculiar to the weaker sex which we wished to write about.

Modesty is a quality which is found in women chiefly. Women of the last century gave out modesty very naturally and prettily. Downcast eyes, pretty blushes, and a general air of innocence were the order of the day. The girl who looked a man in the eye and let a little of her ankle be seen was considered a hussy.

But blushes don't rise easily to the cheeks of modern girls and an air of innocence is hard to achieve when the average girl at the age of sixteen knows more about everything than does her 80 year-old grandmother.



....knows more about everything than does her 80-year old grandmother.



....and let a little of her ankle be seen....

1880 MANNERISMS DON'T MIX

But there are still women (generally of the fluffy type) who make a great show of being modest. They gasp if anyone says 'damn' and cast coy little glances of the 'isn't this-a wicked-world type' at people they wish to impress. But 1880 mannerisms don't mix well with 20th century ideals.

This can be proved by making a study of the films of the past and the films of today. The sugary-



Screen wives—complete with overworked tear glands.

sweet heroines of bygone years are non-existent now. The Mary Pickfords and Janet Gaynors of yesterday are replaced by dashing young women who bully their screen husbands and are never at a loss for a witty answer.

The same transformation has taken place on the Indian screen. Before now, nearly all screen wives have been submissive, coy and complete with overworked tear glands. Nowadays they indulge in comedy and even in a little horse-play.

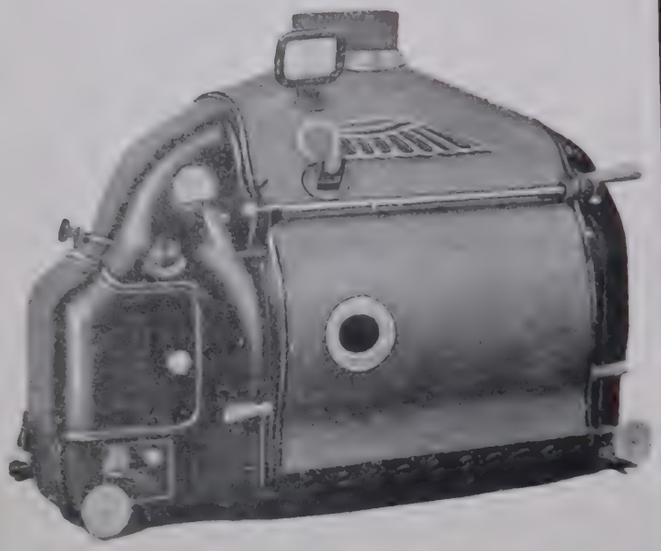
The public likes its heroines to be a little naughty. Puritans are seldom interesting.

Now let us pull to pieces the young woman who pretends to be modest but really is suffering from a tremendous inferiority complex. She's the sort of girl, who when someone says "You're looking sweet to-day",



The 'modest' violets can always take their mamas along to chaperon

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Leela Chitnis attracts attention in "Jhoola", a picture of Bombay Talkies.

replies, "I look a frump", and really feels she looks a frump. She doesn't mean to appear modest but people assume she is because she is always making fun of herself. When she's out walking in the street and a strange man stares at her or smiles at her she doesn't think "That man is interested in me. He finds me attractive". No, she thinks instead, "He's laughing at me. I must have a smut on my nose," and she tries frantically to get a look at herself in every shop window she passes to see where the smut is.

This isn't modesty.

THE DUMB "SHE"

Then there is the woman who has a very low brain power and keeps her mouth shut most of the time and looks nervous when she's asked a question.

People say she's modest and retiring but we say she's just plain dumb.

The dictionary does not say that in order to be modest one must be a half wit. When asked for her opinion this last type will reply shyly but evasively "I'm sure you're right". This gives the impression that she is too quiet and gentle to start a controversy by giving her opinion.

Actually if she's truthful she'll answer "I'm sure my opinion isn't worth listening to because my knowledge is practically kindergarten".

What we really set out to show in this article was that we hate false modesty and we are annoyed by those smug and supposedly modest girls who are afraid to join the films, because film stars are supposed to be immodest.

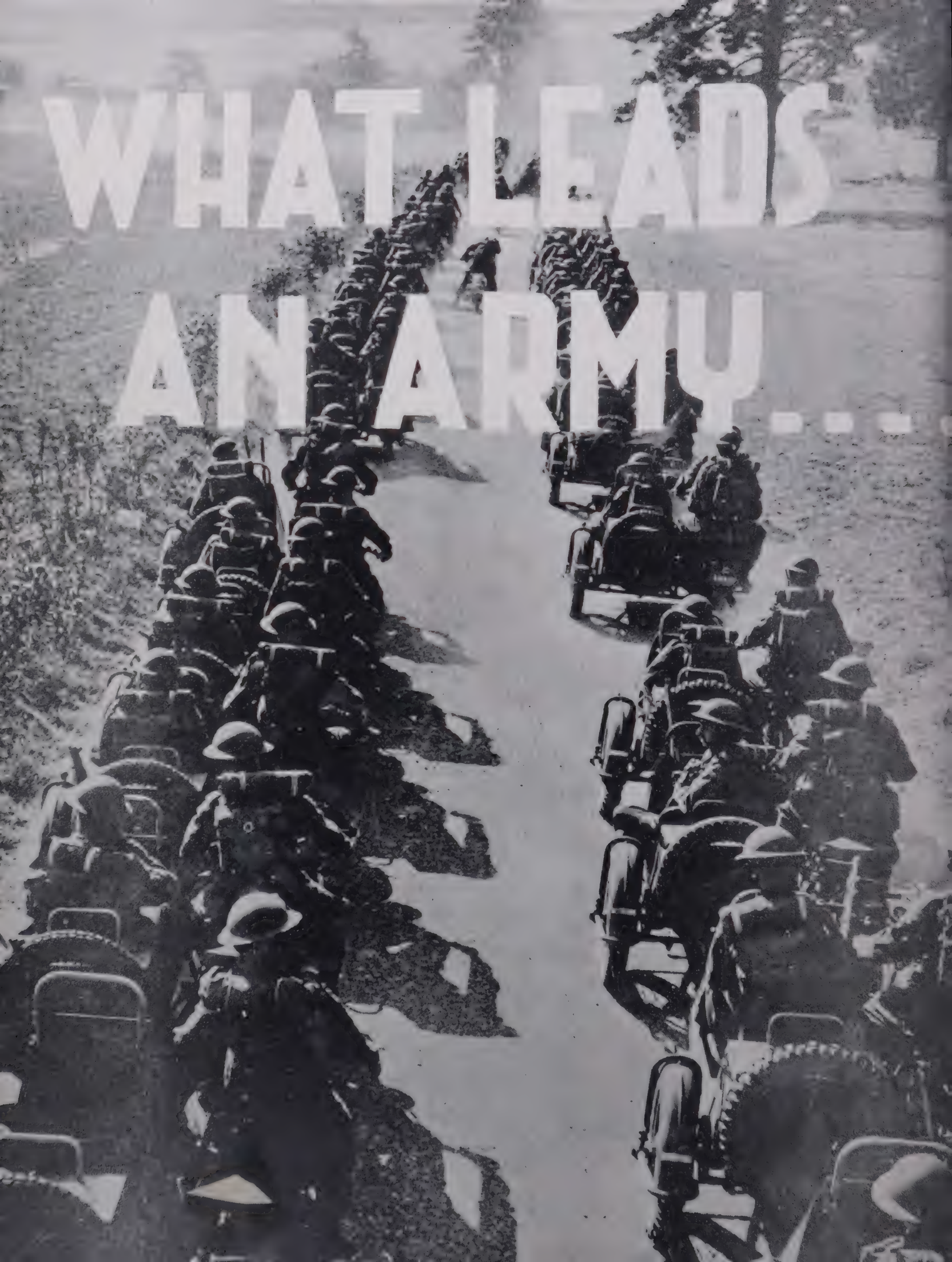
Most of them would give their front teeth and their crowning glory too if they could get into the films. Only they are too dull and lacking in push to try for it or they feel they are not beautiful enough to attain screen glamour.

Or then again their families feel that they will be corrupted by coming in contact with the ogres of the industry. But surely a well brought up girl can remain the same no matter what her environments are. In any case all these 'modest' violets can always take their mamas along to chaperon them.

Say it's nervousness, an inferiority complex, or an old-fashioned mama that keeps you from becoming a star but don't please, say it's modesty.



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OUR SHORT STORY

Wedding In Blood

Love Makes The Queen A Woman

By: **Dewan Sharar**

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Rana Jagmehr Singh, Rajah of Bindi, was an old man when his wife died, leaving him childless. Therefore he had adopted young Shamsher, orphaned son of one of his doughtiest generals, and made the lad his heir, so that when his own time came the State might not lie open to the mercy of the first invader—in particular Chandrasen of Atari, who might be depended upon to rush in and seize it.

Chandrasen of Atari was the best-hated man within a radius of very many miles, and with good cause. Cruel, treacherous, and utterly without conscience, his name had become an idiom in perfidy. Ostensibly there was friendship between him and Rana Jagmehr Singh; and he had been at such pains to foster that semblance of amity that in time the old Rana came to believe him.

"Were we two united there is nothing we could not do. We could take half Rajputana were we so minded. We should be invincible," said Chandrasen.

"That might have been so thirty years ago, but I am an old man now," said Rana Jagmehr Singh.

"True; and I am no longer young," said Chandrasen, who was, perhaps, half the other man's age, "But there are the years ahead to be thought of. Your adopted son will be a strong ruler; but I have only a daughter to inherit Atari after me. Now if she were married to Shamsher there would be an alliance that the strongest would hesitate to challenge."

"That," said Rana Jagmehr Singh, "is true. I will think it over."

He did, and to such purpose that before long the marriage was duly arranged, the date fixed and the preparations begun. So nearly everyone was satisfied—the people of Bindi and Atari because they foresaw comfortable years of safety ahead. The Princess, because she had heard reports of Shamsher's courage and valour, and Jagmehr Singh because he liked the idea of Atari eventually coming beneath the sway of his heirs. Chandrasen, though not at all attracted by the last prospect, was also well pleased in that dark heart of his. In fact, the only person who felt no happiness at all was Shamsher.

AN UNWILLING BRIDEGROOM

"Truly my life is not my own," he said bitterly to Ram Das, the Pradhan (dispenser of justice), who had long been his friend and counsellor. "Why should I wed a woman whom I have never seen, the daughter of such a sire, moreover, and who by all accounts takes after him? You have heard the stories that are told of Kamla Rani; it is said that she is as high-handed and as headstrong as her infamous father."

"It is also said that she is very beautiful," said the Pradhan.

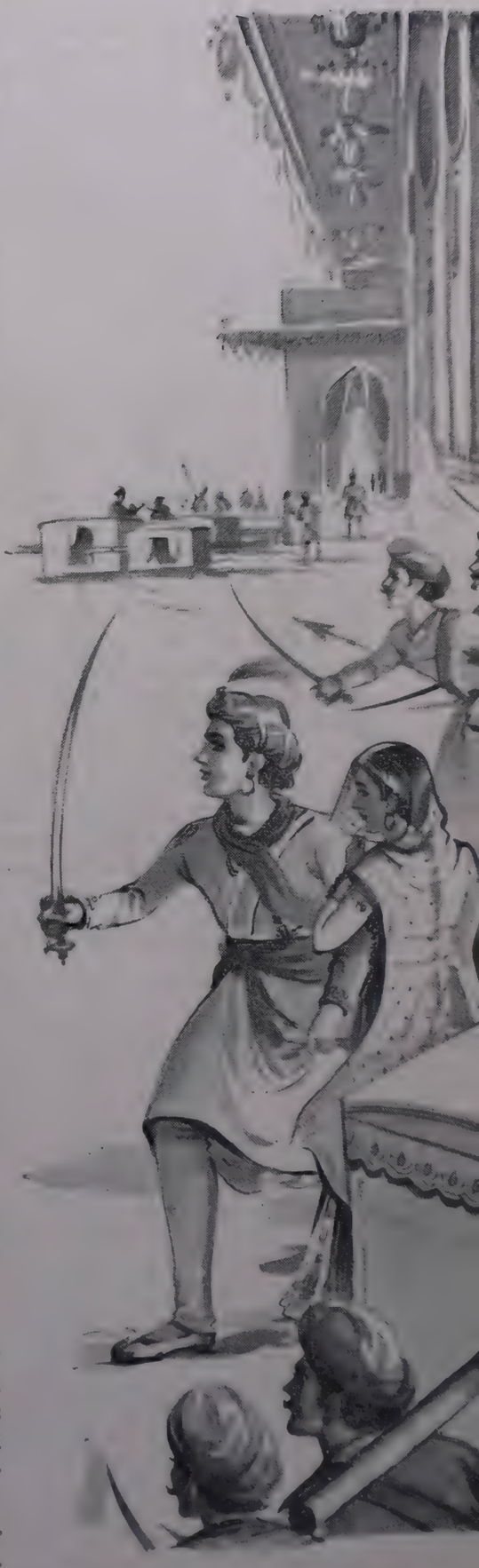
"I had rather she had less beauty and more womanliness," said Shamsher.

"You know as well as I that I must submit to this marriage, because it is my liege lord's wish but I go to it most unwillingly."

The day of the wedding arrived.

Never in the history of Bindi or Atari had there been so splendid an occasion. Throughout both States the streets were garlanded and music sounded and there was rejoicing everywhere.

The road that crossed the border between the two kingdoms was gorgeously decorated and thronged with onlookers; and along it in magnificent state, through the shouting,



With one stroke of his sword, Shamsher severed the bridal knot and plunged into the fray.

cheering crowds, rode first the bridegroom's procession escorting him to his bride; and much later, when the ceremony was over, the equally magnificent procession escorting the newly-married couple to their home. Through the open gates of the city they went, a very royal cavalcade, and all who saw remarked that Chandrasen had been of no mind to let his share of the proceedings be outshone by that of Rana Jagmehr Singh. No less than fifty palanquins followed that of the bride, and the people of Bindi admired and marvelled.

The splendid train came to a halt at the Royal Palace of Bindi.

And suddenly, in that moment, the incomparable depths of Chandrasen's perfidy were revealed. For without warning, as the palanquins were set down, out of each alighted no gentle bridesmaid, but two or three soldiers of Atari, fully armed; and there and then in that unguarded moment of peace and festivity they fell upon Rana Jagmehr Singh's guards, overpowering and slaying them. They stormed the entrance to the palace; they shouted a summons to their comrades outside the gates to join in the devilishly organised onslaught.

CUTTING THE BRIDAL KNOT

Before the horrified eyes of Shamsher and the closely veiled bride upon whom he had not yet set eyes, the smiling, sunlit colourful scene was turned into a very hell of chaos and destruction.

Shamsher did not lose a second. With one stroke of his sword he severed the bridal knot that since the ceremony had joined, as the custom is, the end of his sash and a corner of his bride's robe; and, calling upon his men, plunged into the fray.

As he did so he saw with furious rage fresh numbers of Chandrasen's troops pouring in through the gates; they must have been massing nearby in readiness for the prearranged signal. His own soldiers were coming up fast; never had they given battle more eagerly against an invader; and the fight raged everywhere. Shamsher saw doughty old Jagmehr Singh fighting as valiantly as if he had been eighteen instead of eighty, go down bleeding from a score of wounds; the sight maddened him, he would have given his own life gladly, in that moment, for the chance of taking Chandrasen's.

He nearly lost it without any such satisfaction. The end, so far as Shamsher himself was concerned, came before he knew it was upon him. He fell with a dozen wounds or more; and even his adversaries could not forbear to pay tribute to his valour. "After all, we have slain him!" they said as men who speak of a very great feat of arms.

They were wrong.

Shamsher, a very great deal later, opened bewildered eyes upon strange surroundings.

He was lying in a hut in the precincts of a small temple of Vishnu. Someone was moving about the hut near him; he turned his head and looked into the eyes of a young and very lovely girl, who came quickly over to his side.

"Who are you, and what has happened?" asked Shamsher.

"I am Chandravali, daughter of Sham Singh, the temple-keeper," the girl said. "You were found on the field of battle at Bindi and brought here"

"At Bindi? Where is this place then?" asked Shamsher.

"The village of Dharam Pur, just over the Atari border," the girl said.

"I must know all. What of my kingdom?"

"Where is your kingdom?" asked the girl.

"Bindi. I am Shamsher, its Crown Prince by adoption—and now, I fear, its ruler, since I saw Jagmehr Singh fall. Have I been here long?"

"A great many days."

"I must return and take over the reins of government." said Shamsher grimly.



"Not yet, Highness. You are not fit," said Chandravali, "Wait until you are strong enough to walk."

"Not yet, Highness. You are not fit," Chandravali said. "Wait until you are strong enough to walk."

Shamsher had no choice, for he was too weak to set foot to ground.

So, slowly recovering, he stayed on in the home of the old temple-keeper and the lovely Chandravali.

It was a life different from any he had ever known. Chandravali, modest and grave and sweet, was with him as much as her duties permitted. She nursed him back to health; she talked with him for long pleasant hours in the shady garden of the little temple; she was an intelligent and delightful companion.

IN CUPID'S HANDS

From her he heard amazing tidings of the wife he had not yet seen —how, when the army of Bindi had finally overthrown that of Atari she had taken the reins of government into her own capable hands; how enraged and horrified at his appalling perfidy, she had thrown Chandrasen, although he was her father, into prison; how she now held both kingdoms; and how even in that short time the people already adored her; the soldiers would have dared anything for her, and her rule was reputed to be firm and wise.

Shamsher heard all that amusedly; but it did not trouble him as even a week or so back it would have done. His thoughts were all of Chandravali—Chandravali, companion and sweet friend, whose heart and mind were utterly in tune with his; Chandravali—the dear and desirable; in her simple white sari without a single jewel.

He had, indeed, fallen deeply in love with the temple-keeper's daughter, and she with him. This was love as Shamsher had always imagined and hoped for; his marriage to Kamla Rani was an ill dream that he only desired to forget. And as the pleasant days went by, a growing temptation whispered to him that it would be easy to leave her to reign and himself stay—unknown, unrecognised, believed dead —in peaceful Dharam Pur, married to the girl of his choice.

One day he said so to Chandravali.

Somehow he had known all along how she would take it. Chandravali, her delicate loveliness close in his embrace in the green shade of the temple garden, shook her head.

"Beloved, that may not be," she said. "I love you—oh, and dearly; but I will not be the cause of your breaking faith with the dead. You must go back, and take over the throne, and reign as becomes a man; indeed it is no part of a woman's work.

"Yet she has proved herself a worthy ruler," Shamsher said.

"That may be; but was it Jagmehr Singh's wish that any woman—least of all the daughter of Chandrasen, murderer and false friend—should possess his beloved land?"

"At any rate," said Shamsher with finality, "I shall not go yet. For the present Bindi is in good hands; and I—I am in yours, beloved."

Chandravali sighed and was silent.

TOUCHSTONE OF LOVE

The peace of the following day was broken by a disturbance unusual in quiet little Dharam Pur. A small group of men, splendidly accoutred, rode up to the temple-keeper's hut. Chandravali was absent on her duties and Shamsher met them as their leader dismounted.

"Majesty," said the latter, "I am come as an envoy from Her Majesty Kamla Rani of Bindi. She sends you this letter and bids me await your return with me."

Shamsher opened and read it.

It was brief and to the point. It informed him without parley that Kamla Rani, having learned that he lived, desired his presence by her side. "As our husband, and the general commanding our armies," she



"I shall not go yet," said Shamsher."For the present Bindi is in good hands; and I——I am in yours, beloved."

wrote, "there is work here for you to do. The kingdom needs you."

"Bear word to her Majesty that I am considering my reply," said Shamsher.

When they had gone he sought the green temple garden and thought and thought. There presently Chandravali found him; she stole up to him and put a cool arm about his neck, and he gathered her into his embrace.

"Kamla has sent for me," he said.

Chandravali nodded.

"I saw the envoy," she said. "Beloved, you have no choice now."

"I have," said Shamsher. "I stay with you."

She held him close.

"Not so," she whispered. "Is it the thought of leaving me that grieves you? See, then, I will come with you, and be your secondary wife; or if the Rani objects, then I will be her servant, and wait upon her humbly and very gladly, so I may but see you sometimes and be near you. I love you as much as that."

"And I," said Shamsher, "I love you too much to permit such a thing. Do not speak of it again, Chandravali. I stay here." And Chandravali did not speak of it again. But very early next morning old Sham Singh came to Shamsher, with a grieved face, bearing a note from her.

Shamsher read:

"Beloved, I am going away. Do not try to find me. I am going that you may return to Bindi, where your duty lies; so long as I stay you will never do so. I love you, and shall always love you; but honour is greater than love. Therefore, farewell."

Shamsher sat very still in the quiet little hut, the letter in his hand. He did not move while the shadows altered, and the sunlight slanted in through the open door, and passed, and the sounds of the village came to his ears unheeded. It was late afternoon when at length, his face very pale and set, he rose and found old Sham Singh in the little temple of Vishnu and bade him farewell. Then, with a steady vision and not once looking back, he set out in the direction of Bindi.

It was soon traversed, the short distance to the capital of Bindi. As he took the guards' salute and passed through the palace grounds he thought of the last time he had seen that spot, made horrible with slaughter; he felt his heart harden within him.

The palace attendants bore the news of his arrival to the Rani. He waited and they returned with word that she would see him at once, and escorted him through room after room of the palace he knew so well, until they brought him at last to the very splendid suite which had once belonged to the wife of Jagmehr Singh, and to the Rani's own boudoir. One of her maids of honour threw wide the door. He entered and stood face to face at last with Kamla Rani, his wife.

And behold, she was Chandravali, his temple sweetheart.

She rose to greet him; she came straight forward into his suddenly eager embrace.

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Meet The Religious Villain

Yakub Acts The Villain And Prays Five Times

By: "HYACINTH"

There lives an arch villain of the movies who is so bad that every time he appears on the screen, delicate ladies feel giddy and even strong men get shivers down their spines. But in real life he is so gentle and kind that it brings tears to his eyes even to see a little pariah dog being ill-treated.

He doesn't look like a story book villain. He hasn't got long twirling black moustaches or a deep growling voice but he has got the ability to make himself seem a big bad man on the screen.

The villain's name? Yakub, of course. He's the reason why the heroines have such a tough time in pictures, the reason why the hero has to do brave deeds and the reason why your little son has suddenly become afraid of the dark.

Now, mind you, Yakub does not call himself a professional villain. He says he is a character actor. That's true too, because he has done several roles which have not called for him to exude villainy, but on the other hand he has played the villain more often than any other actor on the Indian screen.

At 38, he is going bald on top. Twenty bottles of hair restorer have not cured his baldness but he says "Fortunately I needn't worry about that because people do not mind how bald or ugly villains are."



....*delicate ladies feel giddy.*

Yakub is 5' 5" tall and stockily built. The lines in his face which look sinister on the screen look quite different in real life. They are obviously trade marks of the hard life he has led.



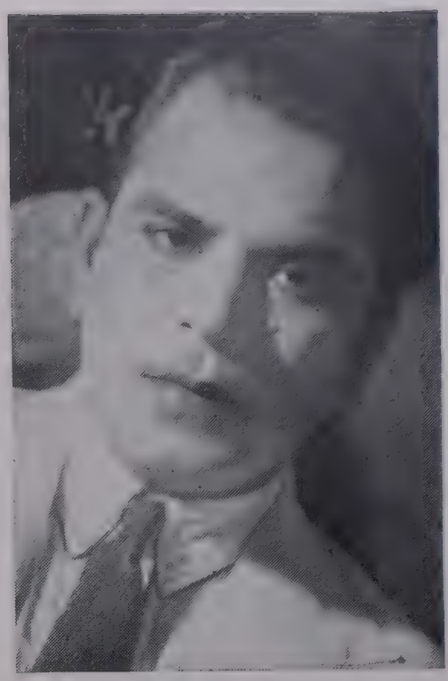
One of the other guides spoke English well, so I used to follow him round.

Producers just seem to refuse to let Yakub be good. He's so good being bad that they just won't let him be good.

AN ACTOR AT TEN

He didn't achieve fame the easy way. He arrived the hard way, working his way up.

His father and mother were orthodox people who did not want their son to learn English because they feared that it would only give him big ideas.



Mr. Yakub

His father was a wood contractor in Jubbulpore but Yakub had no desire to follow in his footsteps. His ambition was to be a motor-driver. He did however, love acting but thought of it only as a hobby.

He left Jubbulpore when he was nine years old and went to live in Lucknow. Here he joined the Alexandra Theatrical Company and used to take part in plays but only when school was over because he was still a mere child of ten. A number of the other actors were as diminutive as Yakub but he claims they were all very accomplished artistes.

However children tire soon and so after 2 years of stage acting the novelty had worn off and Yakub decided to come to Bombay to realise his real ambition which was as we've previously mentioned to be a motor-driver. So in 1921 Yakub came to Bombay where he learned motor-mechanics. In those days motor drivers were much in demand and very respectable people. Yakub says "I felt that if I became a motor driver I'd be a king".

YAKUB GOES TO EUROPE

Anyway for some reason or other Yakub did not manage to get his

license and feeling very dejected he was idling near Bori Bunder when he met a boy (the son of an Army captain) with whom he used to play as a child in Jubbulpore.

The boy, John, was delighted to meet his old playmate again and on hearing that Yakub had no work he took him home with him.

There John persuaded his father to give Yakub a job and so it happened that Yakub travelled all over the continent with the family when they went abroad.

He enjoyed his stay in Europe but does not want to return there. He returned to India in 1922 and chose Calcutta as the next city to seek his fortune in. Here he joined the American Express Co. where he was employed as a guide to tourists.

Now Yakub knew only a few English words so this was hardly a suitable job for him but he says: "one of the other guides spoke English well so I used to follow him around, trying to look wise and occasionally saying "yes" and "no" so that I gave the impression that I knew an awful lot." We have no doubt that eventually Yakub would have become invaluable to the A.E. Co. as a guide but he did not have time to prove his worth because he was given the sack. Come closer and we'll whisper why:

Yakub fell heavily for the Western charms of one of the lady tourists and his feelings were reciprocated but unfortunately for him his employers did not look with favour on the little romance and he was asked to go.

YAKUB JOINS THE FILMS

So Yakub went back to his native place, Jubbulpore for a period and,



Designing women can roll their eyes till they pop out....

on his return to Bombay, he landed a job with another theatrical company as a property master. It was his job to see the costumes and scenery in order, but the familiar excitement of the stage roused the actor in him and in 1924 he joined the Sharda Film Co. where he made 50 silent pictures.

Next Yakub joined the Imperial Film Company which was then the biggest film company in existence. It was here that he started playing villainous roles.

In 1930 he joined Sagar's where he continued his career of villainy.



On the road again—the old tramps—Damuanna and Jog—in "State Guests", a Navyug picture.

Yakub's first talkie was "Romantic Prince" in which he worked with the famous actress Zubeida. But don't imagine that he was the fellow who held her hand and gazed fondly into the heroine's eyes. No, Yakub was the big bad man again.

He has occasionally played the hero but personally we like him better when he is tough.

Yakub is a Mohammedan as far as his religion is concerned but he doesn't agree with people who are always emphasising the barriers between Hindus and Mahomedans. He has in his film career played the parts of almost all the Hindu gods, proving that there is no communal feeling in art.

Yakub has directed and acted in two pictures. They are "Lion of Sagar" and "Her Last Desire".

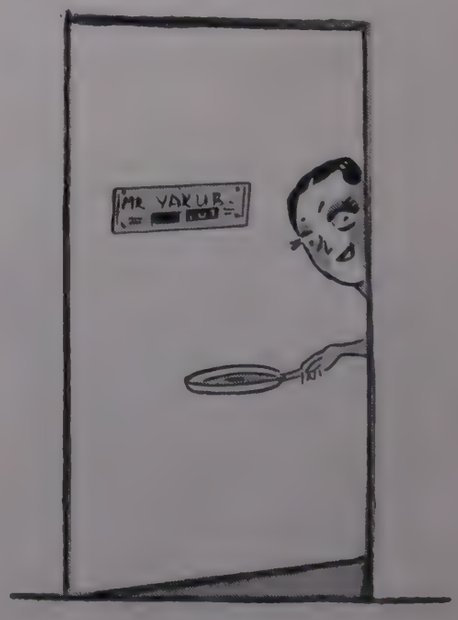
He has worked in almost all the big pictures of all the big companies, and has never failed to give a superb performance. His work in "Swami" is simply marvellous. You know he is a villain and yet there is something human in him which you can't help liking.

He is free-lancing now and earns between Rs. 2500/- and Rs. 3000/- a month. He is so much in demand that some times he works in three pictures simultaneously.

TURNS A NEW LEAF

He puts his success down to the new good life he is leading. But that is a story by itself which you should know about.

Four years ago Yakub was earning Rs. 700/- a month and believed in enjoying all the worldly pleasure. He used to smoke, drink, dissipate and do all the things you would expect a playboy to do. Then one day he met a religious teacher from Lahore, in Bombay and his whole life was changed. The Guru's name is Pir Ghulam Sarwar and Yakub was so impressed by him that he became his ardent disciple. He gave



A woman's place is in the home.

up drinking and all his old vices and took to prayer. Like all good Mahomedans he prays five times a day even when he is working on a picture.

He is never tempted to go back to his old life and is very grateful to the 70-year old Guru for giving him this new outlook on life. Yakub feels now that every man is his brother and every woman his sister. Designing females can roll their eyes till they pop out but they won't beguile Yakub because he only feels brotherly affection for them!

Before we forget we must tell you that Yakub is married and has been for about 12 years. His wife was an actress in Imperial's when he married her but he is one of those old-fashioned husbands who believe "a woman's place is in the home" so her present role is a permanently domestic one.

He has no children and spends on an average about Rs. 600/- a month out of his salary on himself, his wife and his car.

He saves most of the rest but is always helping out relations and friends who are needy and who know he is too kind-hearted to send them away.

But don't mistake us. Yakub is not imprudent. On the contrary he is inclined to be 'picey'. His red Singer which he bought for Rs. 4200/- is four years old but Yakub won't sell it until he's got his money's worth out of it.

He is insured for Rs. 13,000/- with the Bombay Mutual and with the Hindustan Co-operative.

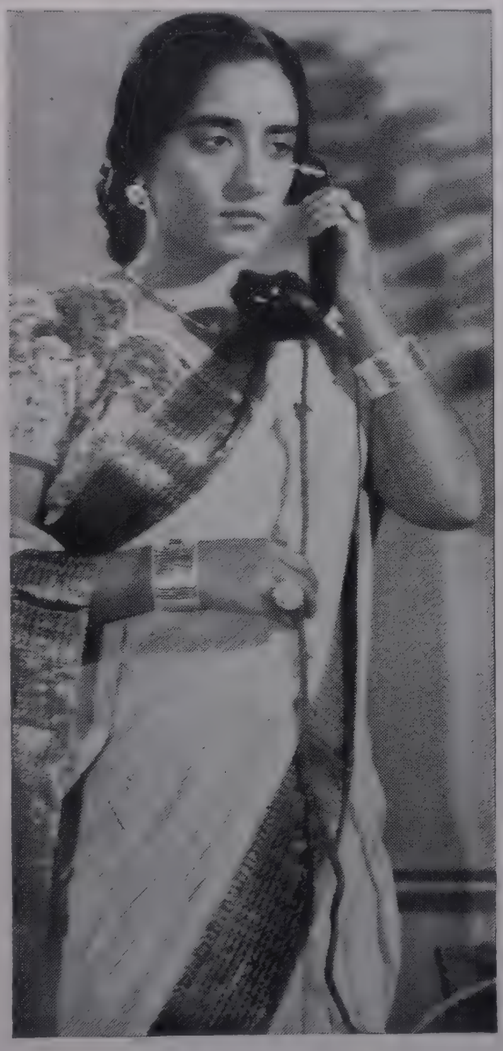
One of Yakub's few extravagances is clothes. He likes good clothes but somehow doesn't seem to wear them with ease. When we interviewed him he was dressed in a woollen suit but although the cloth was good it looked as though it had been buttoned up wrong.

ENGLISH IN SMALL DOSES

He doesn't speak English very well and says he only uses it for medicinal purposes to make himself understood when he is talking to someone who doesn't understand the vernacular.

He says he is fond of tennis, hockey and football, but then all these film stars claim to be potential Donald Budges or Tommy Farrs.

Yakub has a large fan following and receives between 15 to 20 letters a day. Most of these letters are from boys. Doubtless the gentler sex feel that to write to even a screen villain would be rather a risky business.



With her perfect diction and melodious songs Ratan Bai returns to the screen after a long time in "Rai Saheb", a social production of Janak Pictures.

We assure them that this one is as gentle as a lamb in real life.

On occasions when Yakub has stopped his car in the Bhendi Bazaar locality crowds have collected around him and caused such a commotion that police have had to disperse them. Yakub is a retiring fellow and is a little embarrassed when he is surrounded by his fans in this way but it is his own fault. If he would get himself a sober looking car he would not attract so much attention. People first of all turn to stare at his flashy red car and then naturally notice its occupant and recognise him as Yakub. It isn't just the colour of his car which makes it conspicuous, it is the terrific noise it makes. It roars like a wounded bull every time it starts.

Yakub is not a brag. He is not one of those obnoxious creatures who go around shouting "I'm a self-made man". He admits that he can't work without a director, and he is never satisfied with his work. He is continually trying to improve his acting.

He does not even call himself a star and indeed he has never been publicised as one. He does not demand or pay for publicity like other stars and as a result he is seldom if ever interviewed and he is never billed as a star. And yet whenever his name appears on the screen before a film it is applauded. No one expects villains to be popular so no one has advertised Yakub's appeal. Just the same the masses love him. They love his wickedness. When they should be booing him, they sit fascinated instead, hoping he won't be killed too early in the film.

He is an unforeseen sensation and one that can't be explained. He isn't handsome and he most certainly hasn't got perfect proportions but he's got an unexplainable something that no other screen villain has.

When I first heard how saintly his private life was I was inclined to be sceptical and say "Who does he think he's fooling with that goody-goody act? The man must be a bit of a villain in real life or he wouldn't be able to play screen villains so convincingly".

And yet I came away from my interview with Yakub convinced that he was perfectly sincere. What convinced me completely was the fact that he didn't care a jot whether I believed him or not.

He is completely indifferent where publicity is concerned. As long as he doesn't starve he doesn't mind whether he has his name in Neon lights a foot high or whether he is billed last on the posters.


Surendra
&
Rose
STAR TOGETHER
with
VEENA KUMARI,
SANKATHA, ANSARI,
QUAYAMALI, PESI PATEL,
and others.
— IN —
Garib
NATIONAL STUDIOS
DIRECTED BY:
RAMCHANDRA THAKUR
"A MEHBOOB PRODUCTION"
TRIMBAK


GOD MADE MAN
MAN MADE THE POOR AND THE RICH
LOVE MAKES THEM ONE
AT SWASTIK TALKIES
FORMERLY PATHE
Daily: 3, 6 and 9 p. m.

OUR REVIEW

"Dhandora", Ranjit's Hilarious Comedy !

Charlie's Slapstick Performance Appeals !

This is Charlie's first picture, quite his own, which he has not only written but also directed. Like every other picture of Charlie in which Charlie has only acted, this one also becomes a strange slapstick which strains your logic and your good common sense throughout. And yet, it becomes a hilarious comedy from beginning to the end.

Once we make our peace with the absurd element in the story, we settle down to enjoy the picture.

PUBLICITY MOTIF

Two film actors, Mansukh and Pyare, are aching for publicity. They want it at any cost and being extras in their studio, they don't get a chance of any publicity. So when they find a criminal getting his photo flashed in the newspapers, they decide on a very fancy plot of a friendly "murder". Pyare decides that Mansukh should "murder" him and get arrested so that Mansukh's photograph may be flashed in the newspapers. As it is a case of synthetic murder they expect everything to go off well and Pyare would make his appearance at the last minute and absolve Mansukh of the crime.

Upto a certain extent this plan works up well and Pyare leaves for Calcutta so that he may be away from the scene of "murder". In the train he meets Banwari, a theatrical manager and Kumud his daughter. This starts the romantic interest and Kumud and Pyare begin to love each other. Still another complication is in waiting for the audience when Pyare, to his consternation discovers in Uttam, the stupid son of Sir Niranjan, a local rich man, his counterpart in facial resemblance. From here onwards this mix-up continues in company with some utterly ridiculous situations which keep the people laughing all throughout till right under the hangman's rope Mansukh is saved by Pyare's sudden appearance.

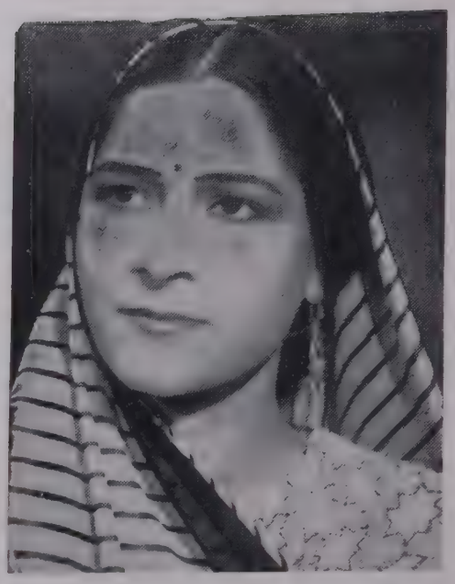
DHANDORA

Producers:	*Ranjit Movietone*
Story:	*Charlie*
Dialogues:	*D. N. Madhok*
Songs:	*Madhok & Sharma*
Cinematography:	*L. N. Varma*
Audiography:	*K. V. Shah*
Music:	*Jnan Dutt*
Cast:	*Charlie, Dixit, Shamim, Husna Banu, E. Billimoria etc.*
Released At:	*Royal Opera House*
Date of Release:	*13th Dec. 1941*

Director: CHARLIE.



This is from Charlie's own comedy and it seems to be all his own way in the new Ranjit picture.



Indurani in "Zevar", a Mohan picture.

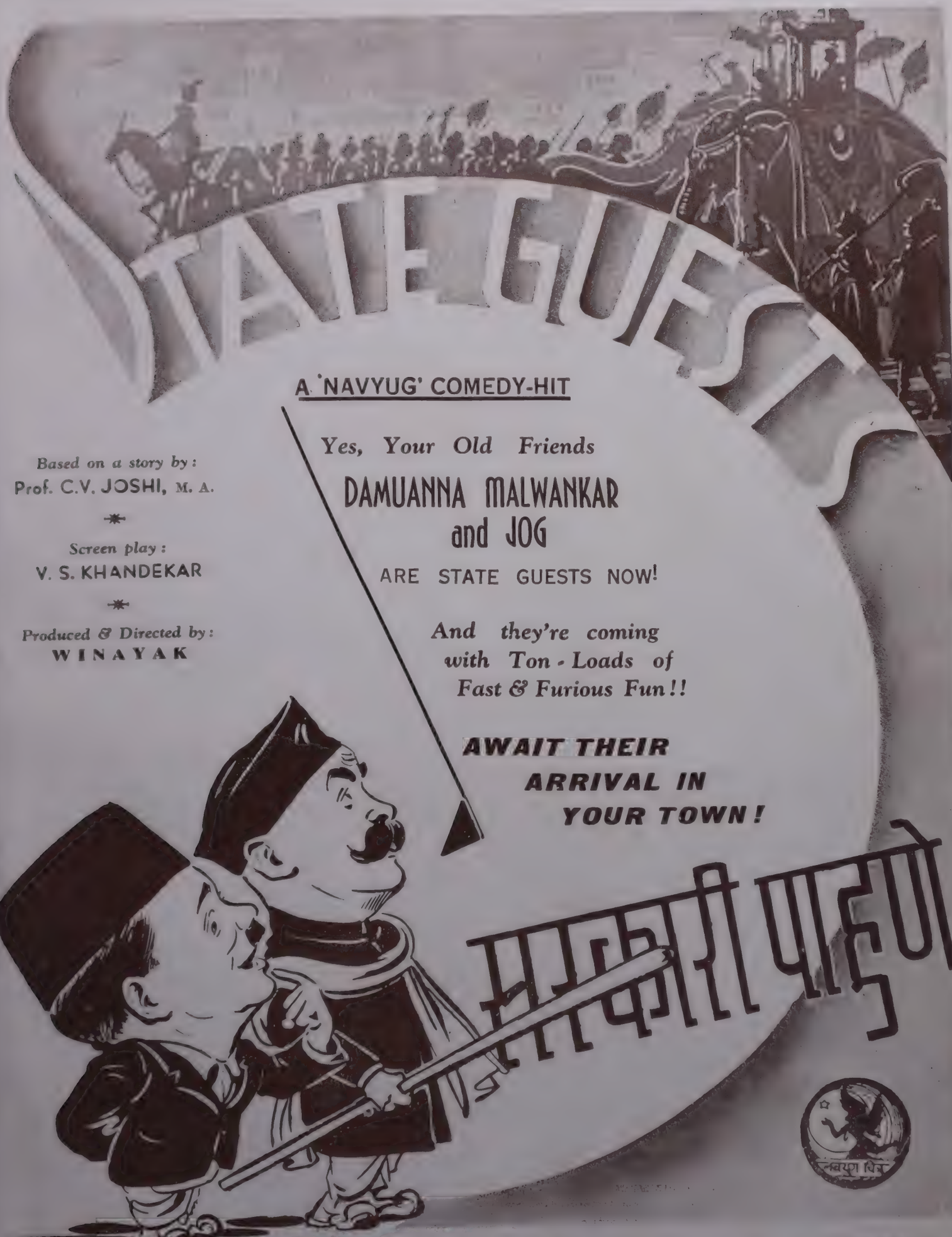
Beyond entertainment the story has no excuse to be on the screen. And it does give a very frivolous and light type of entertainment which one likes to see and forget no sooner it is seen.

CHARLIE AND SHAMIM

Charlie's direction reveals possibilities of future progress. His own work, of course, is in keeping with his excellent slapstick traditions in the past. In Shamim, as Kumud, he had a good looking companion who must take a little more time to become a seasoned artiste. Her beautiful face however, is a big asset to the producers who can use it with great advantage in social and costume pictures. The girl needs some more experience before she can really turn out good work.

Dixit as Mansukh gives a sterling performance while E. Billimoria as Sir Niranjan makes an excellent cast.

The photography is not quite happy, nor is the sound. Both these technical sections call for more care. Well, it is Charlie's own picture and as such a huge treat for Charlie's fans.



Released Thru' **PEERLESS PICTURES**, 116, Charni Road, BOMBAY -4



SNEHAPRABHA—

Ever graceful, this charmer who came to the screen only a little while ago, is to-day one of the most popular stars. She will be soon seen in "Pyas", a Supreme release, directed by Mr. Ram Daryani.

OUR REVIEW

"Jhoola" A Terrific Box-Office Hit!

Ashok Kumar's Sparkling Performance

Beautiful Lyrics Sustain Interest!

This is the conventional story which the Bombay Talkies has been giving since the beginning. The screenplay, however, is interestingly prepared balancing the dramatic values cleverly throughout the picture.

Incidentally, this is the fourth successive triumph for producer Mukerjee, who seems to have acquired the rare knack of giving box-office hits.

There is, as usual, a Zamindar and a good boy and a bad boy with a girl around whom the entire incidents keep moving. It is the usual triangle with not a single angle straining anyone's imagination at any stage in the picture and to that extent the picture becomes a very patent entertainment popular with the masses.

It is high time that the Bombay Talkies who are to-day at the top of the ladder in popularity in all the provinces, should use their mighty draw to give to the country some progressive pictures which would help our people to solve their numerous problems from day to day.



Poet Pradeep whose lilting lyrics often become the nation's popular songs.

It is admitted that the film is the most powerful medium of propaganda in the country to-day. After realising this truth, the responsibility of the Bombay Talkies, because of their immense popularity, becomes all the greater to harness this power of propaganda for the greater good of the country rather than use it merely for individual profits.

JHOOLA

Producers:	*Bombay Talkies Ltd.*
Screenplay:	*Gyan Mukerji and Santoshi*
Dialogues:	*Santoshi and Latif*
Lyrics:	*Pradeep*
Photography:	*R. D. Pareenja*
Audiography:	*S. B. Vacha*
Music:	*Sarasvati Devi*
Cast:	*Ashok Kumar, Leela Chitnis, V. H. Desai, Mumtaz Ali, Karuna Devi, Shahzadi, etc.*
Released At:	*Roxy Cinema, Bombay.*

Date of Release: 27*th Dec.* 1941

Director: GYAN MUKERJI

THE CONVENTIONAL STORY

This is a story of Geeta, a Postmaster's daughter, Ramesh and Mahesh, two well-to-do boys with money. Mahesh inherits his father's money and picks up a quarrel with Ramesh because Ramesh also gets a part of it. Ramesh, however, renounces his claim and goes away to the village. He comes to the village where Geeta lives and there they meet through the good graces of Rehman, a postman. Geeta and Ramesh become friends and continue their love gambols through many a situation. Several of these situations are unconvincing, nevertheless, they entertain.

The romantic interest in the story practically ends at the interval with



Mr. Gyan Mukherjee, the director of "Jhoola".

the hero and the heroine confessing to each other their love.

It does become unconvincing after the interval to see Mahesh suddenly developing a very active interest in Geeta, but the film story has to be chewed long like the gum to give the people some entertainment for two and a half hours.

The opposition of Mahesh takes the shape of the usual screen thrills such as kidnappings, escapades, attempted rape etc. This element of entertainment has recently come into the Bombay Talkies' pictures and it certainly does not add to their dignity and charm.

However, Mahesh makes it hot for Geeta for sometime and Ramesh comes to know of the exploit of Mahesh and like a traditional hero runs to the rescue of the damsel in distress till it all solves itself by becoming a happy reunion of lovers and brothers.

OUTSTANDING MUSIC

The most outstanding feature of the picture is its music. A couple of snappy tunes become very popular and therefore guarantee repeat-audiences.

Poet Pradeep's lyrical compositions are a treat by themselves and

(Con. on page 73)



BOMBAY TALKIES (Bombay)

As was expected by every one, Bombay Talkies' current production "Jhoola" has been found to be even a greater success than their "Naya Sansar" and "Anjan". The first three weeks' box-office collections exceeded those of the former two pictures in a considerable measure.

Producer Shashadhar Mukerji is now established, beyond all doubt as a successful director. He is not giving, again, the same kind of films. "Bandhan" was as different from "Naya Sansar" as both of them are from "Jhoola". In other words Producer Mukerji is a director, who is particularly equipped for his job by reason of his talents, imagination and versatility.

The next picture of the Bombay Talkies will be shortly on the sets, probably by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers. Who are going to be starred in it has been partially decided. Ulhas who was the hero of "Mera Ladka" will be the male star. Another thing is positively decided viz: Devika Rani will not play any role. She will be only Producer. The female star is still under examination and the special 'prophylactic' treatment that a would-be star has to put up with in any studio. It is the general expectation that this grooming will turn out a star that will be a surprise for all.

PANCHOLI ART PRODUCTIONS (Lahore)

The phenomenal success of "Khazanchi" in Bombay—it is now being shown for weeks together in two theatres—is bound to give its producers great encouragement as regards their next picture in Hindustani, viz: "Khandaan".

The presence of Manorama and Nur Jehan in the cast is an assurance that the film will be outstanding. The producers are quite confident about it. Indeed so confident that already preparations have been made about their third Hindustani picture. The name is not yet decided upon. But the cast has been practically selected. Shanta Apte is to appear in this picture and Manorama. Ismail and Ghulam Mohamed will also be there.

Famous Pictures who are the Bombay distributors of Pancholi Art Productions are wondering where to house "Khandaan" and if that also settles down like "Khazanchi", why they should not have their own theatre for the third big hit!

RANJIT MOVIETONE (Bombay)

There is no studio in India to beat Ranjit in the way of rapid production. It is a factory of pictures, which sends out finished goods and commands their speedy clearance.

"Dhandora", directed by Charlie has been almost stormed these many weeks by amused and wishing-to-be-amused spectators and while there is every indication that it will continue at the Opera House for many more weeks, three other pictures are already in the making. One is already released at Karachi. It is that emphatically musical "Beti", as the presence of Khurshid and Vasantee in it will easily show. It is being shown in many other Northern India stations also.

Chaturbhuj Doshi has completed his new social "Guest" or "Mehman" and has started work on another called "Dhiraj". Sitara, Nur Jehan,



Mr. E. W. Perry, The Prime Minister of Kolhapur, went movies when he visited the Huns Pictures studios. From left to right: Mr. S. K. Kelavkar, Minister of Justice, Mr. E. W. Perry and Mr. Baburao Pendharkar.

Ishwarlal and Kesari have been assigned important roles in it.

Kedar Sharma has almost finished his 'Arman' and Manibhai Vyas has completed his. It is only awaiting its christening. In both of these Motilal has been given the lead.

SHALIMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

From all accounts of the progress of 'Ek Raat' in the Shalimar Pictures' studio, very big expectations have been aroused in the minds of cinegoers all over the country.

First of all, the selection of Neena and Prithviraj for the female and male leads has given rise to big hopes. Next, the reports about banana-eating girls and un-sympathetic parrots have been quite intriguing.

It is also evident that the producers are sparing nothing by way of effort or money to make 'Ek Raat' really A.1. The test of the pudding, however, always lies in its eating. It must be said, by way of assurance, nevertheless, that the smells in advance have been so spicy and sweet as to be quite tempting.

NATIONAL STUDIOS (Bombay)

"Garib" will have replaced "Nai Roshni" at Pathe by the time this issue is in the hands of the readers. This latest film of the National Studios stars Surendra, who returns to the screen after two years absence. His songs in "Gramophone Singer" of the Sagar Studios were a rage for some time and he has naturally been assigned a role in which he is reported to have sung eight or nine good, melodies. Opposite him is the domestic, docile Rose. The story is said to be about the conditions of the unemployed youth of India.

Under the supervision of Mehboob, this Ramchandra Thakur production is said to have become, a presentable film. Surendra, who does not use tobacco in any form is made to smoke and light and elegantly hold a cigarette between lips and fingertips. Let us see how he has really done it.

JANAK PICTURES (Bombay)

Wadia Movietone's efficient executive, Mr. Chhotubhai Desai has now turned a producer. His film "Rai Saheb" is on the sets in one of the Wadia Studios.

With the experience of producing and exhibiting pictures in the Wadias, Mr. Chhotubhai who is showing new enterprise may be depended upon to make the best of his new opportunity. We welcome him to the ranks of producers and wish him success.

PRAKASH PICTURES (Bombay)

"Bharat Milap" produced by Prakash Pictures and directed by Vijay Bhatt, to whose credit are such box-office successes as "Poornima" and "Narsi Bhagat", will be at the Majestic Cinema, on the eve of the readers getting their 'filmindia'.

This picture has one very great advantage. It is based on a familiar story viz: that of the devotion of Bharat, to his elder step-brother, Shree Ramchandra. There is not only no Hindu, who does not know this, but there is also no Mussalman





Between Jairaj and Snehaprabha, romance is complete in "Khilouna", an Amar production.

in this land who does not know what the Ramayan is.

To this story has been given an appropriate back-ground in the scenario of "Bharat Milap". Stars who have remarkable cinematic fame to their credit are there in various roles. While Durga Khote is to act as Kaikeyi, Shobhana Samarth will play Seeta. Ramachandra will be played by Chandrakant in the Marathi version and Prem Adib in the Hindustani version. Shahu Modak is in the role of Bharat in both the versions.

The film promises to be quite a success on release.

NATIONAL ARTISTS (Bombay)

"Meri Dunya" of National Artists is based on a story from the folklore of Sind and is directed by Mazhar Khan. Mazhar Khan also plays the part of a Sufi philosopher in the story.

Kaushalya acts the heroine and Hari Shivdasani the hero of this film of Hindu-Muslim Unity. This film promises to be of great educative importance.

TAJ MAHAL PICTURES (Bombay)

Naseem has for long been missing on the Indian screen. She made her last appearance in "Pukar". She will now appear in "Ujala" with Prithviraj opposite her. Director Multani and Cameraman Dronacharya are reported to have done a good bit of work.

Songs and music are said to be a particular attraction of the picture. It is awaiting release at the Lamington Talkies.

BRILLIANT PICTURES (Bombay)

"Municipality", a hearty entertainment fare of the Brilliants has already been shown in stations like Poona and Sholapur. It has not yet secured a theatre in Bombay. But when it comes to the Bombay screen it may be expected to have a very good run. The stage play in Marathi on which it is based, was once a great rage. Usha Mantri, Saroj Borkar and Vimal Sardesai have done very good work in the picture.

Brilliants are now busy producing "Pujari" in Hindustani. Mr. Kumarsen Samarth is directing it.

FAZLI BROTHERS (Calcutta)

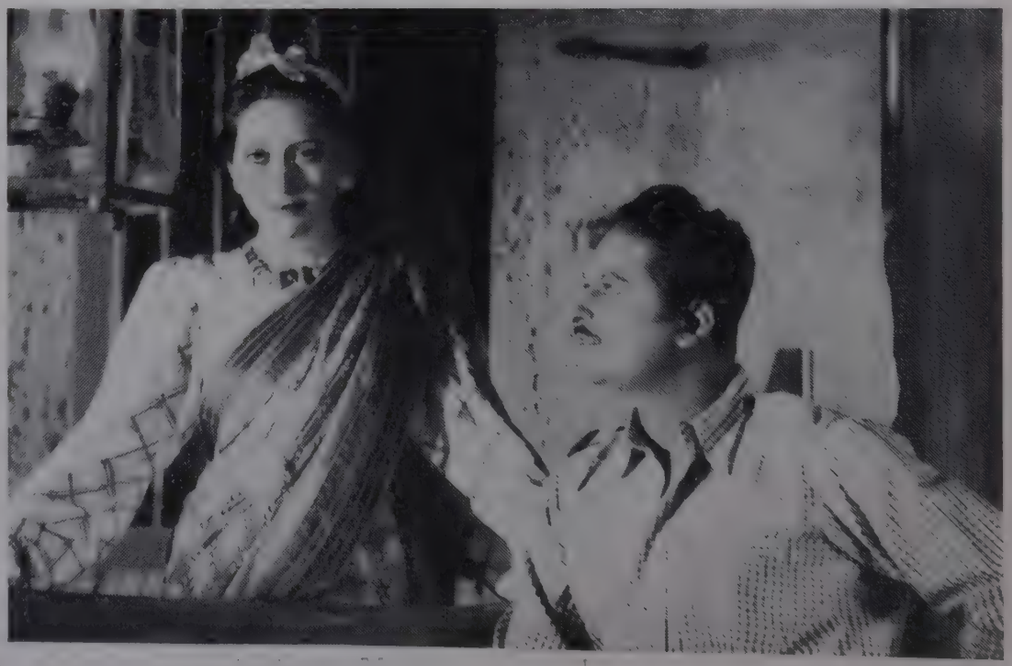
"Masoom" is already having a good reception in Northern India stations. Fazli Brothers have made much progress with their next "Chowranghee". This is a famous Square in Calcutta and that gives the background of the story.

The picture is being produced both in Bengalee and Hindustani and separate casts have been selected for either. Anis, Mehtab, and Amjad are in the Hindustani and Chhaya, Pramila and Jyotiprakash in its Bengali counterpart.

NAVAYUG CHITRAPAT (Poona)

After the many farewell functions that Winayak and Navayug staff had naturally to go through, the Navayug Chitrapat is slowly settling down in Poona.

It is the Navayug plan to keep two sets always working; one under Winayak and another under Junnarkar. They are in the midst of "State



In "Soonbai", a picture of Famous Arun, in which Sumati Gupte and Master Vithal give us thrilling social drama.



They had a "Jhoola-Picnic" at the Marve Beach and here we see the three popular charmers: Leela Chitnis, Devika Rani and Neena. They seem to be pleased but that is because they are laughing at some one.

Guests" and expect to finish it by the end of February.

Director Junnarkar will start shooting his new film in the beginning of this month.

AMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

"Khilauna" produced by Amar Pictures stars Snehprabha, Prabha, Jairaj and Kanhyalal. It is an adaptation of Vaju Khotak's Gujarati story, the scenario having been written by Chawdhary. Sarvottam Badami has directed it.

Amar Pictures are now engaged in producing at Shree Sound Studios their second production "Ankh Michowli". Nalini Jaywant and Sulochana will be featured in this new film.

EASTERN PICTURES (Bombay)

The producers of "Badal" are busy progressing with it and if their schedule works alright, the picture will be ready by the end of March Zahur Raja is directing it.

Radha Rani, Urmila, Shanta, Shakti and A. R. Pahelwan are all there to follow, the lead being played by Zahur Raja and the calculation of those concerned is that this combination will work very well.

SARASWATI CINETONE (Poona)

For the Saraswati Cinetone's latest production "Awaz", they have secured a new star of singular ability. She is Suvarnamala.

Fresh from college and trained at the Lucknow Academy of Music, with rare beauty of face and form, Suvarnamala is bound to attract the attention of cinema-goers.

Solicitor Dadla has written the scenario and Mr. Rafique Rizvi is directing. Dada Torney is supervising all work in connection with "Awaz".

SWASTIK INDIA LTD. (Bombay)

Swastik India made their appearance in the film world with the release of "Tulsi" a Circo production. The next picture that this powerfully backed organization will release is "Awaz" of Saraswati Cinetone, which is expected to be a big hit, because of the new-find Suvarnamala being in it.

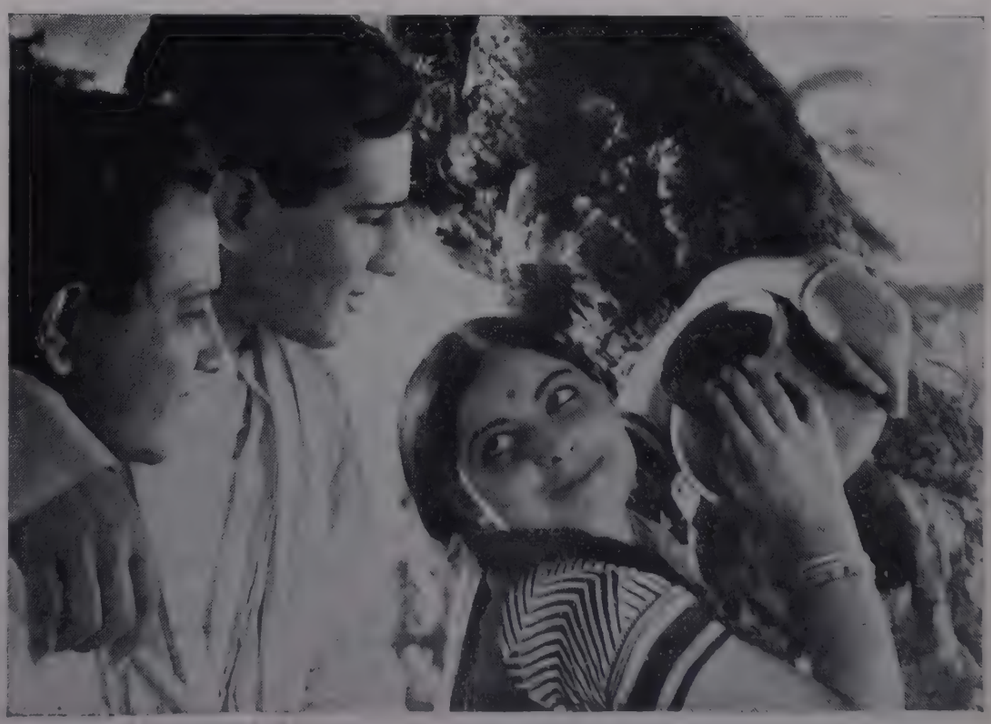
BHARAT PICTURES (Bombay)

Mr. Suganchand from the Central Provinces will soon be an important figure in the film world. He has started distribution of films and will shortly undertake production too.

"Darpan" and "Swaminath" whose distribution he has undertaken will be released by him when suitable theatres in Bombay become available.

MOHAN PICTURES (Bombay)

Mohan Pictures' "Taj Mahal" which will naturally concentrate on the glory of the palace-builder emperor Shah Jehan, will soon be screened at one of the popular Bombay theatres.



Shalini and Trilok Kapur have an exciting moment in "Tulsi", a Swastik-India release.

The next picture of the Mohan Pictures will be on the life of Surdas, the great poet-saint of India. Mr. Nanubhai Vakil, who was in charge of the megaphone for "Taj Mahal" will also direct this.

The cast is yet under selection but great care will be taken in its choosing and picking. 'Surdas', moreover must be a devotional and musical picture. Let them take more time but do it well.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS (Bombay)

With the passing away of Mr. Kikubhai Desai, the Paramount chief, production in their Andheri Studio has come to a standstill.... Their "Circus Queen" is doing well all over the country and another one "Cheikh Chilly" which is ready is to be shortly released in the city.

CIRCO PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Director Debaki Bose has after all completed the production of "Apna Ghar", a social story featuring Shanta Apte, and Chandramohan. The time taken for this production is almost epic, not to speak of the expense required for production, and with its formidable cast "Apna Ghar" is expected to be a huge box-office success.

Director A. R. Kardar has almost completed his social picture "Nai Duniya" featuring Shobhana Samarth, Mazhar Khan and Azurie. This scintillating social plot is likely to be an eminent successor to "Swami" which earns a huge popularity all over the country. Still another mythological story under production at the studio is "Bhakt Vidhur" featuring Vishnupant Pagnis and directed by Messrs. Altekar and Baburao Painter. Work on this picture is progressing painfully, but it is reported that things will be revived a bit in the near future and very soon "Bhakt Vidhur" will take a definite shape.

DOWLAT CORPORATION (Bombay)

This is a new distributing concern opened in Bombay with very influential people at its back. To begin with, they have secured three pictures of Homi Wadia Productions and they have also started shooting of "Muqabila", a social story featuring Nadia and Yakub.

The programme of this new company is very enterprising and ambitious and with finance at its back, it hopes to set new standards of film distribution in the country.

VENUS PICTURES (Bombay)

Their maiden production "Kirti" is now lying completed, awaiting release. Under the direction of Gunjal, this picture has become an attractive social plot and the producers expect that it will have a good run all over the country.

FAMOUS CINE STUDIOS (Bombay)

Film magnate Shiraz Ali Hakim has taken up the Paramount Studio belonging to the late Mr. Kikubhai Desai. This adds one more activity to the already numerous ones of Mr.


GATEWAY OF PARADISE
Paradise
Paradise
Paradise

Shiraz and we hope the concern will prosper under the jealous care and management of Mr. S. V. Kirparam of "Movies".

Quite a number of pictures are planned for production in this studio and one of them will be directed by Debaki Bose for Laxmi Pictures floated by Mr. Chimanlal Trivedi.

By the way, Mr. Chimanlal Trivedi is once again on the war path and is entering into new contracts right and left and threatens to once again eclipse the production activities of other producers in the country. With Lila Desai and some other Bengal technicians already in Bombay and with Kanan Bala threatening to land in Bombay any of these days, the affairs of Chimanlal Trivedi threaten to be exciting. It is reported that one of the Directors who will co-operate with Messrs. Shiraz Ali Hakim and Chimanlal Trivedi is Mr. J. K. Nanda who directed the beautiful Punjabi picture 'Kurmai'.

(Con. from page 67)

his beautiful words as they emerge musically from the mouth of Ashok Kumar become instantly popular with one and all in the audience. Music, therefore, becomes the backbone of entertainment in this picture.

Add to this the sparkling performance of Ashok Kumar, who has changed so remarkably in recent pictures and keeps changing so fast that it would be really difficult to recognise him as the next few pictures pass by.

In addition to Ashok Kumar, good performances are given by Shah Nawaz, V. H. Desai and Karuna Devi.

The dances of Mumtaz and Shahzadi also become very popular with Mumtaz putting over a snappy song very efficiently.

A RECORD BREAKER

In fact, "Jhoola" is reported to have broken all previous box-office records at the Roxy Cinema and the way people storm the box-office it is safe to say that the picture has settled down for a long run.

Gyan Mukerji as director can be said to have given good work seeing that he had to handle a conventional story in the traditional Bombay Talkies way.

Nothing succeeds like success and "Jhoola" is a terrific success. As it entertains, well and truly, it is decidedly worth seeing.



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OUR REVIEW

"Chandan", Fairly Good "B" Class Picture

Kanta Gives A Good Performance

This is a social story written on a too familiar pattern and it could have done better had the writer, the director and the technicians given to it a little more care.

Here in this story we are shown how a well educated young girl falls in love with a scoundrel and ruins her life while society sits and watches unconcernedly.

Leela, the daughter of a judge, falls in love with Beehari, her college chum, who promises to marry her and in the meanwhile, has some good time with her. The result of this good time is the delicate condition of Leela. Leela runs to Beehari and demands fulfilment of the promise of marriage but the heartless fellow refuses to oblige.

CHASED BY SOCIETY

Very soon, Leela is on the streets driven out of the house by her parents and chased about by society. She runs and runs, away from herself and her sin till she jumps from a train to commit suicide. Luckily she falls into a river and is rescued by Gohil, a Bhil.

In the Bhil village she is nursed and looked after and there her first child, Uma, is born. Years pass. Uma is now a grown-up girl in love with Chandan, the son of the Bhil Sardar. Uma and Chandan wish to marry, but Chandan's father refuses permission and kicks up a row. Uma and her mother are compelled to leave the village and trek towards the city. They meet Ramesh, an engineer, on the way and come to the city under his patronage. By this time Ramesh has also fallen in love with Uma and Uma seems to reciprocate his love but remembers the promise she had given to Chandan.

CHANDAN

Producers:	*Ashok Pictures*
Story:	*H. E. Khatib*
Scenario:	*Natvarshyam*
Dialogues & Songs:	*Pandit Indra*
Music:	*S. N. Tripathi*
Cinematography:	*A. H. Salunke*
Audiography:	*D. K. Kane*
Cast:	*Nazir, Kanta, Ashiq Husein, Maya Devi, W. M. Khan, Jamshedji etc.*
Released At:	*Lamington Talkies*
Date of Release:	*10th Jan.* 1942

Director:
DHIRUBHAI B. DESAI



Nazir and Shamim create some new picture drama in "Pyas"

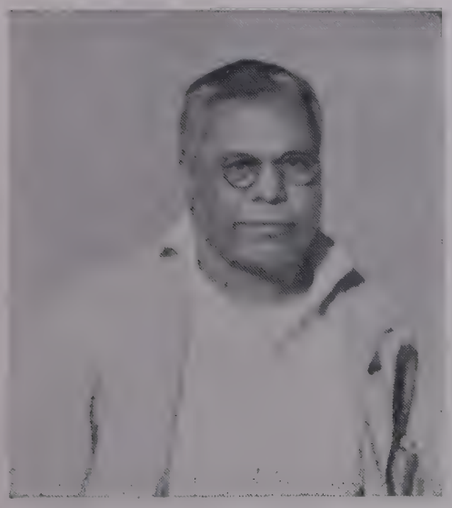


Ratnamala in "Gora Kumbhar", a Chhaya film.

At this stage Beehari who is a rich man also meets Uma. Uma and Ramesh decide to get married, but one of the trustees of Ramesh's property refuses consent and again, in desperation, Uma and her mother leave the protection of Ramesh and run away. Quite by accident Uma falls in the hands of Beehari and who while trying to rape her, manages to shoot his own manager and plants the offence on Uma.

Now we are taken to a very apologetic court scene where on the evidence of Beehari, Uma is sentenced to death. After the sentence is passed, Leela, Uma's mother, makes a sudden appearance and upsets the legal routine by an impassioned appeal to the conscience of Beehari.

Beehari, who has been so far shown as an unprincipled scoundrel, is now attacked by a conscience, rather suddenly, and he confesses his crime and calls Uma his daughter and Leela his wife. The entire court



Mr. Vasantrao Marathe, a clever campaigner on the film publicity front.

scene is all very unconvincing, but it is there for dramatic purposes and it helps to end the story on a note of popular satisfaction. The plot now chews itself a little longer and Chandan appears on the screen in search of Uma. By another brain gymnastic, the writer manages to remove Chandan with the help of a suicide and Uma the originally rich man's girl is married to Ramesh, another rich man's son, giving us the impression that Chandan, the poor Bhil, was unsuitable for such a match. Well, it all ends well.

BAD TECHNICAL WORK

The direction lacks imagination all throughout, though the story had enough dramatic material of its own to explcit. Scenario is poorly written with the result that the dramatic element in the story is not at all well-framed or developed. The photography is poor, in places too poor, while the sound recording is an utter disappointment. A couple of songs are well tuned and well written, but owing to bad recording they fail to make any impression. Laboratory work is also far from satisfactory.

Kanta as "Uma" would be quite an attractive proposition if she would oblige by dropping a few pounds in weight. And yet, she gives quite good work. Mayadevi is brilliant in bits. Nazir hadn't much to do and he does that. W. M. Khan is stiff half the time and unconvincing rest of the time. Jamshedji, as the old Bhil Sardar, is stagy.



Bad Manners Spoil Our Entertainment

A Plea For Sensible Behaviour In Theatres

By : Mirza Hamid

"Manners maketh man" is a truism the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated in present day life. Man is a social animal and as such he has certain obligations towards the other members of the society. His actions have a social significance because they not only affect himself but other members of the human race too.

In the case of Robinson Crusoe, living in a forlorn island and leading a detached life, it is meaningless to talk of good manners or etiquette because his doings cannot possibly influence another human being's life. But we who live in an organised society have to observe some code of behaviour so as to "live and let live". Cinema halls are places of public entertainment and as such every visitor is expected to behave in a decent way so as to allow maximum enjoyment for each of us and therefore for all of us.

It is not my intention to give here a list of "dos" and "don'ts" but I will be satisfied in merely recording my observations and experiences gained in the different theatres of different cities so as to bring out clearly how non-observance of ordinary good manners or lack of etiquette can not only mar the joy of others but sometimes lead to very undesirable consequences.

ALMOST SCARED TO DEATH

I vividly recall an incident that happened years back in Rangoon, the city of golden pagodas. In one of the first class English theatres situated on the ultra-modern Sule Pagoda Road, "Tarzan And His Mate" attracted huge crowds. Like most of the Indian cities, the cosmopolitan public of Rangoon believes in the very effective principle of 'Might is Right' in obtaining cinema tickets. A big crowd thronged at the booking office struggling desperately to get admission tickets. Suddenly a big push made the entire crowd swing first forward and then backward.

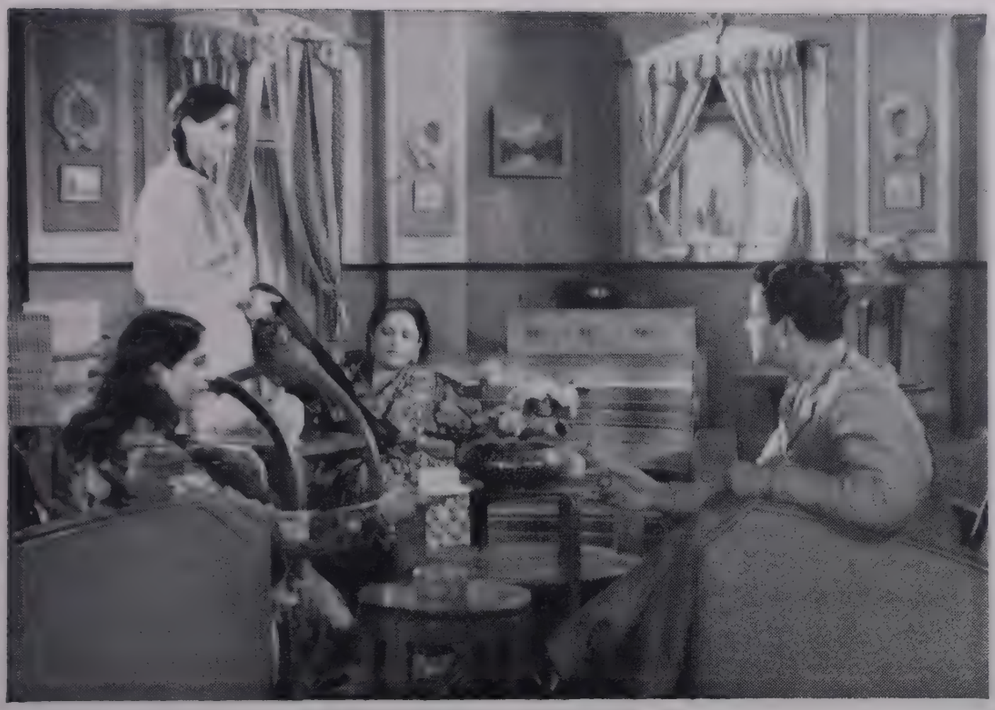
A Chinese boy of 14 or 15 was right in the middle of the crowd. He might have been squeezed to death, but in desperation, he jumped up. The force of his jump combined with the pressure of the push helped this boy to go up vertically till he found himself walking on the heads of other people. The fate of the poor boy was 'from the frying pan into the fire'. Heavy blows fell on his tender body as he stepped on human heads. This continued for a few seconds till a powerful blow sent him away flying and he lay seated on the ground. The moment he found himself seated on the ground, he gazed at the crowd in frightened agony, got up instantaneously and ran away as fast as he could. I doubt if this poor boy will ever think of a cinema show again in his life. A more horrible example of human brutality and utter lack of etiquette could not be cited.

POT-BELLY PATRONS

In this respect, Bombay can rightly feel proud of its queue system and its citizens deserve all admiration for adopting this humane method in buying tickets. But here too some people behave in a way which can hardly be called commendable. It is not very long ago that I stood in a line waiting my turn to buy a ticket so as to be admitted in a first class Indian theatre. Behind me, there happened to be a middle aged man with an unusually big belly. The huge dimensions of his belly were perhaps in direct proportion to the amount of wealth he possessed. I was neither interested in the man nor his protruding belly. But when it proved to be a perpetual weight on my spinal chord, I was forced to take interest in it. Every now and then I turned round and looked at the man but he seemed indifferent.



Producer-director S. F. Hasnain had a great reception at Lahore when he went there to release his latest film "Masoom" produced by Fazli Brothers.



This seems to be an interesting situation from "Ek Raat", a Shalimar Picture.

To my surprise and disgust, a smile from a young beautiful lady, standing aside a few yards away, inspired the man to move on with greater velocity and this, in turn, accelerated my speed with a jerk to the utter annoyance of the person in front of me and the rest of the people ahead. Every time this happened, I was rebuffed by the man in front and at one moment I was in for trouble when he turned back and realised that I was helplessly driven at the point of someone's belly.

Now, though this person could not reduce the boundaries of his expanded belly for my sake, he could certainly have controlled its movements in such a way that it could have remained detached from my body. But the person in question was too indifferent or ignorant to think of other people's convenience.

These two instances show how our selfish and unbecoming behaviour may be a source of trouble for others while we are still outside the entertainment hall. Now let us go into the hall and see what havoc our bad manners play to those who by misfortune fall a victim to them.

THE PIPING PROGENY

It has been often noticed that some parents bring their children along with them when they visit a theatre. These people love their children so much that they cannot allow them to be out of their sight even for a couple of hours. While the cinema industry can feel proud of these young and tender patrons who are sure to become fully cinema-minded when they grow up, it is to be admitted that, more often than not, their presence proves a nuisance to others. How often it has been noticed that when you are lost in the midst of an absorbing scene or some siren of the silver screen is at the height of her melody soothing your aching heart, suddenly a child from some corner of the hall goes out of tune and begins to cry at the top of his voice for reasons best known to him.

You are disturbed, annoyed and even agitated. Your patience is taxed to the extreme and you are at your wit's end to know what to do. You find it difficult to decide as to which tune to listen to. And by the time the child is brought under control, the particular scene is gone or the song is over and you, the poor helpless victim of another's bad manners, are left alone to curse your fate.

By all means, love your children and even adore them. But for heaven's sake do not bring them to the theatre. Their presence may be an immense source of joy to you but others have no reason to take the same kind of interest in them. They have paid good money to see the



Prakash and Neena have a tense moment in "Ek Raat", a Shalimar picture.



Shobhana Samarth has a swell room to herself as "Seeta" in "Bharat Milap", a Prakash picture.

show and not the childish pranks of your proud progeny.

Some people have the peculiar habit of talking private or business affairs while the show is going on. It is difficult to understand how they manage two things at a time. May be, they have a special knack to kill two birds with one stone. However, it cannot be denied that their chatterings and mutterings are nothing less than a source of great annoyance to their neighbours. The following example will suffice to expose the absurdity of their unmannerly behaviour.

THE BLOODY BETEL

During my short stay in Calcutta, I paid a visit to an Indian cinema hall. As soon as the show started, a small group of Marwaris began to talk about their jute business. They kept on talking in the back seats and there seemed no end to their conversation. The man sitting next to me got angry and scolded them severely for interfering with his enjoyment of the picture. This had a salutary effect. They became quiet and as they could not talk, they began to see the picture. During the course of the picture, a comic situation tickled their feelings of appreciation and one of them could not control his laughter. As he burst into a laughter, the betel leaf in his mouth shot out with a terrific force and lay stuck on the neck of the person who had scolded him a few minutes before. In a moment, it was the interval and the lights were on.

The red juice of the betel was seen dripping down the neck of the poor victim.

The poor man, catching hold of the Marwari, said, "See! what you have done." The Marwari blushingly apologised and while he expressed his regret, he put a fresh betel leaf into his mouth. Could bad manners go any further?

COOING OF LOVE DOVES

I must make a passing reference, though with restrained feelings, to those young couples who consider cinema halls as the safest wooing spots. I came across such people several times but the memory of one observation is still fresh in my mind and I am tempted to record it here.

The scene of this romantic episode was laid in one of the Bombay theatres. I was seated in one corner of the last but one row. Next to me was an elderly person and behind us a young couple, in the full bloom of youth, thoroughly happy in each other's company. As soon as the lights went off, they began to let out their love secrets in whispers. Though the subject of their talk was quite interesting, I felt their interference in my enjoyment of the picture. But an elderly person by my side was perfectly calm and tolerant. He did not seem to be disturbed in the least.

Just in the middle of the show when the screen drama was at its climax, we heard quite an audible



Khurshid and Vasantee star together in "Beti", a Ranjit picture, in which Arun also gets his first big chance.

sound caused by the sudden parting of lips and the lady, in a moment of ecstasy saying, "Oh darling! It is wonderful."

"It is foolish, not wonderful", shouted the elderly man by my side.

I don't know what upset this peaceful old man. Either he could not bear this audacious act of youth or this daringly romantic incident brought to his memory the recollections of his own adventurous youth and made him jealous.

These remarks, made in the presence of his lady love, were enough to provoke the young man. A petty squabble ensued and it might have taken a serious turn had not some people intervened in time. However, my show was spoiled, the elderly person's peace was spoiled and the young couple's romance was spoiled. And all this through lack of good manners.



Shahu Modak makes a perfect cast as Bharat in "Bharat Milap," a costume picture of Prakash.

THE SMOKING CHIMNEYS

The greatest nuisance in a cinema hall is the presence of indiscriminate smokers. Now smoking may be a necessity with them. It may be the indispensable quality of modern gentleman. Or it may even be the hall-mark of an aristocratic society. Yet by no code of good manners, one is justified in filling an entertainment hall with smoke specially when all the doors, windows and ventilators are closed.

And this is not all. It is an every day experience in almost all the theatres to see a person smoking a cigarette and puffing out the smoke indiscriminately. This smoke may get into your nose and make you sneeze, may choke your breath or even bring tears in your eyes but the audacious smoker remains unconcerned and keeps on smoking heroically. Sometimes, it has been seen that even protests fail to bring the desired change in the attitude of a smoker. Here is a story told by a friend.

During the course of a cinema show, an educated youth kept on smoking cheroots incessantly and throwing out the smoke right into the face of his neighbour. The neighbour was a non-smoker but he suffered patiently as long as he could. When he could not bear it any more, he very politely requested the smoker to puff out the smoke in some other direction. The youth ignored this legitimate request. The man protested. And in reply, the young smoker took out the remnant of his admission ticket and showing it to the man, said, "I have bought this ticket." A worse example of insolence could not be given.



After a long time Mumtaz, the well-known dancer, has come to the screen in "Jhoola" the new social picture of Bombay Talkies Ltd.

THE PURDAH LADY

To bring people who do not know how to behave, in places of public entertainment is also not good as sometimes it leads to very undesir-



Damuanna is upto his tricks again in "State Guests", a Navyug comedy.

able consequences. Some people have not got the commonsense to adjust themselves to new situations. To illustrate this, I may cite a pathetically interesting incident from Cawnpore.

A young husband insisted on taking his wife to a cinema for the first time. Being a purdah woman of very conservative ideas, she did not like the idea but the husband forced her. They both entered the cinema hall and when he asked her to sit on the chair by his side, she made a fuss. She was afraid as to what others would think of a young woman sitting by the side of a young man. However, she was persuaded at last and she occupied the seat.

As ill-luck would have it, just a few minutes after the show started, she, amidst a tense dramatic situation, lost her balance and slipped through the back opening of her chair. The gentleman just sitting behind her was chivalrous enough to extend his helping hand. He caught hold of her and helped her to get up. As soon as she stood on her legs, she slapped her benefactor and said, "Shameless fellow! how dare you catch hold of another's woman."

The poor man was bewildered. He was never repaid so badly for his good manners. This proved a side show, and caused a good deal of commotion. Nobody could enjoy the show and it took half an hour to quell this trouble.

Last but not least, a mention has to be made of those people who are in the habit of eating and chewing in the cinema hall and throwing the remnants of their stuff all over the place. Such indiscriminate acts not only speak of bad manners but are also hygienically objectionable.

Late Rev. C. F. Andrews was once seen in the streets of Calcutta, picking up banana skins and safely depositing them in some remote corner. An intimate friend of his asked him why he specially picked banana skins and took so much trouble to keep them in some out of the way corner. The good old Andrews replied, "My father slipped over a banana skin and met his tragic end. I don't want any other father to meet the same fate."

And yet how many of us think before we throw a banana skin in a cinema hall or some other dangerous thing of this nature. Small acts of neglect sometimes lead to tragic results and it is the duty of every human being to realize his responsibility in every act of his daily life. Manners and etiquette are nothing but a way to fulfil this realisation and good manners are absolutely essential to get better entertainment from our pictures.



Arun and Khursheed appear together in "Beti" a social picture of Ranjit Movietone.

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KHURSHID
VASANTI AROON
in

BETI

Directed by
JAYANT DESAI

बेटी



बेटी

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MARCH 1942

VOL. 8 No. 3

On The Cover
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The Most Blackmailed Industry

Hooligans are giving the great Muslim community a bad name. Almost every other day we hear of stabbings, skirmishes and riots in some part of India. And almost every time the trouble is traced down to the hooligans.

The hooligans of the Hindu community are equally competent in defying law and order. And it seems that a time will be reached when our huge population of peace-loving citizens will be ruled by a handful of hooligans with knives and sticks.

Off and on, this very same type of hooliganism has been practised in our film industry. Years back some Urdu papers in Delhi instituted the racket and black-mailed the Indian film producers into paying them huge amounts as hush money. The producers, being primarily businessmen, went on paying from time to time and now this racket of blackmailing has come to be looked upon as a respectable business in Delhi. Almost every other journal practises it and delights in bragging about the money it managed to knock out from one producer or other.

We are afraid the racket has now come to Bombay. Not that it did not exist before. It did. We had our spongers in some film weeklies, but they had hitherto conducted their nefarious activities more by methods of persuasion than by those of violence.

But now this racket seems to have taken a virulent shape.



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The knife is now being used as an argument. nd the knife did its dirty trick recently by rawing blood from Mr. Sorabji M. Vajifdar the anager of the Roxy Cinema, Bombay and from door-keeper of the same cinema.

It all happened on the 27th January when Jhoola" was being screened. We are told that a section of the Muslim Community objected to ome of the words of a duet sung by Mumtaz and hahzadi as highly offensive to their religious usceptibilities" and taking the law into their wn hands the hooligans threw stones and other nissiles at the curtain, which was torn. When he unlucky manager of the cinema, with his loor-keepers, tried to pacify the hooligans, he vas mercilessly stabbed in the thigh and so was doorkeeper.

The injured persons were removed to the ospital, where they are progressing well. And he show was resumed under police guard after rresting 20 persons for hooliganism.

That was the grim drama played in respect of a perhaps most harmless picture. It is not necessary here to nail down the real culprits who fanned the communal flames for their own benefit. It is a job for the C.I.D. and we hope they make a good job of it by tracing the real culprits and punishing them severely.

What, however, surprises us is the utter disregard of the usual technique followed in case of pictures found objectionable to some people. "Jhoola" was passed by the censors and if a section of the Muslim community had any objection to any portion of the picture, it would have been the correct thing to approach the authorities and make their remonstrations. If the authorities had failed to move in the matter, a peaceful demonstration could have immediately achieved the purpose. Producers are businessmen and they do not like a demonstration against their pictures.

But, evidently, those behind this cowardly outrage did not believe in respectable and peaceful methods and resorted to the cult of the bloody knife.

It is regrettable that this spirit of intolerance and excessive religiosity is being encouraged not only by the communal organizations but by the authorities themselves.



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Icilma



- VANISHING CREAM
- COLD CREAM
- ROUGE CREAM
- FACE POWDER

This disgraceful exhibition of rowdyism not only gives a bad name to our Muslim community and to the first city in India, but it also makes our entertainment theatres unsafe for our wives and children.

A few days later, after the Roxy incident, some armed Pathans took it into their head to see a picture free without paying. They marched to the New West End Cinema and demanded free admission. When the door keeper refused admission one of the Pathans is reported to have whipped out a knife and threatened the trembling door-keeper.

The crowd, which gathered, saved the situation and the policemen were called on the scene. The Pathan, wild by now, ran about helter-skelter with a huge open knife in his hand threatening one and all. After a long chase, the police succeeded in securing the man.

Really, times are getting rotten. The orgy of human killings which the Western people have let loose on a trusting world seems to be affecting our peace-loving citizens also.

At this rate, how is anyone to move about the town and go about his peaceful vocation in search of his daily bread?

Still another menace that comes to the city at intervals is the Australian troops. No one denies the huge sacrifices which the Australian people are making in this war. Many a brave son of Australia is giving his life in the battlefield to keep the flame of freedom burning in every home.

But strange as it may seem some of these fighters for freedom misbehave like cads when they pass through Bombay.

Reports have come to us of Indian ladies being molested even if accompanied by their men folks. An instance was reported to us of half a dozen tipsy soldiers knocking at a girl's door at night and asking to be admitted by saying, "We are Australians".

So what, if they are Australians. Have they any right to molest and harass our women? If they are supposed to be fighters for world freedom, why should their own individual acts imperil the freedom of our women?

Other people in the country are making their protests to the proper authorities about the disgraceful behaviour of the Australian soldiers and we hope the authorities do the needful. We are always prepared to treat the Australians as our guests, but only if they know how to behave.

This Australian menace is another stopper to the attendance at our cinema houses. In old times, our women used to go to the pictures unaccompanied. Now even with their male escorts going to the pictures seems to have become a risky job.

With hooligans, knives, sticks and Australians let loose, our film trade is not facing a very rosy future and something must be done soon, in sheer defence, if our entertainment industry is to survive.



The inimitable Durga Khote as "Kaikayee", the step mother of Shree Ram in "Bharat Milap" the mythological marathon of Prakash Pictures.



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Central Talkies,
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Date 19th July 1941.

To
Messrs. International Talkie Equipment Co.
17 New Queen's Road,
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Dear Sirs,

We have immense pleasure in informing you that the opening ceremony of our theatre was performed on the 15th of this month in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering.

It is needless to mention here that the entire audience was very much pleased with the "true-to-nature" sound reproduction. We have no hesitation in attributing this to the excellent quality of the "LANSING" Sound System as also the best equipment supplied by you. We wish every success to "LANSING", and our best wishes go to you in this connection.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully,
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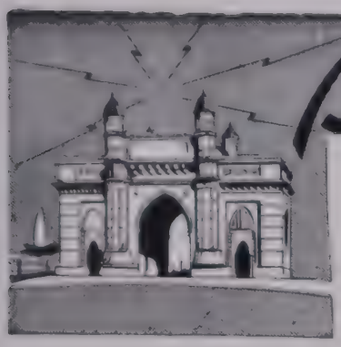
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Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

HAS SHANTARAM FAILED?

We understand that the Film Advisory Board has stopped the circulation of the short film "Women of India", the story of which was written by Miss Pramilla Rama Rau.

Mr. Shantaram will be making some additions and subtractions to remove the scandalous content of this film as was pointed out by us in the February issue of "filmindia".

We are grateful to the members of the Board for their quick action and we hope that "Women of India", when it comes to the screen for the second time, after the famous Shantaram "touch", will be complimentary to the womanhood of India.

That reminds us of the fact that it is now two months that Mr. V. Shantaram has taken charge as the Chief Producer to the Film Advisory Board. But till the time of writing, nothing new has been produced by Mr. Shantaram nor has anything sensational happened by way of reorganising the activities of the Board.

All we know is that the tax-payers have lost Rs. 5000/- on Shantaram alone during these two months.

Once again we repeat that the Film Advisory Board is essentially a war-time institution and its primary duty is to produce war shorts for immediate propaganda. We are afraid, this is not being done by the Board. The Board has so far wasted a lot of public funds and with the traditional short-sightedness usually obtained in Government departments, it has produced some useless shorts which have neither contributed to our war effort nor paid their way even as documentaries.

We hope the members of the Board read the newspapers and keep pace with the progress of the war. Do these guys know that war is now raging on the very frontiers of India? If they realize the emergency, what the hell are they doing about it?

When are we going to get the war-shorts which would help to rally the nation in this hour of need"

We sent back Alexander Shaw because he was no good and too slow. We took up Mr. V. Shantaram naming him the best man in the country for the job. And still we are where we were. But during the time war has travelled from Europe to India and Shantaram is travelling between Delhi and Bombay.

Churchill tells us that we are fighting a total war and we have to put in a total effort. The civilian is paying the price from day to day in numerous small and big inconveniences while the official, new and old, is gadding about flushed with his authority doing nothing practical and useful.

Has Shantaram also become just another official? If not then what has he done during the last two months? What value in work has he given to the tax-payer for the five thousand and odd rupees paid to him?

We didn't mind Shantaram wasting his time as a partner of Prabhat. Then, time belonged to him and he could waste it in his own sweet way. But now we care, because he is wasting time for which the tax-payers are paying.

If Shantaram can't keep pace with the speed of the war times, if Shantaram can't meet the urgency of the situation, if Shantaram can't contribute to our war



Zahur Raja, handsome young man of the screen, has now become a director. For Eastern Pictures, he is producing "Badal" an emotional story which is unusual in conception.

Running Tenth Great Week In Deserted Calcutta

"MASOOM"

Directed by **S. F. HASNAIN**

Mr. PHANINDRA NATH BRAHMA, Mayor of Calcutta says:—

MAYOR OF CALCUTTA

January 27, 1942.

The Proprietor,
Globe Theatres,
Calcutta.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that I have been rather very late in writing to you about "Masoom". What struck me most in the Picture was the graveyard scene. Also the last scene was superb. I admire the author for his imagination and moral courage.

As regards the performance of Artistes, it was simply exquisite. All credit must go to the Producer and the principal actors. I was delighted to see a Picture like this, and wish it all success.

Yours truly,
Phanindra Nath Brahma

Ready for release

"CHOWRANGHEE"

An ultra modern cosmopolitan picture in double version—Hindustani and Bengali

Directed by S. FAZLI

Starring :—ANIS, MEHTAB, AMJAD and HARPRASAD.

effort by an all-out programme of production, let him get out of the Board.

We want men who can make the rusty wheels of democracy move a bit faster. If Shantaram has already failed, let us try another man hoping that he will succeed better.

But let us not wait and watch the war being lost. Let us fight and win it.

HULLO! HEALTH OFFICER

Sometime back we wrote about the scarcity of lavatories at the Majestic Cinema in Bombay. We understand that the authorities took up the matter temporarily and as usual made some inquiries and probably because of persuasion from the cinema owners dropped the affair.

But the nuisance continues as of old and nearly eight hundred cine-goers are compelled to wait and take their turn at the four-seat lavatory obtained at the theatre.

In addition to this agonising inconvenience, for which the theatre-owner does not seem to care a fig, the lavatory is kept in a scandalously unhygienic condition, being constantly filthy.

We wonder what Dr. Das Gupta the new health officer of the Bombay Municipality is doing? Surely, he is not persuaded so soon?

The hygienic conditions generally obtained in theatres where Indian pictures run are really a shame to the first city in India. Cannot something be done to teach these theatre-owners a lesson?

On making inquiries at the theatre we are told that the Municipal authorities do not find it possible to sanction the construction of new lavatories. This is a strange position, if it is true.

We refuse to believe that the Municipal authorities are so short-sighted as to refuse co-operation to a theatre-owner who is anxious to provide better hygienic conditions to his patrons.

RATIONING "FILMINDIA"

Every postal delivery brings us pressing requests from our agents all over the country for more copies of "filmindia".

"I was sold out in a day". "The students rushed and bought all the copies in two hours." "For heaven's sake send more copies". "We can double our sales if you only supply". Such frantic requests have become the order of the day.

Our standard reply is that we cannot afford to print more copies than we are doing at present owing to the excessive cost of paper.

Friends remind us in unfriendly ways of the increased price of twelve annas per copy. Here is the trade secret, for all it is worth: The actual production cost of the February issue per copy was fifteen annas. Though the reader pays twelve annas per copy, after allowing a commission of 25% to the agent we get in hand nine annas per copy. Over this we spend one anna in postage per copy. That leaves us a nett return of eight annas per copy. Which means that over every copy sold we lose seven annas.

These seven annas are covered with the greatest difficulty by the advertising revenue. Add to this our office and staff maintenance expenses and for heaven's sake realize our position as publishers.

We do not want profits in these times, but we have no pocket to lose money on the business of publishing "filmindia".

The extreme popularity of "filmindia" is very flattering, but in these times, we do not even want praise but we crave for a little rest from threatening demands, lawyer's notices, and vivid descriptions of the clamour created by the readers at the agents' shops.

It is sheer waste of words to ask for more copies. We are doing our best and we cannot do better.

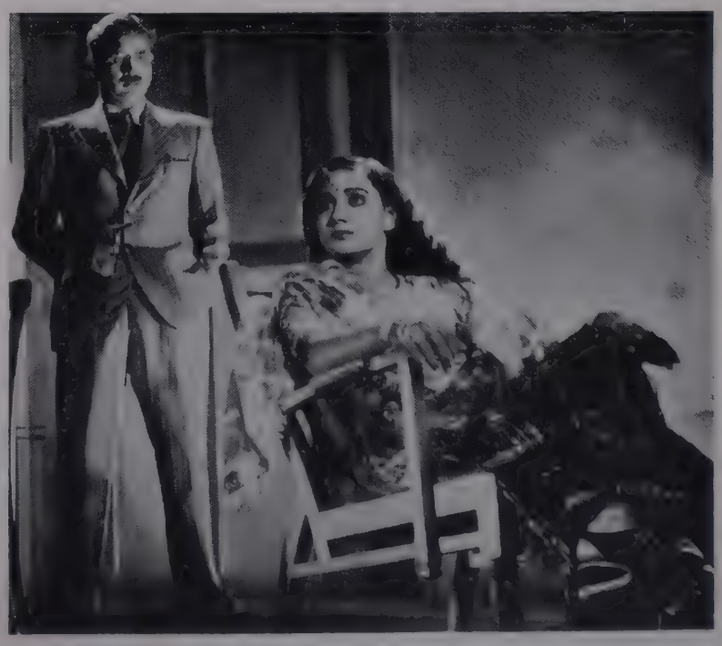
The only way to solve the present problem is for the readers to share their copies with friends. If they do so, it will be a favour and a help to India's most popular film mag.

"FILMINDIA" MYSTERY

After every monthly despatch we get a large crop of complaints from subscribers and agents that they have either not received their copies or that they have received some copies short.

These complaints have now become chronic and we are led to suspect that "filmindia" is becoming stealthily popular with the delivery postmen and the transport officials of the railways.

Immediately on receipt of such complaints, we write either to the Post Master General, Bombay or to the Station Superintendent, Victoria Terminus.



Jagdish, our popular character actor, acts the stern man with Kausalya in "Rai Saheb" a social story of Janak Pictures.

BHOPATKAR THEATRES



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who built the cinema

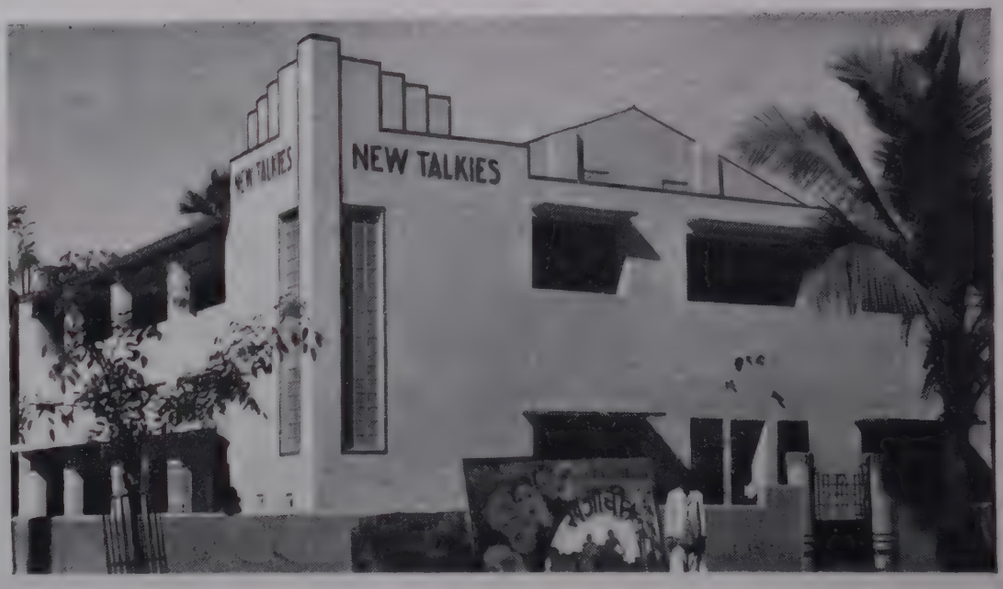
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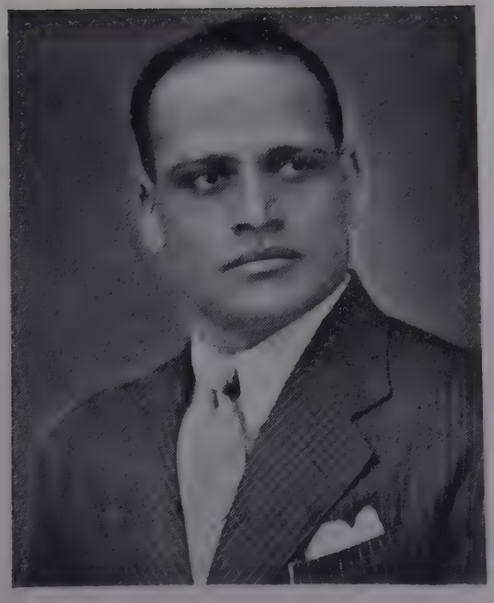
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BHOPATKAR THEATRES

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Madhusudan and Kausalya give a beautiful duet in "Bharat Milap" a Prakash success.

Both these officials are invariably polite in making the necessary inquiries and for sometime the mountain of red tape gets into labour but brings out the proverbial mouse that "copies could not be traced."

On our side every copy is despatched under the strictest possible supervision and after several checkings.

We rely on the goodwill and satisfaction of our readers and the least we can do is to send them the copies in time. We do that but somehow for reasons known only to the postal authorities, the copies keep on disappearing with tragic regularity.

Well, it will be too bold to say that our transport authorities are gradually getting dishonest and we refuse to believe so. But, really, someone must know where these copies keep on disappearing.

Till this mystery is cleared, we must admit that "filmindia" is indeed a very attractive paper and tempting enough to strain the honesty of good, god-fearing people.

A DIRTY RACKET

As the Indian films become more popular every day, it seems that our film stars get more exposed to dirty scandal at the hands of dastardly scandal mongers.

Some time back several dirty posters in English. Gujarati and Urdu were pasted all over Bombay attacking Film-star Naseem. This was certainly a handiwork of some unscrupulous scoundrels who seem to have lost respect not only for the womanhood of India but also for their own mothers and sisters.

Then came the turn of Miss Rose and of Miss Vanmala and for days ugly rumours about them persisted in circulating from mouth to mouth.

But the climax was reached last month when the entire town seemed to be buzzing with the rumour that Leela Chitnis had met with some unfortunate mishap and that she had died in one of the several hospitals in the city.

As days passed this rumour was echoed again and again with colourful permutations till the poor girl's character was drawn on the public streets with lurid details.

And all this time Leela was visiting her children in Gwalior as a fond mother would do, and moreover was hale and hearty.

The strange part of the whole business was that even good and intelligent people also believed the rumour and helped to spread it.

Really, can't those cowards who deal so shabbily with our women once in a while, imagine their own wives and daughters in place of the victims of their rumour-mongering?

Only then will they realize the pain and agony these rumours cause to the dear relations of the poor, defenseless victim.

We sympathise with Miss Leela Chitnis.

AN APPEAL TO MR. PERRY

For more reasons than one, we are glad that the old regime in the Kolhapur State has come to an end. The affairs of the State are now in the hands of an experienced administrator—Mr. E. W. Perry—who is the present Prime Minister of Kolhapur.



Here is an intriguing situation from "Many Happy Returns" a New Huns picture in Marathi.



Indurani in "Zevar", a social story of Mohan Pictures.

Already within a very short period things are brightening up in Kolhapur and the people are looking forward to peaceful progress without underground intrigues and unblushing favouritism which often distinguish state politics in India.

With Mr. Perry at the helm, we feel safe in commending to his urgent attention the injustice done to the entertainment business in Kolhapur by the last regime.

The cinemas in Kolhapur have been mercilessly taxed in one form or other and the entertainment industry becomes an uneconomic problem in consequence.

We give below a comparative taxation chart.

	Item	In Kolhapur	In British India
1.	Theatre License	Rs. 130/- per year	Rs. 40/- per year
2.	Octroi Duty	Rs. 2-6-0 per film copy.	Re. 1/- per film copy
3.	Entertainment Tax	25%	Less than 10% (Collectively)

Add to this the telephone charges, electric current charges, inspection fees and the throat-cutting competition amongst the exhibitors themselves, and we can understand why cinemas are not prosperous in Kolhapur.

Really, Mr. Perry must see to this matter urgently and grant immediate relief to the showmen from this throttling legacy of the last regime.

Doing so will not only mean saving the local exhibition business but the kind act will also lend an incentive to the exhibitors to bring in more and more instructive and entertaining films resulting in greater good to the State.

CLAUDE SCOTT'S KANGAROO?

We must thank a correspondent who has asked what has happened to the Visual Education Campaign in the rural areas of this Province which Mr. Claud Scott, Director of Information, Bombay, had started this time last year and about which we had offered some frank comments.

In the January 1941 issue of "filmindia" we wrote "while in theory the scheme ought to be acceptable to the people in the industry as also to tax-payers, its practical success will depend entirely on the experience and efficiency of the men behind it". We openly questioned Mr. Scott's competence to take up the job and enquired, if he did not know much about what he was taking up, who were the experts he was relying on.

We pursued the topic in February 1941 issue of the "filmindia" congratulating Mr. Scott on his 'efficient hurry' in getting his scheme justified by its inauguration at Trombay by His Excellency the Governor and the imprimatur of approval from the 'Times of India' in its editorial.

We went on to explain the scheme as it was prepared by Mr. Scott. The Government of Bombay had purchased one hundred 16 m.m. Kodak projectors with 72 wattage, 6 voltage and operated on dry batteries at



Mumtaz, a popular dancer, gives a dance that created a small riot in the Roxy, Bombay. This dance of Mumtaz and Shahzadi becomes very popular in "Jhoola", the latest hit of the Bombay Talkies.

the initial cost of Rs. 44,100. The cinema shows were to be held even in the smallest villages of the Bombay Province and a start was to be made with Ahmedabad East Khandesh, Ahmednagar and Belgaum districts.

There were certain other features of the scheme such as voluntary workers and an expenditure of Rs. 3000/- a month. We have heard nothing since about how the scheme has worked; whether the shows were appreciated by the villagers or not and whether any extension of the scheme was contemplated. As the correspondent rightly points out in his letter to the editor of "filmindia", we are all entitled to know all this and Mr. Scott will do well to publish a communique giving full details about the execution of the scheme.

Besides this, even at this late hour, we would welcome replies to the 'awkward' questions we put in the February issue of "filmindia" and find out for ourselves whether they were awkward at all or we were justified in putting them. We thank our correspondent for drawing our attention once again to this important public question and giving us an opportunity to wake up Mr. Scott to his obvious responsibility.

But will Mr. Claude Scott wake up? We doubt.

TWO GOOD YEAR BOOKS

There is a man in the South Indian Film Industry who is worth his weight in gold to any industry. We speak of Mr. V. Rama Rao, the ever watchful secretary of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce. But for Mr. Rama Rao, the South Indian Film Industry would have become an unrecognizable mess today. It is only due to Mr. Rama Rao's perseverance and sincerity of purpose that the film industry in the South shows some complexion of organization.

Mr. Rama Rao has this year come out with a "Madras Film Diary" for 1942 priced at Re. 1/- and available from him from Khaleel Mansions, Mount Road, Madras.

It is an altogether useful book with nearly 200 pages of solid information not only about film makers in the South but also in other parts of the country. We commend the book to the students of our film industry.

Still another year book called the "Motion Picture Year Book" and priced at Rs. 5/- is pubilshed by Mr. B. V. Dharap who was till recently with the Indian Motion Picture Congress. Motion Picture Enterprises, Bombay No. 2. who have published the book report to us about its favourable reception by all people in the industry.

Mr. Dharap's attempt is also commendable, though we miss in the book any mention of the numerous film journals which serve the industry so well and so truly.

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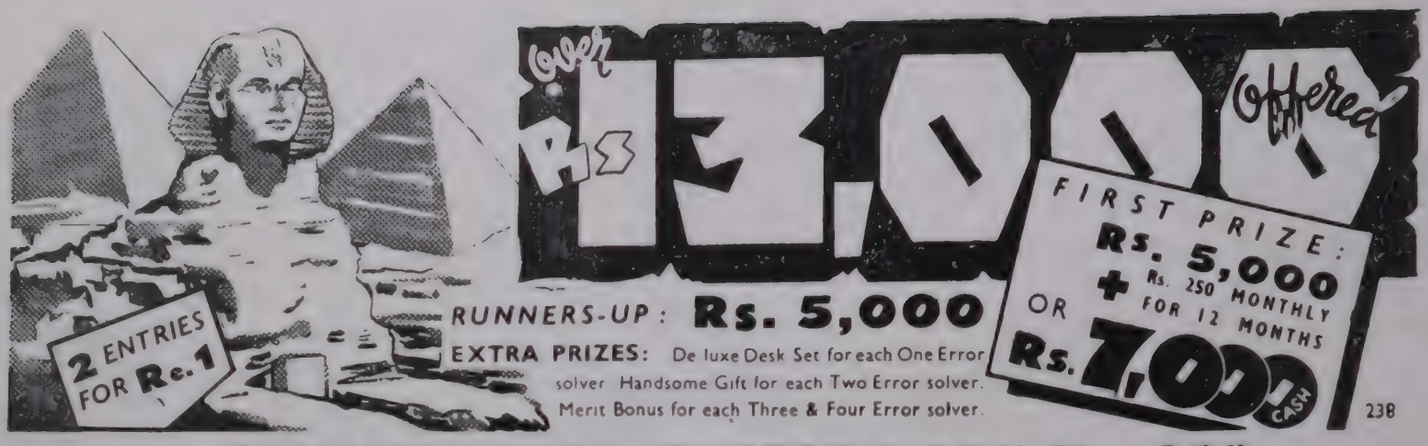
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Record sale now on of H.M.V. records of "JHOOLA" song-hits !



"COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD" No. 238

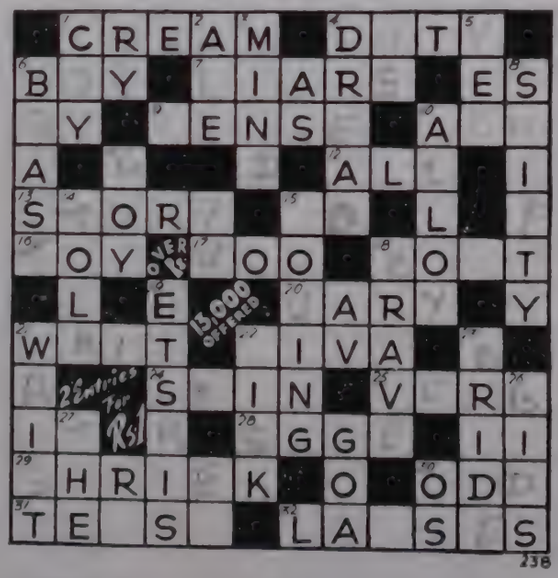
The riddle of the Sphinx has absorbed wise men for ages—leaving them little the wiser or the richer! Solving the puzzle below requires but a few of your leisure moments (though it may well beguile you into spending, fascinated, a very agreeable hour or two). And if you submit the best solution received your reward will be Rs. 8,000, no matter how many your mistakes—unless you prefer Rs. 7,000 cash down. A further Rs. 5,000 will be divided among Runners-up; and, besides, there are unlimited Extra Prizes in which you will share with even as many as four mistakes. You will avoid one big mistake by getting busy without delay on the Practice Square below.

CLUES ACROSS

1. If you wish to skim that of the awards offered do not neglect to study the Clues closely
4. Moral or legal obligation
6. Lad
7. Unfortunately we often believe the things they tell us!
9. Such an atmosphere usually puts a strain on one's nerves
10. Residue of burnt substance
12. Everything
13. Some gifted authors are able to make this seem frighteningly real
16. Plaything
17. When people do this they are usually actuated by strong feeling
18. To the inexperienced sometimes seems deceptively easy to manage
20. Ups and downs tend to make reflective person's attitude towards life this
21. Women are generally able to endure prolonged this more patiently than men
22. Prima donna or popular woman singer
24. As a rule that of a woman bruises much more easily than a man's
25. One of the parts of speech
28. Reversed spelling of what hens produce
29. It is difficult to be patient with persons who this at least sign of danger
30. Queer
31. One is sometimes at a loss to know how to take person who is this
32. The average mature man's past contains at least a few these!

CLOSING DATE, MARCH 13th.

N.B.—**The Entry Fee is Re. 1 for 2 Entry Squares. Entry Forms will be published in the *Illustrated Weekly of India* of March 1st.**



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ONLY ENTRY FORMS CUT OUT FROM

"THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA"

of March 1st will be accepted.

CLUES DOWN

1. Modest or bashful
2. Kind of beer
3. Man usually has himself to blame if he is misled by o
4. Women are prone to this mo than men
5. Affirmative answer
6. Sensible people usually trea angry this with reserve
8. Generally speaking it is usuall best to say as little as possible to person who is this
10. Mixture of two or more metals
11. Has tendency to become hysterical when pent up
14. Indian unit of weight
15. Men who are by nature given to this are apt to make trying husbands
18. People of this disposition are seldom easily diverted
19. Jumbled spelling of *sister*
21. Supple this greatly enhances a woman dancer's grace
22. Flat round object
23. Alas, how soon after marriage does many a bridegroom's this become less ardent!
26. Offers
27. The definite article

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Editor's Mail

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

N. R. Lokrey (Kurnool)

Why don't you resign from your present job and produce your own pictures?

It is cheaper to criticise than to produce.

S. C. Rao (Nagpur)

Has the Bombay Talkies got only one hero: Ashok Kumar?

No. Now they have brought another in Ulhas who once worked in "Mera Ladka", a Prabhat picture. You will soon see this guy in the next picture of Bombay Talkies.

Ramana Murthy P. V. (Benares)

Why were the Americans so much interested in the Indian boy, Sabu?

They probably required an elephant boy and an odd bit from India. Anyway, Sabu has done well for himself.

Don't you think, Leela Chitnis is somewhat old to play girl-roles?

Somewhat?

M. Kajee (Vekulam—Natal)

Name some of your best Mahomedan actors and actresses?

We have no artistes known as Mahomedan artistes. But here are some well known ones known as film artistes: Devika Rani, Khursheed, Rose, Sardar Akhtar, Leela Chitnis, Vasanti, Kumar, Chandramohan, Ashok Kumar, etc.

A. B. Nath (Ranchi)

Who is the hero of the year?

Dalsukh Pancholi for producing "Khazanchi", the best money maker of the year.

Miss Shashikala (Poona)

Why is Kantilal of Ranjit usually given a beggar's part?

Because singing beggars are popular in India. The rich ones demand at least music as a value for their small coin, and even beggars have to learn singing to earn a livelihood.

Ambadas V. Redkar (Malvan)

Do you know why Mr. Baburao Pendharkar left Navyug Chitrapat Ltd.?

He saw Prabhat's "Padosi" and the theme did not appeal to him. And Baburao does not believe in long drawn quarrels like the Prabhat partners, so he cut away from his brother, Winayak, straightway.

Bhuwan Ranjan (Patna)

What is required for scenario writing?

Brain and experience. We have people with the latter.

B. Sita Ram (New Delhi)

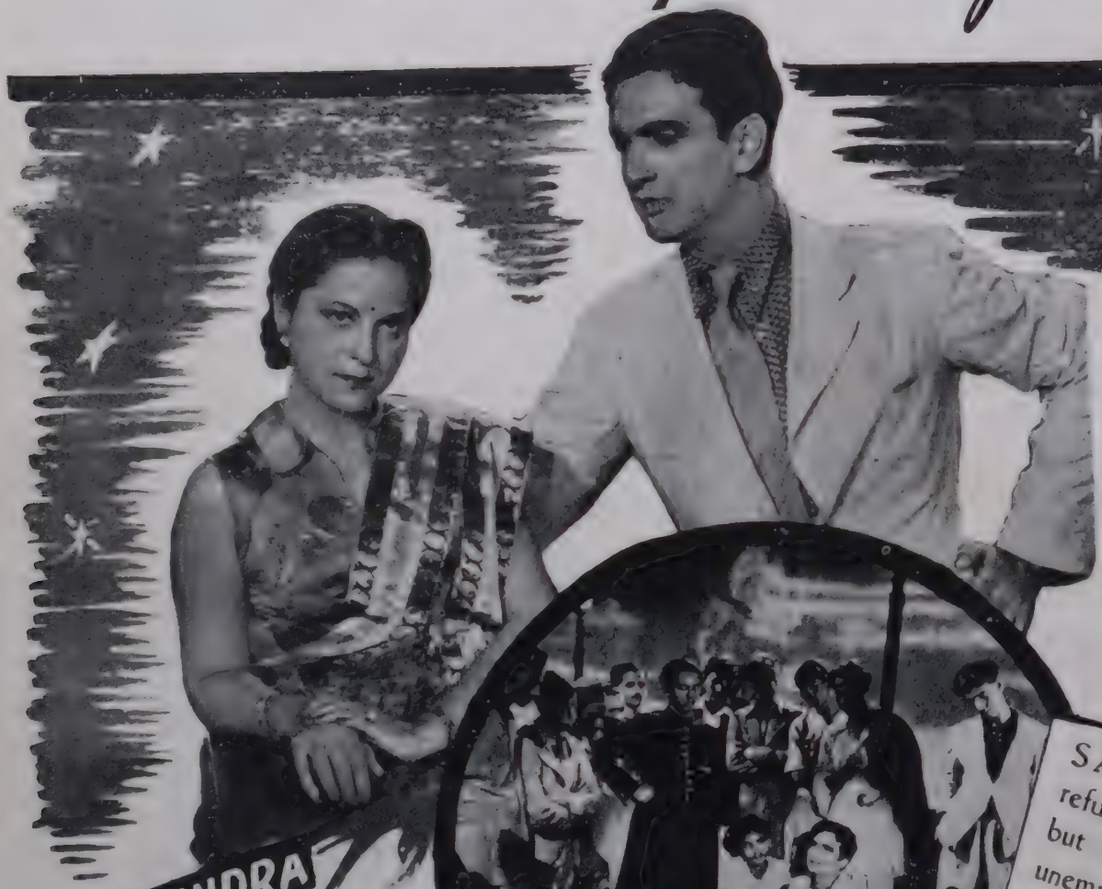
I admit that Shantaram is a good director, but he is not such a genius as you describe him to be. Don't you think, you have boosted him too much?



After a very long time, Surendra, that popular singing star, comes to the screen in "Garib", a social story of National Studios featuring him and Rose.

a RICH-POOR romance

That might be your Own



SURENDRA and ROSE in this double-action vivid drama, give you their best song-blended and music-flavoured performance of the season.

SURENDRA & ROSE in

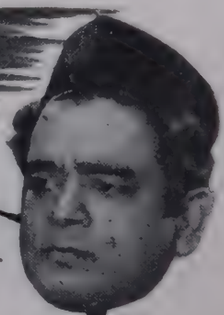
NATIONAL STUDIOS

GARIB

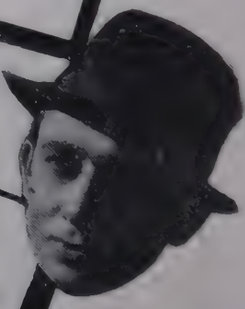
The picture projecting the life of the India of To-day & To-morrow, where peace and happiness reign through Labour and Love.

Now Running to crowded houses

AT **SWASTIK TALKIES**



SANKATHA— refuses consent... but agrees to help the unemployed.



ANSARI— seeks to end a heart-ache, ... but fails.



VEENA—tries to save an orphan from the lust of a villain and looses a job...

Yes, I have lately started thinking that way But I have never said that Shantaram is a genius. That would make his greatness look smaller. On the other hand, he is a persevering, hard-working guy who is learning new tricks every day. And because he is learning new things, he is giving different pictures every time. But don't be jealous, Shantaram won't be giving us pictures for a long time to come. He is busy with other things at present.

Chandrika Prasad Verma (Chapra)

Is Monica Desai a relative of Leela Desai?

A sister, I am told, but a competitor in charms

Is Neena really a beautiful girl?

Ask me another.

What has happened to Padma Devi?

She is working in Calcutta and is waiting for Calcutta to be bombed to come to Bombay.

Film Stars generally fail to be good house-wives. Why?

Because the fire in the hearth fails to kindle a flame in their hearts. Film stars are like over heated dynamos with their coils burnt. Four walls don't make a home, unless hearts are in unison.

How long will Vasanti remain a baby of the screen?

As long as her father keeps on chaperoning her to and from her work.

Qamruddin Ahmed (Patna)

Is Vanmala married or not?

Yes. And that is enough.

K. Jaswant Singh (Agra)

Don't you think that to settle their dispute Prabhat people must now produce "Buddha, the Peace Maker"?

Sardar Chandulal Shah of Ranjit is now acting as "Buddha". Let us see whether he achieves peace or armistice.

Does acting affect one's health?

Not Ashok Kumar's.

M. S. A. Khan (Benares)

Will the directors and the producers ever realise that a good film cannot be made with a thin story?

Not unless the stupid crowds stop seeing any and every picture presented on the screen.

R. N. Murthy (Bangalore City)

I would like to see Ahmed Abbas becoming a film director. Wouldn't you?

Long, beautiful and black hair is the most precious ornament of a woman. Beauty is a divine gift but neat and beautiful hair is a culture which can be acquired by the constant use of MUKUL HAIR OIL.

USE MUKUL for BEAUTIFUL HAIR





Wealth of Flowing Hair!

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Which is Greater? Love or Sacrifice

Here is the human story of a village girl who loved and a city girl who sacrificed



The picture that has set the film trade thinking with its Box Office potentiality!

Starring: **SNEHPRABHA. ISHWARLAL. Shamim. Nazir. E. Bilimoria. Gope. Sharifa.**

Director: RAM DARYANI

Produced at **RANJIT**

Now Showing to Crowded Houses at

IMPERIAL CINEMA, Bombay

Particulars: Supreme Film Distributors, 85, Main Rd., Dadar, Bombay.

A Supreme **RELEASE**



Kausalya and Ratan Bai give some emotional drama in "Rai Saheb", a Janak social picture.

Of course, I would. He is well on way already. Many successful story-writers end their days as directors. Why not Ahmed Abbas!

Where is Baburao Pendharkar working now?

Since his marriage, all his activities are confined to Kolhapur.

Why do the South Indian producers keep on producing very lengthy pictures?

They want to exhaust the raw stock as soon as possible, so that no one will blame them if they keep idling afterwards.

K. H. Rao (Madras)

How much are you paid by the Vauhini Pictures to praise their productions?

They showed me "Sumangali" free of charge.

Hemandra Nath (Chandausi)

My professor says that "filmindia" is a book of the hour (not for all time)?

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."
Ask him who wrote that.

T. N. M. Swamy (Trichinopoly)

Last month an agent of yours told us that you did not print the usual issue of "filmindia" owing to the high cost of paper. Is it true?

That man is a liar if he has told you that. Probably he has not paid his dues and his supplies have been stopped.

I. Iyengar (Hyderabad)

Would you mind recommending me as private secretary to any of the enchanting actresses?

Send your measurements.

Mansoor Ahmed (Khurja)

What is the next picture of Director Kardar after "Nai Duniya"?

With Kardar it is not so much the next picture as the next producer. With every picture, Kardar changes his producer. He doesn't seem to like the same face twice. I think, his next story will be "Love in Marble" written by the well-known writer Dewan Sharar.

S. Ramraj (Durban)

Where is K. C. Dey nowadays?

He is in Bombay, working in a new picture of Laxmi Pictures with Leela Desai in the cast. Phani Muzumdar is directing this picture.

S. C. Swananjappa (Bangalore)

Why is Abbas fond of the word "Naya" vide: "Naya Sansar", "Nai Duniya", "Naya Tarana"?

By using "Naya", he probably wants to convince people that he is giving really something new. "Naya Sansar" was really a new hash of several ideas from foreign pictures and Abbas is justified in calling it "Naya".

Shushila Devi (Rajpur)

When will the producers give us new faces instead of the same old ones? We want to see young people making love to each other on the screen instead of papas and mamas?



As Queen Mumtaz Mahal in "Taj Mahal" a Mohan Picture, Sarojini is reported to be a success.



THE ENTERTAINMENT SLOGAN

For the Year 1942!

NAVYUG'S

नवयुग चित्र

LAUGH-SHOW FOR THE NATION

STATE GUESTS

(SARKARI PAHUNE)

Produced & Directed by—**WINAYAK**

Starring:--**Damuanna Malwankar & Jog**

Vatsala Kumtekar, Shakuntala, Saroj Borkar

Shanta Jadhav

AWAIT ITS RELEASE IN YOUR TOWN!

Released Thru **PEERLESS PICTURES,** 116, Charni Road, Bombay, 4

Now, how do you expect new faces on the screen when educated girls like you choose to run miles away from the screen. For educated girls who have their head properly set on their shoulders the film industry offers not only paying jobs but also an interesting occupation. Look at Devika Rani, Leela Chitnis, Leela Desai, Rose, Nalini Jaywant and many others. They are earning thousands every month and no one can call them bad. The recent addition to the imposing list of screen stars is Neena, another girl of education and culture. Come, if you have the talent, join our family, and I am sure you will also make good. And with you, we won't have to fall back upon love scenes between old papas and mamas.

R. Agarwal (Patna)

I am glad to learn that Sulochana is returning to the screen again. She brings to mind my own school days when she thrilled us in "Madhuri" and other pictures. Do you think she will be able to hit it as well again?

Wait and see. She knows the game better than several new comers. When Sulochana makes up her mind, fans lay down their hearts to be trampled upon. Let us all see "Ankh Michowli" and decide.

Devi Dayal Misra (Lucknow)

What is the next picture of Chitra Productions after "Kanchan"?

It has not yet been christened but it is a social story of which Producer Gvalani is proud in advance. It will feature Leela Chitnis, Pahari Sanyal, Keshavrao Date and Ratan Bai. Gvalani assures me that he will not repeat the mistakes of "Kanchan" and for dear old Leela's sake, I wish them all success.

Can stories from outside persons be accepted by film companies? If so, what is the way to send a story to a film company?

Writing stories for the films is a dangerous occupation for persons outside the industry. Even if an outside writer writes a really good story, there is no guarantee that it will be officially accepted and paid for, though it is quite possible to see the story produced without even a courtesy acknowledgement. So if you love the game of writing, by all means submit your stories to the usual film studios and they may be produced but if you are



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WADIAS

Lead again in successfully blending Music, Dialogue and Action in a picture which will sweep the country with its emotional appeal.

The JUNGLE PRINCESS

Starring **FEARLESS NADIA** with

JOHN CAWAS, RADHA RANI, HARI SHIVDASANI, SARDAR MANSUR, DALPAT, MITHUMIA & Others.

DIRECTED BY
HOMI WADIA

A
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Simultaneously Released at:

SUPER TALKIES	**Bombay**
NOVELTY TALKIES	**Ahmedabad**
MOTI TALKIES	**Surat**



It is not an embrace. It is a loving crash between Nadia and John Cavas, the two athletes of "Jungle Princess", a Wadia thriller.

---

looking out for your name or money you will be disappointed.

C. K. Grover (Lahore)

How is it that some film stars who were twenty, two years back are still reported as twenty years old?

Time stands still where the age of a film star is concerned. The publicity mathematicians roughly count one year for every five years and some times they entirely miss their count. But when the star stops pulling at the box-offices, she becomes suddenly old in a day. The stars don't mind, as the process helps to feed their feminine vanity, at least for some time.

Miss Leena Lal (Lahore)

It seems that inspite of being a graduate Prithviraj does not speak good English in the film "The Court Dancer". If he wishes to improve his English diction send him to me.

He will read this and rush. Prithvi is an honest artiste and he will learn from anyone. And if you are really good at teaching, meeting you will be an additional pleasure to him. About his diction in "The Court Dancer", Prithvi has an explanation of his own. Why not write to him at: Prithviraj Kapur, College Road, Matunga, Bombay and hear what he has to say.

I very much wish to meet you. Could you spare some time?

All the time, if it pleases you. But what would you like to teach me? Come over to Bombay and between 10 and 6 I am found at my office.

B. R. Vijayanarayan (Hassan)

Do you read any other film magazines?

Where are the any other mags? I haven't come across any. I have been so much engrossed in "filmindia" that I have had no time to look about.

L. Anantha Sayanam (Madras)

Is Prithviraj a bachelor?

His son, Raj, is.

S. M. Jalil (Allahabad)

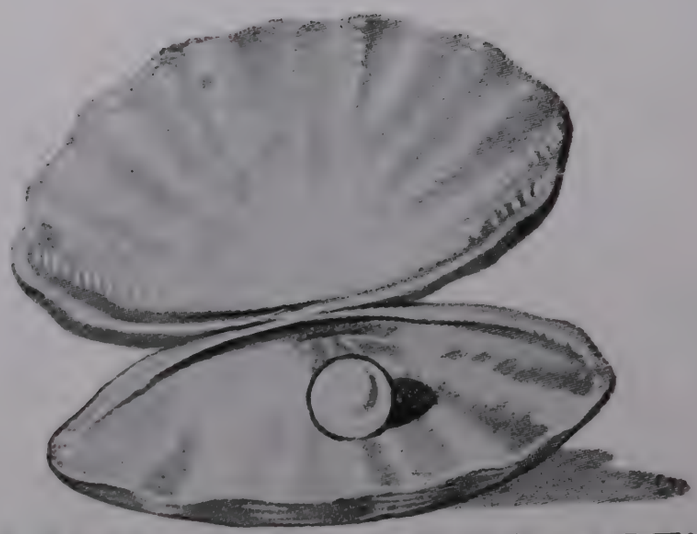
Who has got the Gohar Gold Medals during the last three years?

Gold seems to have gone too expensive for Gohar's name to be embossed on it. Sardar Chandulal Shah will now present rolls of cotton wool as tokens of distinction. The cotton wool will at least be useful for A.R.P. purposes.



Motilal is always good at these jobs—especially when the weight is as pleasant as Shamim in "Arman", Kedar Sharma's first picture at the Ranjit Studios.

Announcing



ACHARYA ART PRODUCTIONS

★ IN the Indian Film World, N. R. ACHARYA stands for achievement. He recalls to mind such creations as "KANGAN", "BANDHAN" and "NAYA SANSAR"! .... And now with Director N. R. Acharya behind it, Acharya Art Productions hold out high promise of Quality Motion Pictures.

★ ONE month ago ACHARYA ART PRODUCTIONS went to work .... A month hence, the first Acharya production will be available for release! .... A second picture is also under way!

•

I

A HILARIOUS SOCIAL COMEDY WITH PLENTY OF PEP IN IT! ....

"KUNWARA BAP"

Starring:
PROTIMA DASGUPTA & KISHORE SAHU

•

II

A MUSICAL & RURAL ROMANCE

• ?

Starring :- ? ? ? ?

ACHARYA ART PRODUCTIONS

• SHREE SOUND STUDIOS
• GOKULDAS PASTA RD., DADAR. BOMBAY-14

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AKOLA • DELHI • LAHORE

Miss A. Anandavalli (Calicut)

Would you mind giving me Miss Naseem's address?

"My Nest", Worli Sea Face, Worli, Bombay.

Who are the really fair-complexioned film actresses, apart from their screen make-up?

Madhuri, Necna, Naseem, Gohar, Sulochana, Rose, Shamim, Leela Desai, Nadia, Shobhana Samarth and a few others whom I can't remember off hand.

R. G. Narayanan (Bangalore)

I am seventeen years old and I am completely bewitched by the pictures produced by the National Studios.

Send your photograph to Mr. Y. A. Fazalbhoy, the Director of National Studios Ltd., Tardeo, Bombay. He will frame it and hang it in his office. He is very particular about such things.

B. Kanappa Mudaliar (Bellary)

What do you think of Snehaprabha Pradhan's acting talents?

Snehaprabha is a polished artiste. Whatever she does, she does well. Both in "Punarmilan" and "Pardesi" she gave excellent work.

Miss Thara (Chikmagalur)

Where is Nalini Turkhud working now?

In the house of Keshavrao Dhaiber, as his wife.

There is a rumour that Leela Desai, who is now in Bombay, is to be married soon. To whom?

I have also been hearing that rumour since Leela first came on the screen years back. Only Leela can cure the rumour either by marrying or by leaving the screen. I can't imagine the lucky guy, but it is not me, I can assure you.

Iqbal Masud (Allahabad)

Is Pradeep the lyric writer of the Bombay Talkies also a music director?

It has become fashionable to talk of Pradeep nowadays, because of one song in "Bandhan". I don't know how much he actually knows. I had no occasion to test him. But some of the theoretical socialists I know get their imagination fired by Pradeep's long hair and rebel words and praise him to the skies. However, several of his songs are really popular and I am told that he sings enough to give a few snappy tunes. Does that mean that he is a music director? If it does, I have not the least objection, for Pradeep's tunes are more attractive than the several given by the so called music directors.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN INDIA

This Reducing and Enlarging printer reduces and prints a 16 m.m. film from a 35 m.m. film, enlarges and prints a 35 m.m. from a 16 m.m. film and also makes a contact print from a 16 m.m. to 16 m.m. film.



THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO THE MAKERS OF TOPICALS, NEWSREELS, COMMERCIAL AND ADVERTISING FILMS.

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FAMOUS CINE LABORATORY

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. . . . . .

"KHAZANCHI"

THAT IS — "K



SOON TO BE RELEASED THROUGHOUT INDIA!

REATER THAN WHAT
ED YOU TO EXPECT!

HAN-DAAN"

DALSUKH M. PANCHOLI'S
TEST OFFERING TO THE NATION

PANCHOLI ART PICTURE

rring GHULAM MOHAMAD, NOOR-HAN, MANORAMA, PRAN, IBRAHIM, BY AKHTAR, AJMAL & DURGA MOTA.

rected by SHAUKAT HUSSEIN
ory & Dialogues: SYED IMTIAZ ALI TAJ
usic: GHULAM HAIDER

E KNOW YOU ARE EAGER TO SEE IT!



OUR REVIEW

"Bharat Milap" Becomes A Mythological Classic

Superb Picture Thrills Huge Crowds

With every new picture the shadow of Prakash seems to grow bigger and bigger. With "Narsi Bhagat," they scored a triumph. With "Bharat Milap" they threaten to score a greater triumph.

Prakash seem to be doing very well with their expensive costume pictures and it would be better for them to stick to their present plan of spectacular production rather than revert to dubious social stories with half-baked directors. After all the prosperity of the individual producer contributes considerably to the general welfare of the film industry.

The story of "Bharat Milap" is an eternal theme in human relations. It is a story of a jealous step-mother and a virtuous and loving step-brother. For a moment, forget the age of this particular plot and the sequences in the story will soon find parallels in modern times.

For that matter the numerous incidents in Ramayana told and retold through ages as popular legends have an evergreen interest for every generation.

A POPULAR INCIDENT

"Bharat Milap" is one such incident from Ramayana. Kaikayee one of the queens of King Dasharath of Ayodhya is incited to jealousy and demands the crowning of her own son, Bharat in preference to the rightful heir, Ramchandra, who is the eldest son of the King through the senior Rani.

Ramchandra is moreover banished to the forests for fourteen years. These two shocking demands were in compliance of two boons given by King Dasharath to Kaikayee.

Bharat, the younger prince, is himself a great devotee of Shri Ramchandra and because he would raise objections, he is cleverly got out of way by his mother at the time of Ramachandra's departure to the forests.

The separation of his beloved son kills King Dasharath. Bharat returns to Ayodhya and is grieved to learn of the tragedy brought upon by his greedy ambitious mother.

He spurns his mother and goes in search of Shri Ramachandra. In the forests, Bharat and Ramachandra meet and Shri Ram induces Bharat to accept duty as the greatest obligation in life and sends him back to Ayodhya.

In Ayodhya, Bharat waits for fourteen years in constant devotion of Shri Ram. And then there is a happy reunion of all.

Some liberties, excusable of course, have been taken with the popular mythological plot to make the incidents more suitable for picture-making.

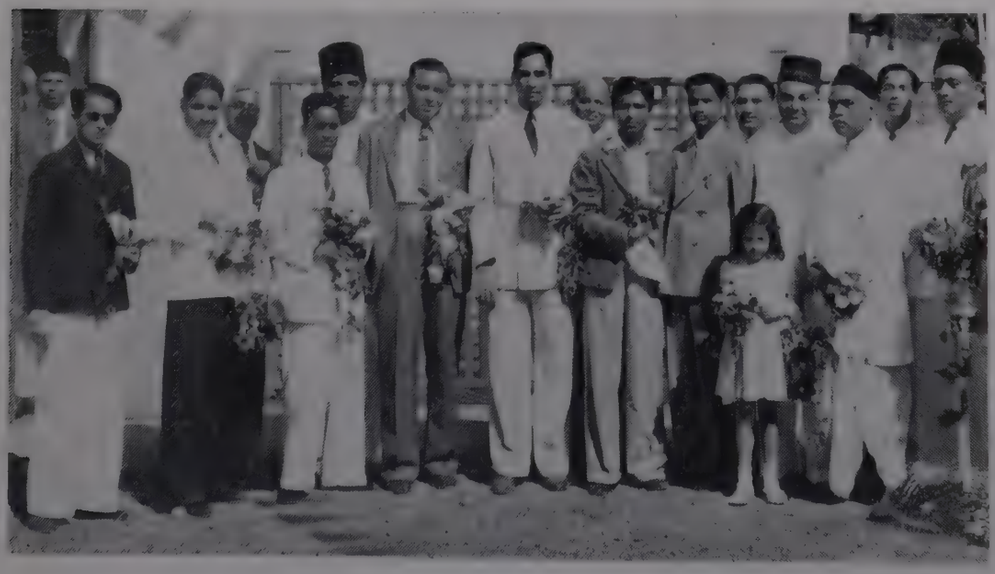
BHARAT MILAP
(Hindi & Marathi)

Producers:	*Prakash Pictures*
Story:	*V. Aundhkar*
Languages	*Hindusthani & Marathi*
Dialogues:	*Pandit Anuj*
Art:	*Kanu Desai*
Music:	*Shanker Vyas*
Photography:	*P. G. Kukde*
Audiography:	*L. J. Bhatt*
Cast:	*Durga Khote, Shobhana Samarth, Shahu Modak, Prem Adib, Nimbalkar, Shantabai Kothare, Amir Karnatki, Chandrakant, etc.*
Released at:	*Majestic Cinema*
Date of Release:	*31st Jan.* 1942

Director:
VIJAY BHATT



Director Vijay Bhatt is now more mature in his art and in "Bharat Milap", he has given us a picture that has become at once popular and superb.



At the opening of the New Talkies, Bandra. From left to right: Mr. Habib, Mr. S. G. Bhopatkar, Mr. H. S. Bhopatkar, Mr. Baburao Patel, Mr. M. A. Fazalbhoy, Mr. Shantaram Bhatt, Mr. Baburao Pai, Mr. M. B. Billimoria, Mr. Kelkar and Mr. Hussein Fazalbhoy.



Here is a beautiful situation from "Masoom". With all that before her Anis can't eat.

One, however, misses the resolve of Bharat to enter the fire if Shri Ram fails to return on the appointed day. The popular story is that on the last day, in his unbearable impatience and agony for meeting Shri Ram, Bharat decides to enter fire and destroy himself and when he is on the point of doing so, Shri Ram appears.

This incident has some rare drama in it and it would have become a fitting ending to the present picture.

And yet inspite of some extraneous matter, which has been allowed to creep into the story and which only tends to make some parts move more slowly than expected, the film story, becomes a vivid document of praiseworthy emotions and as such provides a beaconlight of philosophic guidance to the devotionally minded millions in India.

MATURE DIRECTION

The direction of Mr. Vijay Bhatt is more mature in this picture than in the previous one. Though several climaxes are treated in rather a sketchy way, particularly those scenes of intense emotions between Dasharath and Kaikayee and between Kaikayee and Bharat, yet, viewed as a whole, the picture could be said to have received suitable direction, considering the mythological limitations of the subject.

In future, however, this director would do well to visualise his scenes in a more imaginative and elaborate way in tune with the psychological demands of the different situations. It would be a good plan to get the shooting script thoroughly criticised in advance by eminent persons before departing on a lavish production.

"Bharat Milap" is an expensive production and luxuriously so, seeing the eye-full settings which form a resplendent background for the numerous characters in the story.

The entire show is rich in the extreme and it just escapes being magnificently spectacular.

The huge artistic settings however, keep crying for more background lighting. In several long shots, the details of the architectural beauty are completely lost for want of sufficient lighting. Barring this, the entire photography is quite in keeping with the demands of the picture.

DURGA SMASHES THROUGH

Coming to the performances, Durga Khote steals the picture without the slightest opposition from anyone. In her portrayal of Kaika-

(Con. on Page 62)



The two ends of "Roti", the primitive and the sophisticated. Chandramohan hasn't called Sheikh Mukhtar for leg massage, we must therefore take this as an emotional situation of Director Mehboob.

SHE LIGHTED OUR PATH!

Sakhu lived and suffered for truth and human kindness. In her own little sphere, she could have had the goods of this world, and comparative comfort, if only she had surrendered to tyranny and allied herself with wickedness. Instead, she made a sacrifice of her life; and that conflagration lighted up her world. People who had lived in the darkness of ignorance and superstition, saw the Truth; nay, not the people of her own little world only, but the whole world, her entire posterity may benefit by that sacrifice, and take heart from her eventual victory.

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Starring:—HANSA, GOURI, KULKARNI & SUMITRA

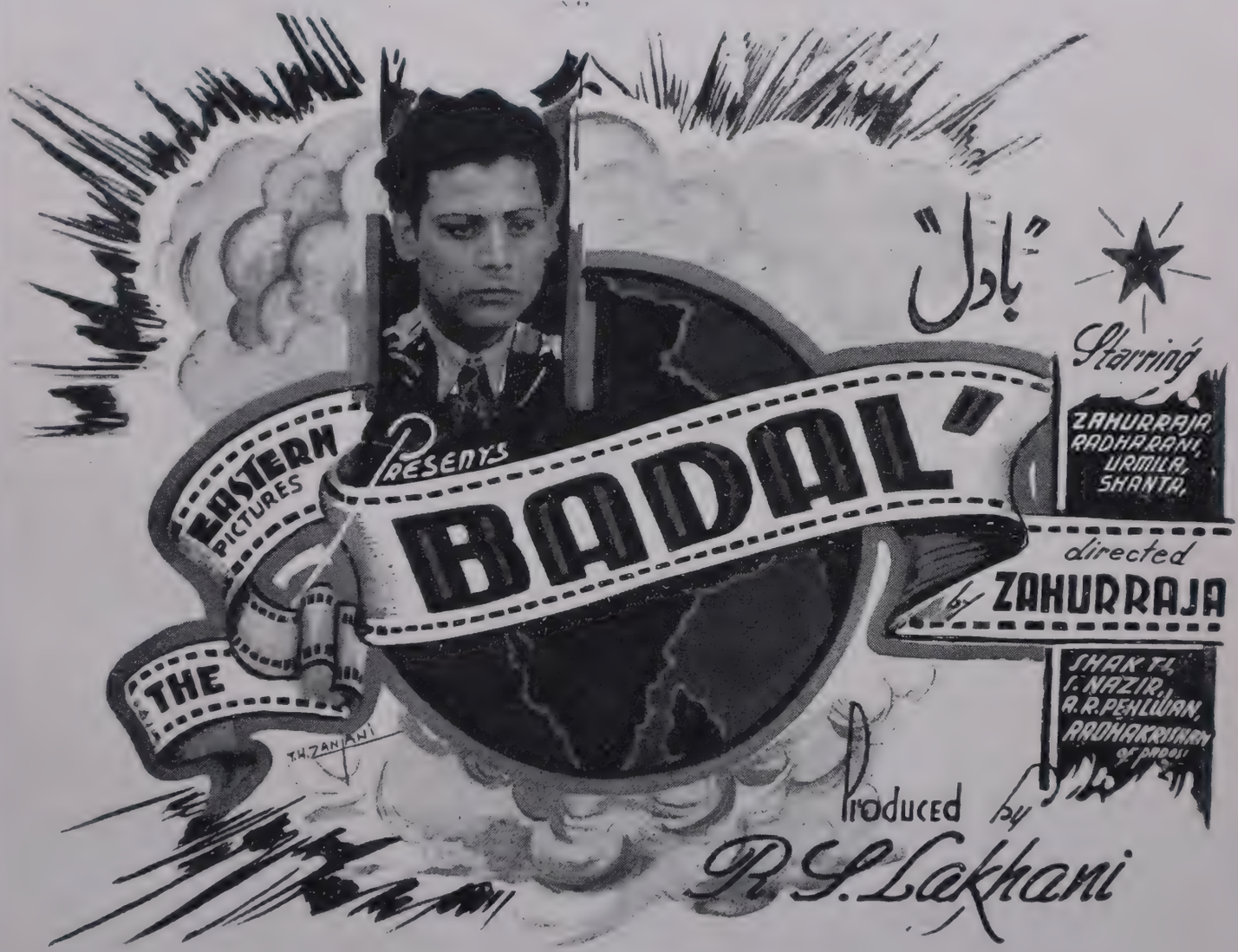
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LOOKING YOUR AGE

Strange Ways Of Men And Women

I am unfortunately the type of person who sees humour in the most awkward of situations. When I hear of people being knocked down by buses I always consider the bus's point of view and feel exceptionally sorry for the transport in question. This is my natural reaction but people assume that I am trying to be funny and so I am continually being told to "Be my age".

Since I am still young and dewily innocent I have every right to react to such situations in a juvenile manner. So when one of my young but oh, so sophisticated friends says, "Be your age", I retort "Be *your* age".

My retort "Be your age" is a statement worth looking into.

Women (contrary creatures) are never content to be their age. When they are young they are dying to be older and more sophisticated and will do anything to appear just a little older.

On the other hand the old or shall we say matured, endure various forms of self-inflicted torture in their efforts to be rejuvenated. Why some of these creatures will not come down to earth and act their age is beyond the comprehension of the most learned of thinkers.



He has to walk sideways through any reasonable door.

Such women are to be congratulated only on the bravery they show in enduring the pain and discomfort through which they must go in order to show Nature that this old age business is all bunk.



Begins to wear more girlish clothes than she wore at eighteen.

I have met women. I have thought them lovely only to be disillusioned when I found that within the privacy of their rooms they removed such things as wigs, teeth, false eyelashes and various other gadgets which they used in order to keep that grandmother look at bay.

THAT AIR OF BOREDOM

The young girl of eighteen feeling that men are attracted only by so-



Removed such things as wigs, teeth

phistication plucks her eyebrows into two exotic arches, paints her mouth a seductive scarlet shade and adds to this an air of boredom. She dresses in styles too old for her and speaks flippantly about such subjects as love and marriage, hoping that people will think she is a woman of the world.

That same girl when she reaches the age of forty-five will begin to wear more girlish clothes than she wore at eighteen, do her hair in baby curls and giggle childishly.

Then the men. We must not forget to pull them to pieces too. There is the youth who tries to convince everyone that he is not just sixteen. He is a man he thinks, because he shaves twice a month with his father's discarded razor blades, sucks at an empty pipe, has a coat with shoulders padded so that he has to walk sideways through any reasonable door and has a girl friend who in a weaker moment said he looked like Clark Gable. When he gets a little older he adds to his manliness by wearing under his nose something which from a distance cannot be seen but on getting nearer turns out to be six hairs on one side and five on the other and is termed a moustache. This he tends and grooms with the same care a gardener lavishes on a prize rose, because it is a symbol of his 'manliness'.

BEYOND THE FORTIES

Then there is the man of 45 or 50 who wants so much to be 25 again.



Exhaust themselves trying to fit him into the body belt.

He looks with envy at young couples enjoying themselves and curses Nature for having robbed him of his youthful charms. He longs to snook around with lovely girls but his bald head gives him an inferiority complex. Then he takes an interest in newspaper advertisements and as a result of this goes out and buys himself hair growers, body belts and what-nots.

He is late for work every morning after this because he is so busy shampooing his head to restore that glorious flowing black hair that once was his. As if this isn't torture enough, he and his servant exhaust themselves trying to fit him into the body belt which is guaranteed to make his tummy go back to where it should be. At last he feels youthful enough to venture forth as an escort to some lovely lady of an equally doubtful age but he doesn't fool anyone. He looks to the world just what he is—an elderly man trying to be young again.

He tries to live as vigorous a life as a young man but this isn't very easy with an elastic band strangling him about his middle. His friends look at him with pity and amusement in their eyes and say "look at old Bill making a fool of himself."

No, my friends, it just isn't worth the effort. Be your age and you'll be happy. When you are young, behave in a youthful manner. Laugh a lot and be as crazy as you like. Your youth is all too short. Don't waste it on striving to look older. Look around at all the elderly people trying to look young and be thankful that you are really young.

When you reach middle age face up to facts and realize you'll never be young again. Grow old gracefully. Greying hair is most attractive, and a dignified manner more likely to impress the ladies than dyed hair and a corsetted middle.



Surely, S. Baburai is the medico in "Khilouna", a social picture of Amar, though Snehprabha doesn't seem an interested nurse.

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OUR REVIEW

"Pyas" Delights The Thirsty Fans

Snehaprabha And Gulab Score

Ram Daryani Produces A Hit

Here is a beautiful picture which one should not miss. It is beautiful in conception, beautiful in execution and beautifully presented.

This is perhaps the best effort of Director Ram Daryani who has given us before quite a few successful pictures.

In "Pyas", the director, however manages to capture a wonderful harmony of all dramatic elements and from reel to reel one is taken through a delightful entertainment correctly punctuated by comedy and pathos, by music and romance and by drama and instruction.

Yes, "Pyas" has become a beautiful picture. Thanks to story-writer K. S. Daryani and to Director Ram Daryani.

Incidentally, this is the first really all-round good picture that has come out of the Ranjit Studio after "Achhut" and "Sant Tulsidas" which is saying a lot for "Pyas".

A RICH AND POOR STORY

Rai Saheb Bhagwandas is a rich modern man. The picture opens with his ailing wife holding an infant baby. Rai Saheb's wife is suffering from consumption according to Dr. Sunderlal who plots to get rid of the wife and the child and instal his own elderly niece Menaka as Rai Saheb's wife.

The ailing mother suspecting the pseudo-doctor's machinations runs away with her infant baby in the dead of the night and walks to a suburban village and there handing over the baby to the Mukhiya (headman of the village) dies.

Days later the dead body of the woman is found floating in the river. Rai Saheb Bhagwandas is heartbroken. Knowing that his wife is dead, he institutes a frantic search for his child but fails to find the baby. Dr. Sunderlal has in the meanwhile managed to get his niece Menaka married to Rai Saheb Bhagwandas.

By devious ways Dr. Sunderlal blackmails his own niece and manages to shell out money from her.

Time passes and Chiman, the adopted child of the Mukhiya, becomes a vigorous youth of his village. He has a playing mate in Radha, the daughter of the village doctor. They are in love with each other.

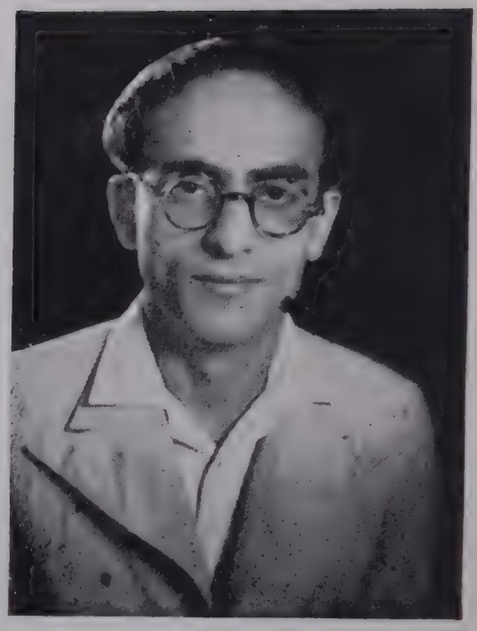
By coincidence, Chiman and Radha meet Rai Saheb Bhagwandas and party who had come on a picnic to the village river. At this stage Chiman is introduced to Rup, a charming daughter of Rai Saheb's friend whom the Rai Saheb treats as his own daughter.

P Y A S

Producers: *Murli Movietone*
Language: *Hindustani*
Story: *K. S. Daryani*
Songs and Dialogues: *D. N. Madhok*
Cinematography: *Krishna Gopal*
Audiography: *K. V. Shah*
Music: *Khemchand Prakash, Snehaprabha, Ishwarlal, Nazir, Shamim, Gope, E. Billimoria, Gulab, Sharifa etc.*
Released at: *Imperial Cinema*
Date of Release: *14th Feb. 1942*
Director: RAM DARYANI

Chiman soon goes to the city and there meets Rup and her elite circle of people. To the village boy the glamour of the city is fascinating.

Back to the village Radha with whom he is in love compels him to forget the town. At this stage, Relu, a village eccentric who is in love with Radha, picks up a quarrel with Chiman and spills the beans regarding the mystery of Chiman's parentage.



Mr. Ram Daryani, the young man who directed "Pyas".

Chiman who was so far in the belief that the village Mukhiya and his devoted wife were his parents is shocked to hear of this mystery. In a temper, he demands to know who his real father was and swears to visit his vengeance upon him for ill-treating his mother.

He goes to the city in search of his father without knowing that Rai Saheb Bhagwandas who has been so good to him in the past was his own father.

Chiman meets Dr. Sunderlal who tries to kill him by an injection but just in time Rup saves him. The drama now travels fast to a climax in which the pseudo-doctor is exposed and he commits suicide and Chiman is restored to his own father.

Chiman, now a rich son of a rich father moves about with Rup. Rai Saheb Bhagwandas fondly entertains the hope of Chiman marrying Rup and arranges a splendid reception for his son with a view to announce the engagement. Chiman remembers Radha but under pressure he gives in very reluctantly. He likes Rup but loves Radha. In the midst of the reception Radha's beautiful music is heard and as Radha steps into the reception hall Chiman runs up to her and is overwhelmed for a moment.

But Radha has come to sacrifice her love for Chiman by blessing his union with Rup. Rup who is an in-

telligent girl sees the conflict of emotions and decides to give up Chiman so that he may marry Radha.

Thus ends a story, well written, better told and cleverly presented.

The village atmosphere in the picture is beautifully portrayed and provides some highly interesting asides, especially in the performance of the village doctor and his quarrelsome wife.

SNEHAPRABHA SCORES

Snehaprabha is so carefully photographed that at places she looks almost beautiful. Her performance is classic in comparison with the others in the picture. By her sincere portrayal, Snehaprabha brings to life the village girl's role which she plays. Her music is the ideal for a talking picture—just sweet melody, natural and yet pleasing.

Ishwarlal as "Chiman" is a bit too old to be a boy of 18 years as the story says. That is a bit of a strain to the imagination. Ishwarlal's performance, however, is not so bad. He would have improved had he put more heart into his work and been less artificial.

Gulab as the village doctor's wife gave marvellously effective work—just the work which helped Snehaprabha to be built up. Artistes like Gulab are getting rare in these days, because they not only give their best but they give a good hearty push ahead to the new comers.

Shamim works like a good looking doll and no further, while Nazir tires one with his frowns and extra affected tone of dialogues. E. Billimoria is quite good as the scheming doctor.

Sharifa as "Menaka" proves an unfortunate cast. She looks too old and flabby, though she delivers her dialogues beautifully.

THE OLD K. G.

Photography is beautiful and right in keeping with the old established reputation of Krishna Gopal. Yes, the master has not forgotten his art.

Other production values are also well balanced and well presented.

The music of the picture is a definite attraction, the songs being well worded and better sung.

Ram Daryani has directed the picture superbly by exploiting every possible opportunity for comedy and drama.

Well, "Pyas" is a big success and incidentally is one of the few pictures that deserve to succeed.

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OUR REVIEW

"Beti" Draws Well At Opera House

Khursheed And Vasanti Sing Well

Here is a story that could have become a thrilling motion picture with its inherent drama, but somehow, due to lack of initiative, it has just become another Ranjit entertainer. Thanks to Jayant Desai, its director.

The picture opens beautifully, indeed, too beautifully for Jayant Desai.

In a streamlined sequence we are shown a rich child, Kiran, being woken up to the clock by a doctor attended by several nurses. No sooner the child yawns, a throat spray is dexterously used by the doctor. Some more medical fussing and we are introduced to Kiran, the little daughter of Rai Bahadur Vidyapati, a rich millowner.

When the child frets about the close medical guard standing sentry over her, the news is telephoned to R.B. Vidyapati at his office. He leaves his heavy work and rushes home to scold the doctor for finding his only child in tears.

Yes, a very beautiful beginning to a comedy. But that is all. Afterwards it all travels the usual Ranjit way. We won't say, it deteriorates. Little Kiran tired of the fuss made over her, rebels as any child would and escapes from her room

B E T I

Producers: *Ranjit Movietone*
Language: *Hindustani*
Dialogues & Songs: *D. N. Madhok*
Cinematography: *Gogate and K. Gopal*
Audiography: *Trivedi and Subedar*
Music: *Jnan Dutt*
Cast: *Khursheed, Vasanti, E. Billimoria, Aroon, Ghory, Khatoon etc.*
Released at: *Royal Opera*
Date of Release: *7th Feb. 1942*

Director:
JAYANT DESAI

to the streets to watch a juggler giving his monkey the usual turns. She is so scared of her home that she follows the poor juggler to his home and insists on staying with him in poverty.

The juggler has eleven children of his own not to speak of a waster as a brother. But here we are introduced to the shrewish wife of the juggler who gives a very satisfactory performance as a woman of the world. The juggler's wife objects to the free board and lodging given to Kiran by her good hearted husband. But just then Jeevan, the musician-brother, takes Kiran in his charge.

Jeevan is intended to be a passionate musician who lives for his music. He, his violin and his dog Moti! A perfect equipment for the role, but Arcon who plays the role remains a miscast till the last foot.

A passionate musician looks different, entirely different, and the director could not make up his mind whether to make his hero a dreamy musician with a distant look or an athlete with wrestling muscles. The product that appears on the screen as a result of this conflict is an entire miscast. Arcon is miles away from the musician ideal and nothing in his physical frame-up suggests even a distant note of music.



Mr. H. S. Bhopatkar, the managing partner of Bhopatkar Theatres is a chip of the old block. Mr. Bhopatkar Junior has studied showmanship through sheer practical experience and knows his job well



In one of the few poses in which Motilal looks very natural, Director Kedar Sharma uses the great star to advantage in "Arman", a Ranjit Picture.

A MOMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

Now Jeevan is expected to meet Jyoti. Jyoti has a beautiful voice and in a significant dialogue we are told that Jeevan is the eternal musician and Jyoti his eternal mate with the divine voice. At this stage the drama was on the point of taking a philosophic turn but Jayant Desai misunderstood the traffic signal and leaving philosophy alone took the box-office turn to travel the Ranjit high way.

After this we come to the usual hocus to find Jyoti being harassed by her uncle who is a sort of a strong man. Her uncle wants to give Jyoti in marriage to Nandoo Seth, a rich old fool, in consideration for some money. By this time Jyoti has fallen in love with Jeewan and has also met Kiran.

Through devious ways, some intelligent, some not, we are shown the ups and downs in the romance between Jyoti and Jeewan with Kiran playing the little angel.

All this muddle ultimately straightens out and Kiran who is by now restored in her father's home becomes the guardian angel and gets Jeewan and Jyoti married with her blessings.

And thus ends a story which had promised so much in the beginning and gave so little at the end. Thanks again to Jayant Desai.

What, however, surprised me in this picture was the poor technical work. Hitherto sound and photography at the Ranjit Studios have been always satisfactory. But somehow, "Beti" seems to have been less carefully produced because at many places the camera work is far from satisfactory, even the ordinary pan shots straining the eye. And the sound is not so happy either.

OVATION TO KHURSHEED

Coming to the performances, Khursheed and Vasanti naturally become popular. But they haven't much to do in the way of emotional work. I am surprised to observe Vasanti's faulty tone of diction after three years of her stay in Bombay. It is high time that she takes up serious coaching in Hindustani.

Of the rest, E. Billimoria and Khatoon gave complete satisfaction. Khatoon was particularly brilliant in parts as the shrewish wife of the juggler.

Ghory as the crack doctor with the French beard was ideal and did very well.

Aroon, who has previously exhibited a sensitive skin to criticism, has very slightly improved in comparison with his previous work. But he works in a role that does not suit him at all, with the result that his performance fails to appeal. The boy, however, seems to sing pretty well and definitely has a future on the screen if he trains himself on right lines.

Well, "Beti" is not a good advertisement for Jayant Desai as a director, though it is a good recommendation for him to the producer, for, whether you like it or not—"Beti" is a certain box-office success. And despite the critics, the crowds clamour to see the picture and Khursheed's appearance gets a royal ovation.



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BOMBAY

Banker's Daughter Becomes Glamour Girl!

Shobhana's Silver Screen Career

By: Hyacinth

Not even my worst enemy can call me bad-tempered. I let people tread on my toes or drop things on my party dress without losing my temper, but even my sweet nature turns sour when I travel ten miles to interview someone who isn't there to be interviewed because she's catching up on her beauty sleep.

The someone in question is Shobhana Samarth. I was to have interviewed her at 2-30 p.m. She appeared at 4-30 p.m. After two hours of phoning to her house and being told by a cowed servant that she was asleep and not to be disturbed, I was so mad I did everything but breathe fire.

At 4-30 p.m. there was a rustle outside the door and Shobhana floated into the "filmindia" office wrapped in a cloud of yellow sari, looking very pleased with herself and not at all repentant. "Hello everyone", she cried, "I worked all night so I've only just got up and I've dashed here without even having my daily ablution!"



"Did she know any rajahs?"

Meanwhile I sat sullenly in my chair seething within and trying to look like a martyr. Evidently my display of temper wasn't very impressive because I was completely ignored while, Shobhana and Mr. Baburao Patel carried on an animated conversation.

Now Shobhana is a very lively conversationalist and soon I found myself listening with interest and then joining in. Before long Shobhana and I were old friends and I had quite forgotten to be angry.



—she is constantly knitting sweaters for her family.

That's what Shobhana is like. She has a strange effect on people. She charms them into liking her without making any conscious effort. She doesn't gush or try to impress you and yet you can't help but like her.

She isn't even beautiful. She has a very lively face which lights up when she talks. She is quite light skinned and has brown hair and eyes. Her forehead which is high and curved shows she is intelligent. Altogether it is a very attractive and expressive face.



Shobhana Samarth, the heroine of "Bharat Milap".

BABY WITH BANK

Shobhana was born on 17th November 1916 in Bombay. She was an only child and as such very spoilt. Her parents could afford to spend money lavishly on her because they were wealthy. Her father Dr. P. H. Shilotri M.A., Ph.D., who was one of the pioneer bankers of India started the Shilotri Bank of Bombay.

In 1926 Shobhana and her parents went abroad. Little Shobhana was the pet of everyone on board the ship but all this attention did not turn her head any more than her present success has.

She visited London, Paris, Venice, and America. In America her parents made their home in New York for nine months but during that period they visited different parts of the country.

Shobhana's young American friends plied her with questions about India. "Did she know any rajahs?", "Were there any tigers in the village where she lived?"

Shobhana who was mischievous and even at that early age had a great sense of humour, took a keen delight in inventing exciting tales about her life in India so much so

that her playmates came to look upon her with awe.

When the Shilotri family returned to Bombay, Shobhana was sent to the Cathedral School where she stayed for a year.

THE BANK GOES BROKE

Shobhana continued to lead the life of a spoilt little rich girl until 1928 when a great misfortune befell the Shilotri family. Shobhana's father had been buying gold worth lakhs but suddenly in 1928 the price of gold took a downward dive and as a result of this Shobhana's father lost several lakhs. He had other losses besides this and very soon the bank went into liquidation. The Shilotris were now very poor. Shobhana says "I was supposed to have been born with a silver spoon in my mouth but it couldn't have been real silver because my good fortune didn't last very long."

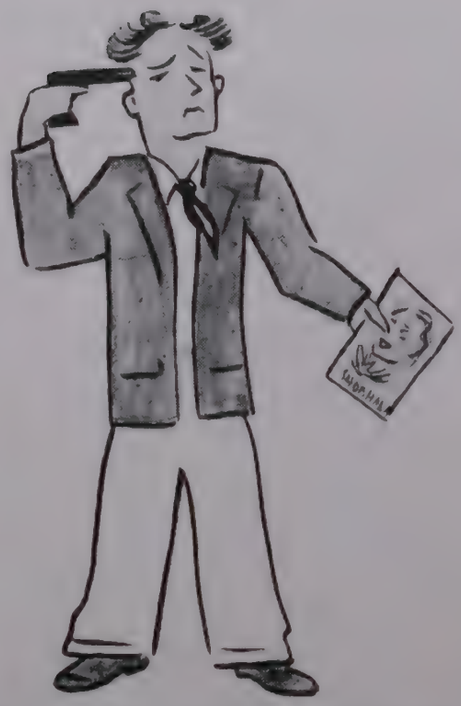
PORTIA AT 13

She found it hard to adapt herself to this new life of poverty. The little girl who had had everything she wanted soon found that people who lived on Poverty Street had to do without a lot of the pleasanter things of life. Poverty may have robbed Shobhana of her 'wrapped in cotton wool' look but it had its compensations because it strengthened her character and altogether made her a pleasanter little girl.

In 1931 the family shifted to Bangalore where Shobhana went to Baldwin's High School. She was put into the 2nd standard but in six months she was promoted to the 6th standard. When Shobhana told me this I was inclined to be sceptical at first but then I remembered that her father was a brilliant man and I realised that he'd probably handed on some of his brain power to his daughter.

In order to keep Shobhana in school and his family from starving Mr. Shilotri gave private tuitions to students. His wife also helped by teaching in a Marathi school.

In December of 1931 Mr. Shilotri died of haemorrhage of the heart. Shobhana says "I think my father actually died of a broken heart. He hated to see my mother working for

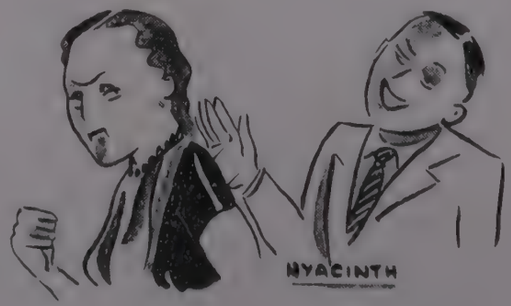


The fan has committed suicide by now.

a living and he hated to see me doing without toys and pretty clothes and as the years went by and our luck didn't turn he grew more and more depressed. I suppose his poor heart just couldn't stand the strain."

Shobhana and her mother returned to Bombay at the end of December. They stayed with Mrs. Shilotri's brother and his family. Shobhana was sent to a convent school in Bombay where she completed her schooling. Unfortunately she was not able to appear for her Matric exam because she joined the films before then.

Actually she never dreamt that she would ever become an actress, although she was always chosen for the leading roles in school concerts and once excelled in the role of Portia when she was only 13.



Don't indulge in this back slapping business unless you are a friend of hers.

Ten years ago all film actors and actresses were supposed to be people of shady reputation and because of this, Shobhana's uncle was very much against her joining the films.

MEETS HER PRINCE CHARMING

Shobhana by now was an attractive young woman and used to move about in social circles with her mother. So it was that she came to the notice of the producers of Shalini Cinetone of Kolhapur who offered to make her a star. But Shobhana's uncle was horrified at the mere prospect of his niece mixing with the wolves of the film industry and the offer was turned down.

Soon after this Shobhana and her mother went to live on their own. Mrs. Shilotri sold all her jewellery because they needed the money so badly and Shobhana helped her by teaching privately. It wasn't an easy life but they were happy because they were completely independent.

Now it happened that the landlord of the house they were living in was a film director and had many friends among the people of the film industry. One of these friends was a young man by the name of Samarth who had just returned from Germany and who was trying to make a name for himself as a director. He was quite a wealthy young man and was the son of the Hon. Mr. N. M. Samarth.

On one of the occasions when young Samarth decided to visit the Shilotri's landlord, the Shilotris were also visiting him and here it was that young Kumar Sen Samarth met Shobhana who was soon after to become his wife. Shobhana laughs when you suggest this, but, I daresay it was a case of love at first sight and electric currents passed between the two of them in true penny novelette style. Anyway, they did find they had a great deal in common including a common birthday. They were both born on November 7th.

Before long Shobhana and Mr. Samarth got engaged and it was at this time that Shobhana's film career began.

Her fiance felt that it would be quite safe for her to become an actress because he was in the film business and could keep an eye on her in case she was tempted to stray from the 'paths of righteousness'.

SHOBHANA GETS GOING

Shobhana's first film was for Kolhapur Cinetone. It was "Orphans of Society" and she played the lead. It wasn't a successful picture but the critics gave Shobhana good write-ups.

Next Shobhana took time out to get married. She had been engaged for six months and her fiance was beginning to be impatient. Then she returned to work at the Kolhapur studios but they couldn't find a picture for her. In all the 13 months she worked for them she only made one picture. After she left Kolhapur Cinetone, Shobhana came to Bombay and joined the Sagar Film Co. where she wasn't able to work for ten months because she was busy having a baby.

She made one film for Sagar's with Sabita Devi called "Kokila".

Then she joined General Films at the end of 1937 where she made "Industrial India" and "Pati Patni". Next this female rolling-stone joined Hindustan Cinetone and made four pictures, the most important of these being one called "Mud".

After leaving Hindustan Cinetone, Shobhana worked for Asha Pictures, Ranjit, Prakash, and Circo. She is still with Circo and is working under Kardar in "Nai Duniya".

None of Shobhana's films have been great successes and yet she is one of the most popular and highly paid stars.

She is in great demand and consequently has very little time to spend with her husband, mother and little daughter.

When she is with them she is very happy. Her daughter who is six years old is a very clever little dancer and singer.

Shobhana has a very beautiful and youthful looking mother. Mrs. Shilotri has acted in one film. It was called "Frontiers of Freedom."

Mr. Samarth is a very clever director who deserves much more publicity than he is getting at present. Besides being clever he is also handsome and modest which is a most unusual combination.

When Shobhana is at home she is constantly knitting sweaters for her family. When her cook stays away she does the cooking for the family and is always experimenting with new recipes. But Shobhana is not really domesticated. She is first of all a career girl. She loves her work and would like to continue to be an actress all her life. "But", she says "I would hate to have to play the role of an eighteen year-old girl when I am over thirty. There is nothing so ridiculous as the sight of a not-so young woman trying to appear girlish."

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When Shobhana is middle-aged she would like to play Marie Dressler roles.

At present she likes playing ultra modern and sophisticated roles. Her husband has directed her in one picture. It was "'Ghar Jawai"

"MAN-TO-MAN" TYPE TOMBOY

She is constantly getting letters from fans and one fan, who thought he was desperately in love with her, wrote to her threatening to kill Prem Adib (with whom she often acts) if she acted with him again. Well, Prem Adib is with Shobhana again in "Bharat Milap" and is still as fa as we know, very much alive, so take it the fan has either committe suicide by now or he has fallen ou of love with Shobhana.

Then there is another fan wh phones Shobhana every night at p.m. without fail. When she live at Worli her fans got to know he address and she was constantly be ing embarrassed by visits from com plete strangers who just dropped i to see her at all hours of the day.

Shobhana loves to swim, ride an dance but seldom gets a chance t indulge in these pleasures becaus she is so busy.

She asked me to say especially that she is passionately fond of dogs She likes simple clothes and doesn' wear jewellery.

She is an astute business woma and is insured for Rs. 35,000/-. He husband is insured for Rs. 50,000/ and her baby for 19,000/-. Thes large figures make me dizzy. Wit so much money about, you'd thin the woman would be content to re tire.

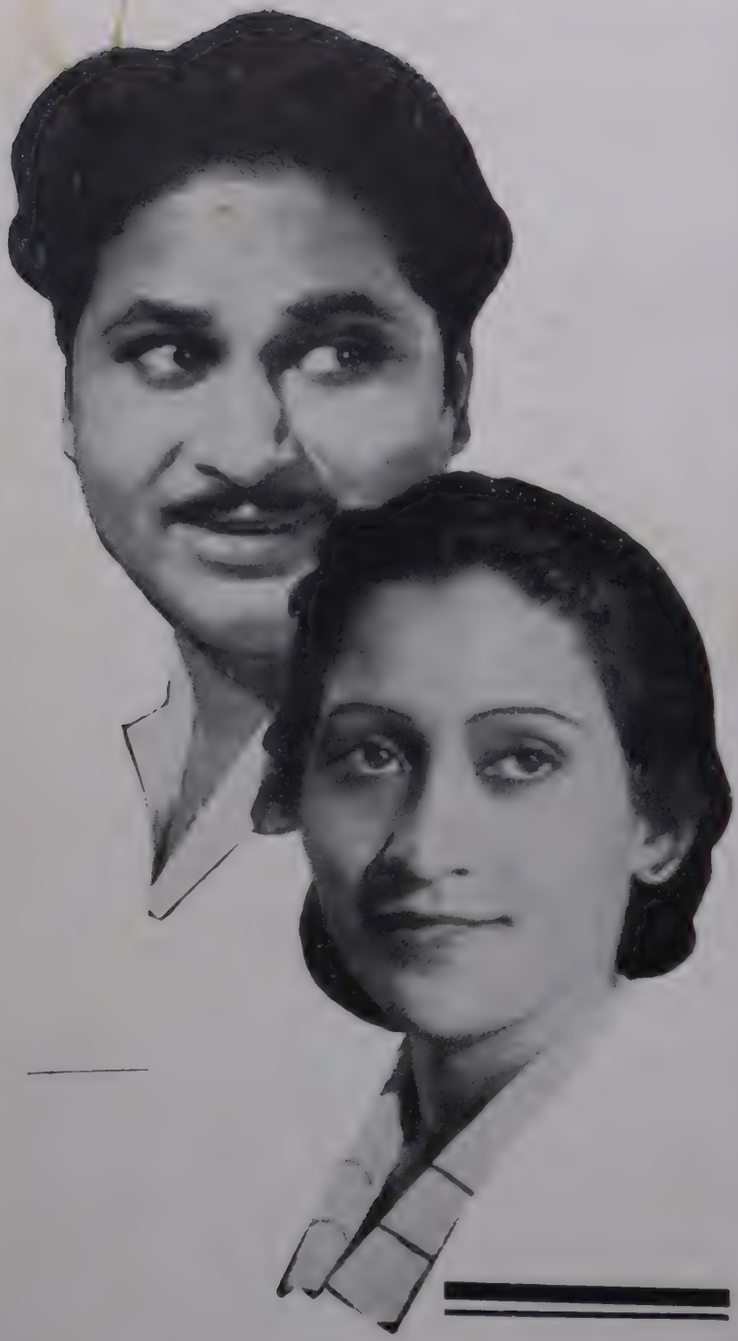
But Shobhana gets too much fu out of acting to want to turn he back on film work. She is known a the "tom-boy of the industry" be cause she can be dared into doin any sort of crazy things and becaus she has a sense of humour whic makes her say very witty things.

She is the sort of girl men lik having "man-to-man" talks with be cause she is intelligent and not prude.

Slap her on her back and call her a regular fellow and she'll be mor pleased than if you were to tell he how beautiful she is.

But, lastly a word of warning Don't indulge in this back slappin business unless you're a friend o hers, because the girl has spirit an she'd up and slap a stranger back and it wouldn't be a love-tap either

Fans may write to Shobhana Samarth at Shah Baug, Pedder Road Bombay, which is her residential address.



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Sir Radhakrishnan On Indian Films

Says Character Of Its Workers Lends Status To An Industry

(By: Our Special Representative)

Who expects Sir Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan to keep mum? For a man, who has talked his way to the top, his sealed lips at the premiere of "Bharat Milap" came as a surprise to me. It was perhaps the first time that the grace of his distinguished presence was lent to an Indian picture. Had he gone a little further by speaking something on the occasion we would have heard words of wisdom for which the world so anxiously waits, especially when they come from the lips of Sir Radhakrishnan, philosopher and universally acknowledged cultural representative of India.

Already in the city, he had delivered the convocation address for the Women's University and beaten the wagging women at their own game of talking by a very thought-provoking lecture on women's education. He had also delivered an oration on the martyrdom of Imam Hussain and attended numerous other functions every minute of his three days' stay during which he had given the benefit of his great philosophy and study to the cultured crowds of the city of Bombay.

But strangely enough, this great man of letters had made it a condition to remain silent at the premiere of "Bharat Milap", and it was on that condition that he had agreed to attend the opening of the picture.

That was certainly a step-motherly treatment given to our film industry which has already become perhaps the most potential force of mass education and mass entertainment.

"filmindia" decided that Sir Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan shall not escape.

And he had to be trapped at the last minute on the Railway platform while departing for Kolhapur. The only way to get him quietly in the midst of the farewell crowds was to smuggle myself into his first class compartment and there corner him



Sir S. Radhakrishnan, author, thinker and philosopher, Vice-Chancellor of the Benares Hindu University.

and make him talk on an industry which has already opened over 1200 class-rooms for our teeming millions all over the country.

Back to the wall, the philosopher had to open his sealed lips.

MYTHOLOGICAL THEMES FOR ENTERTAINMENT

"Surely, I like that picture", said Sir S. Radhakrishnan, referring to "Bharat Milap", "It is an adequate representation of the original story as obtained in the *Ramayana* and though some liberties have been taken by the scenario-writer, I guess they were necessary for pictorial presentation. After all, a picture has to be made not only spectacular but interesting for the masses to be entertained."

"I know mythological themes appeal more to our people in view of the inherent traditions of religion and devotion in the mind of the average Indian. Mythological pictures, therefore, in whatever language they be, have a wider appeal as the relevent incidents are recognised and appreciated by masses all over India."

It is always difficult to interrupt the harmonious flow of speech of Sir Radhakrishnan. It is almost a crime. And yet I ventured a question inquiring whether he had noticed the omission of the popular episode in 'Bharat Milap' in which Bharat prepares to consume himself in fire because Shri Ram fails to return in time after the fourteen years of his exile.

"You are right", said Sir Radhakrishnan sharply. "This was a dramatic enough incident, which they could have picturised."

PICTURES OF DAILY LIFE

And then the philosopher sniffed the air and I found that for the first time he had noticed the existence of smoke in the compartment. Tracing the source of the smoke I found a European Army Officer in uniform pulling at his cigar with traditional complacency. This 'empire builder' was unaware of the august presence of the great Indian philosopher opposite him. It seemed that even our discussion in English was lost on him and nothing could possibly have induced him to withdraw his head from the Anglo-Indian paper which was giving the umpteenth assurance: "We shall hold Singapore till the last".

"We are getting a little too much of this mythology" said Sir Radhakrishnan, probably having considered the cigar smoke as an inevitable sign of modern civilization. "We should retain all our ancient ideals but they must find parallels in the life of modern people and the modern conditions. The film industry, or at least a part of it, in this country, must get out of mythology and saints in the various provinces. The industry is now thirty years old and it must give to the nation pictures around our daily life and its social and economic problems."



Naseem has many a pathetic situation in "Ujala". This is one of them in which eloquent grief lends a suitable frame to her classic features.

"I am not suggesting that our films as also our literature should give up the ancient ideals of piety, loyalty, patriotism, duty, brotherly love, in fact any of the fundamental human emotions and feelings, but in order to be more instructive, they must be portrayed against the modern background.

"India's history, both mediaeval and modern, will supply any number of themes for biographical pictures. Travelogues, documentaries, newsreels and shorts, such as they produce in America, must now be started here. I have noticed some attempts of late in this direction, but I am afraid not much is being yet done."

That reminded me of a film that was once made by someone of the Benares Hindu University and I remarked: "Sometime back, the film of the Benares Hindu University was taken, but it was never shown in the country. Was it because the job was not done well?"

"I do not know" observed Sir Radhakrishnan.

"Don't you think, therefore", said I, "that a new film should be made of the Benares Hindu University as suggested by 'filmindia'? Won't it help your propaganda for collection of funds by presenting its unique story of progress in the most vivid way?"

"Undoubtedly," said Sir Radhakrishnan.

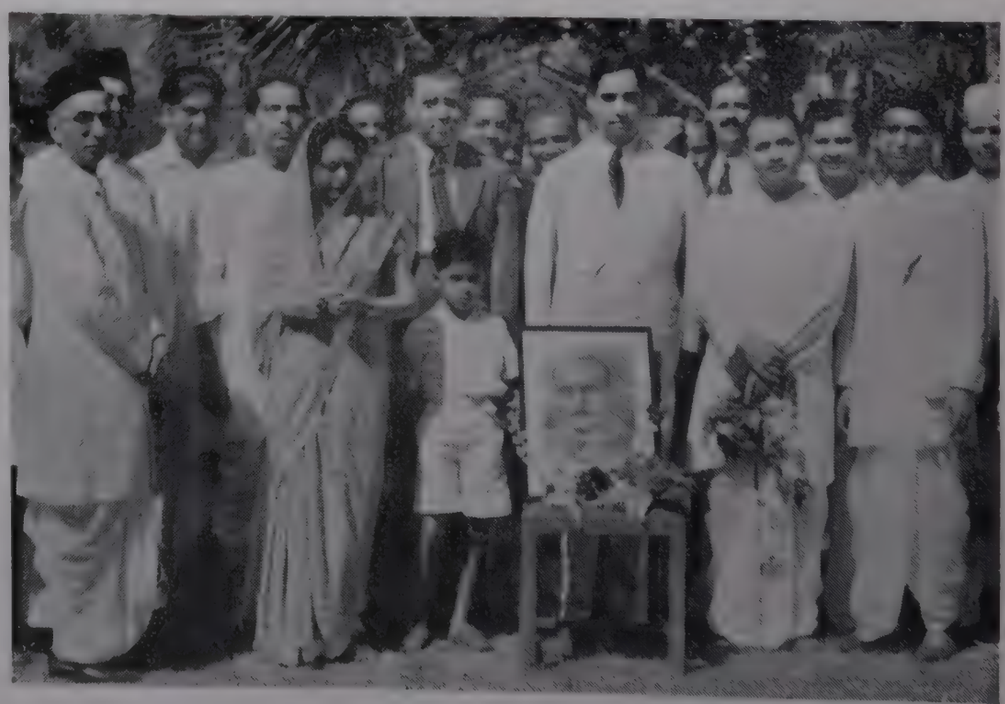
STATUS OF FILM INDUSTRY

"Do you think," I ventured, "that we have the necessary men and means to attain an all-round high standard like the Hollywood pictures?"

"I do", said Sir Radhakrishnan. "Whatever I have seen of the Indian film industry gives me faith that if an earnest effort is made we shall be equal to the task. More and more young men, university graduates of both sexes, are becoming artistes, technicians and directors. There will be never any dearth of finance because this is an industry where people make money and which is progressive in many respects."

That gave me a clue to obtain, if possible, the seal of approval from such a high educational authority for the film as a respectable profession for our young men and women. "So, you don't look with disfavour on our educated young men and women getting into the industry and, in your opinion no social stigma attaches to this vocation?" That was from me and I wondered whether I would be disappointed.

"There is no industry that makes for human usefulness and human happiness that I shall put a ban upon", said Sir Radhakrishnan empha-



At the inauguration of Laxmi Pictures, the dear old memory of the late Kikubhai Desai is revived at the Paramount Studios. From left to right: Seth Chunilal Desai, Mr. Chimanlal Trivedi, Mr. K. C. Dey, Miss Leela Desai, Mr. Baburao Patel, Mr. M. A. Fazalbhoy, Mr. Kikubhai Desai Jnr., Mr. Shiraz Ali Hakim and Dr. Patel.

tically. "It is no use having any conventional ideas about modesty, morality and manners. There will be good men and bad men in every field of human endeavour. What counts is the personal character in every branch of human activity and walk of life. That is really one's own pleasure. One is entitled to make any use of it. But we have to teach as many men and women as we meet to make good use of it. There is no reason why the atmosphere of the film line should be considered particularly unworthy. After all, it is the men and women in it who can make it sublime or degenerate. When the industry gets manned by desirable sort of people, the atmosphere will be quite pure and noble and ennobling. Let us have such idealists. Even today, I do not think every film studio is a place that men of virtue need avoid. After all, if there is anything objectionable today, it can disappear only with the entry of unobjectionable persons in it."

"Besides, it is ingratitude on our part to dismiss those people as unworthy of our association from whom we get our best entertainment. It is a high-brow attitude; We need not affect snobbishness. The films have come to stay for all time and we must now see that we get an excellent deal out of them."

EQUALITY OF SEXES

That led us to a discussion of some current problems and referring to sex equality and particularly to the convocation address delivered by him at the Women's University, Sir Radhakrishnan said, "I do not think there was any difference of opinion between Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and myself on the question of equality between men and women. I am afraid somewhat defective reporting of my address at the Women's University has led to the discovery of difference between us by some people. What Mrs. Naidu said wa complimentary to what I said.

"I do stand for equality of th sexes in our modern society. I d believe in equality of opportunity I do think that comradeship and no competition should characterise th relations between the sexes. Natur has ordained that their function should be different and I canno think of a time when their function will cease to be different. Diversity in their physical frames is no bar to their unity at all. Tha fits them splendidly for being men' inspirers and not imitators. A chil in his mother's hand is like plasti clay and the privilege of motherhoo can never be deprecated by woman hood.

"Women can play a great part i curing the present civilization of it many diseases. War and nationa hatreds are the great sores fron which modern civilization is suffer ing and women, all the world over

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have the duty awaiting them of organising brigades to offer satyagraha in their respective countries to end war and solving all of humanity's problems by peaceful methods. They have a right to say that their offspring shall never be offered as cannon-fodder in the pursuit of the ambitions of megalomaniacs. I look forward to an hour, when Mahatma Gandhi's teachings will be imbibed by women the world over to end all war."

WAKE UP FILM—INDIA

"Since you are a film journalist it must please you to see that the film industry in every country can be the best means of propaganda for this crusade. this mission of international peace and brotherhood of humanity. There is no limit to the use pictures can be put to for the fulfilfiment of this ideal. Any film studio can give this vibrant message in all languages and primarily in the pictorial language which is understood by all. Films are a far more effective means for propaganda than even radio and literature. The film world only needs to be awakened to this duty. If my word gets consideration from the industry I shall have ample reason to feel gratified and grateful."

And that brought us to Karjat where I had to leave the philosopher to his own thoughts—new thoughts which humanity needs so much today.

(Con. from Page 35)

yee, she makes it a one-person show and in comparison leaves the other artistes standing with her own classic performance.

Forgetting Durga Khote for a while Shobhana as "Seeta" and Shantabai Kothare as "Kausalya" could be said to have acquitted themselves well, though they have very small roles to do.

Chandrakant as "Rama" in Marathi impresses one better than Prem Adib in the Hindustani version. Prem Adib is rather a sorry cast for a warrior prince like Shri Ramachandra who was known as "Dhanurdhari".

Shahu Modak as "Bharat" makes an ideal cast. It is difficult to imagine a more admirable choice. Shahu's performance is quite in keeping with his role.

As "Manthara", the evil minded maid, Vimla Vashishta gave quite good work, but her faulty Hindustani diction chills your very bones.

"Bharat Milap" has numerous pictorial values to appeal both to the masses and the classes and is definitely a picture worth seeing. It is a festival show to the devotionally minded people.



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BOMBAY TALKIES (Bombay)

"Jhoola" is proving a terrific success all over the country, wherever it has been released. All the advance expectations of the producers have been fulfilled and, moreover, the picture has also become a point of contention with a certain section of the Muslim community with the result that quite a small riot was created at the Roxy Cinema as a result of a few harmless words in a dancing duet.

The next social picture of the Bombay Talkies is already in the sets under the direction of Mr. Amiya Chakrabarty. It is expected to be ready by the end of April.

RANJIT MOVIETONE (Bombay)

"Beti" is drawing well at the Royal Opera House since the last month. The presence of Khurshid and Vasantee has indeed proved very popular with the audiences.

At the studios "Chandni" has been completed by Director Jayant Desai with Khurshid and Ishwarlal in the cast. Already Mr. Desai has started shooting a new picture called "Fariyad". This picture will feature Shamim and Ishwarlal with Mubarak and Nurjehan. Director Kedar Sharma, fresh from his triumphs of Calcutta, has speedily finished "Arman", a social story featuring Motilal and Shamim. The picture is reported to have become an artistic piece of direction and they say that Shamim will come out excellently in this story. The completion of this picture gives new scope to Director Sharma to start a new picture, for, in the Ranjit Studio, no one sits whether he likes or not.

Director Chaturbhuj Doshi has finished "Dhiraj", a social story and is now shooting "Nurse", another social story with Khurshid in the main role for nursing the audiences.

Right in the wake of his glorious triumph in "Pyas", Ram Daryani is busy with another sensational story called "Sukh-Dukh".

PANCHOLI ART PICTURES (Lahore)

Writing about the terrific success of "Khazanchi" is like painting the lily. The trailor of "Khan-Daan"



At the Laxmi Pictures Inauguration Show. From left to right: Mr. Chimanlal Trivedi, Seth Chunilal Desai and Mr. Baburao Patel.



The way Director Kardar goes abo photographing Auzurie, people a led to believe that he is in love wi her. Auzurie, the well know dancer, returns to the screen in "N Duniya" a Kardar picture writt by Ahmed Abbas.

which is being shown in the city gives a beautiful promise of the picture becoming a fitting successor to "Khazanchi".

Pancholi's next picture "Zamindar" is a social story of considerable social importance and because it features Shanta Apte, it is also expected to go in a big way all over the country.

PRAKASH PICTURES (Bombay)

"Bharat Milap" released about a month back at the Majestic Cinema, both in Marathi and Hindi versions, is drawing huge crowds and the devotionally minded people of the town have already declared it as a screen hit of the season.

At the studios they are already at a new social picture called "Station Master" which is expected to be completed by the end of next month.

PRABHAT FILM CO. (Poona)

"Sant Sakhu" is running well all over the country.

Just at present the partners are busy thrashing out their differences and yet some of them are also working on the script of a new social play which will go into shooting immediately the differences are settled.

SARASWATI CINETONE (Poona)

"Awaz", a social story telling us the secrets behind the screen is proceeding fast and very recently the studios managed to capture the Moghul atmosphere by going to Agra. With Wasti and Maya Bannerjee in the cast, the picture is expected to be a good box-office hit.

Another picture that will go into shooting after this is called "Kanoon" which treats of the theme of justice. We hope it is justice for the under-dog.

FAZLI BROS. (Calcutta)

"Masoom" is awaiting release in Bombay. It has had a very good press reception at all the stations where it was released.

At the studios in Calcutta, they are shooting "Chowranghee" in Bengalee and Hindi, and quite a lot of work has already been done on this picture. An outstanding feature of the picture is the music direction of Nuzrul-Islam.

NATIONAL STUDIOS (Bombay)

"Garib", a social picture featuring Surendra and Rose has been released at the Swastik Talkies in Bombay, and it is reported that the music of the picture is liked by several in the city. At the studios they have a number of pictures in production, some of them being "Apna-Paraya", "Jawani Qasam", "Lalaji" and "Roti".

"Roti" is expected to be a star production of the studio as it is being directed by Mr. Mehboob, and it features Chandramohan and Sheikh Mukhtar.

BRILLIANT PICTURES (Bombay)

At last these producers have been able to secure a theatre for their



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Direction: M. N. HASHRI

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3. MEHR SULTANA
4. SHAKIR
5. A. R. PAHELWAN

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The second picture under production is a social story featuring Nalini Jaywant and Sulochana. It is called "Ankh Michowli" and it is being directed by the experienced Director Chowdhuri.

TAJ MAHAL PICTURES (Bombay)

Naseem, beautiful and glorious, is once again on the screen after a long time in "Ujala", the maiden production of this company. With all the publicity concentrated on Naseem, the picture is drawing very well at the Cinema.

The next production of the company is another social story called "Baraat".

SHALIMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

At last the end of their first picture "Ek Raat" is in sight. Producer-Director W. Z. Ahmed has spared no pain or money for this picture. This is going to be a classic production with Neena and Prithviraj in the leading roles.

The local distribution rights of this picture have been secured by Dowlat Pictures Corporation, a new influential distributing company in the city.

JANAK PICTURES (Bombay)

Mr. Chhotubhai Desai, the popular executive of the Wadia Studios is the producer of the first picture called "Rai Saheb" which has been directed by Mr. Yusuf. With an imposing array of players including Jagdish Sethi, Kaushalya, Ratanbai and Trilok Kapoor, this social story promises to become a successful picture.

FAMOUS CINE STUDIOS (Bombay)

This is a new name for the old Paramount Studios in Andheri which have been secured by Mr. Shiraz Ali Hakim whose numerous activities multiply from day to day. At this newly organized studio Chimanlal Trivedi, that old campaigner of Circo Productions, has started a new company called "Lakshmi Pictures" and as if to show to the world that he can do it, he is producing a picture called "I Can Do It".

FAMOUS ARUN FILM CO. (Bombay)

Final shots are being taken of "Soonbai" or "Daughter-in-Law", the social story of this studio featuring Sumati Gupte and Master Vithal.

SUPREME FILM DISTRIBUTORS (Dadar)

This important distribution office in the city has been able to release a remarkably successful picture called "Pyas" produced by Murli Movietone. "Pyas" is running to crowded audiences at the Imperial Cinema and everyone is applauding the direction of Ram Daryani.

WADIA MOVIETONE (Bombay)

"Jungle Princess", the Wadia thriller, which is being directed by Homi Wadia will be shortly completed and will go over to M. B. Billimoria for general release. The Wadias are planning a number of other thrillers for the Dowlat Pictures Corporation.



Mr. S. G. Bhopatkar, Managing Proprietor of Bhopatkar Theatres, whose new venture, The New Talkies, Bandra, promises to be another gold mine.



Mr. N. R. Acharya, the enterprising director who gave us "Kangan", "Bandhan" and "Naya Sansar", now becomes a producer and has floated Achcrya Productions.



Vithal and Sumati Gupte seem to be at the two ends but they are really close together in "Soonbai" a social story of Famous Arun Film Co.



SHAHU MODAK—

An ideal cast as Bharat in "Bharat Milap" produced by Prakash Pictures, young Shahu gives a remarkably restrained performance as the devoted brother of Shree Ramachandra.

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Our Cinemas Don't Help To Entertain

Nor Do The Films, Nor The Artistes

I don't like going to see an Indian film. I dislike everything about it, from the ghastly posters advertising it, to the badly sprung seats upon which I have to sit in order to see the film. I am not an ardent film fan. I like to see good Hollywood films, but I don't cry or gnash my teeth if I don't go to the pictures at least once a week.

When I do go to the pictures I like to feel, "Ah, now I can relax and allow myself to be amused". When I go to see an Indian film I can never relax and I'm definitely never amused.

But let me explain more clearly the reason for my dislikes. As I am after all just another member of the gullible public, I am easily impressed by attractive posters. When I see a colourful and artistic poster I think to myself "That film must be good. They've taken so much trouble over the poster". I go to the film expecting it to be good and though the film may be disappointing I am not as displeased with it as I would have been had I been discouraged by a poor poster.

Posters advertising Indian films are becoming more and more elaborate and also more and more confused and weird.

A poster must not only attract the attention of the public, but be so clear and simple that its message can be absorbed immediately. People don't collect in little groups to gloat over posters, they just glance at them as they pass by.

Too many colours are used in Indian posters. The hero's face is painted mauve, the heroine's green and the villains red. In between the coloured faces are slogans advertising the film and these again are painted in various colours. It is easier to absorb a map of this city than to take in all that is drawn and written on an Indian film poster.

AND OUR CINEMAS

Next, I have fault to find with Indian cinemas. They definitely do not make picturesque blobs on the face of the city. Most of them are old buildings and those which are new stay new-looking just long enough to celebrate their first anniversary and then they begin to look like tenements for poor people.

Why can't they be painted more often? Why can't the man in the street remember that walls are made to keep a cinema together and not to be spat upon?

Some people can't sit through a film without getting hungry. Indian films are so long we can hardly blame them for feeling empty inside. Surely refreshments can be provided for these people at a good distance from the cinema? But no, panwallas, chennawallas and chaiwallas clutter up the aisles of cinemas adding to the pandemonium and making them filthier than before.



Our posters are becoming more and more confused and weird.

How can any girl get a thrill out of seeing her favourite star in a romantic situation when the man sitting near her is noisily drinking tea out of a saucer? Ugh!

If I ever get really friendly with a cinema manager I'm going to ask him to keep a little clear place in his cinema so that I can take along my own comfortable chair. Honestly though, have you ever sat on anything more uncomfortable than a cinema seat? No answers to this question are expected!

Then why can't something be done to control the pushing scrambling crowds who fight to get into the cinema? When I eventually get to my seat, I feel exhausted, and by the time I've managed to struggle out of the building when the picture is over. I feel and look a wreck. Why doesn't some bright opportunist start selling knuckle-dusters outside cinemas?



....noisily drinking tea out of a saucer?



....take along my own comfortable chair.

AND OUR PICTURES

Now about the actual films. They leave me absolutely cold. The tragedies are too too heavy and the 'comedies' just miss being funny. As a whole the stars are lifeless. They don't make you feel that the charactors they portray are real live people. When I watch them I can never forget that they are actors and actresses pretending to be other people. I don't like to feel "That's old Surendra or Kumar up there trying to look heroic". I like—but what's the use. No amount of criticism will make some of our wooden "actors" into Paul Munis.

Now the girls. Charming they may be, but never beautiful or glamorous, and their make-up It's the very latest thing in plastering. It looks as though it has been put on with an extra large colour wash brush.

I like my hercines to look smooth and beautifully groomed even tho' they can't be ravishing beauties. I like them to be examples of what women should look like.

When the heroine is singing, I don't like to be distracted by her badly painted mouth or a pimple on her chin.

Why are the movements of actors and actresses so painfully slow? Modern life is fast-moving. People travel quickly, think quickly and talk quickly. Why don't the stars stop making slow motion scenes? I'd like to see them being more vigorous and sprightly.

Lastly, Indian films are too long. They are not interesting enough to warrant their length.

After watching an Indian film for half an hour I start yawning with boredom and by the time the film is over I'm practically asleep on my companion's shoulder.

If the films were shorter, people wouldn't get hungry and if people didn't get hungry, there wouldn't be hawkers in the cinemas and if there weren't hawkers, the cinemas would be cleaner and if they were cleaner, I'd forget about the hard seats and the poor acting because I'd be forever marvelling at the absence of spilt tea under my foot and pan juice on my frock.



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Conqueror Of Zarzar

"Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his Court," *(Shakespeare)*

By: Dewan Sharar.

He was a tall, splendid young man, every inch a warrior, with a handsome merciless face. His father had conquered four tiny adjoining kingdoms, and welded them together into one realm, naming it Zarzar—which translated means "Gold, gold". No less than four crowns of purest gold, richly jewelled, adorned Shah Alam Khan's treasury. "Let us hope he will be able to keep them. With them goes our safety," said the people of Zarzar.

Shah Alam Khan said little to begin with. When the magnificent ceremonies of his accession and coronation and first Durbar were over, he walked about with his advisers, ministers, warriors, and wise old counsellors of his father's day in the Trophy House of his palace. This was a huge vaulted room where lay all the spoils of all the wars wherein Zarzar's four kingdoms had ever been engaged. Stacked heaps of swords and scimitars, with Damascus blades and gloriously jewelled hilts and scabbards; the shields of fallen warriors; the helmets and armour, the howdahs and saddles and trappings of sacked palaces. The four crowns of the four kingdoms, set out in great state. At one end of the vast hall a large table of carved marble held a map of Zarzar and the surrounding country, modelled in clay, with each of the four kingdoms marked by a miniature jewelled sword thrust in point downwards.

Shah Alam Khan and his advisers bent over it.

"You see, do you not, Majesty?" quavered the oldest minister. "Here is Zarzar; and here—dominating it, menacing it always—in a position of incomparable superiority—is Yaghistan.

"Did they choose to attack us, with their vast well-trained hordes, we would be lost. Therefore it is well, Majesty, as your illustrious father thought it well too, to remain always very friendly with Yaghistan."

Shah Alam Khan frowned a little. He did not look the kind of man to keep obsequiously friendly with a stronger power out of prudence, whatever his father might have done. But the oldest minister was very old indeed, and for courtesy's sake had to be borne with.

One of Shah Alam Khan's generals said suddenly, "My spies have lately brought me a strange story, Majesty. It comes from Yaghistan."

"Concerning whom, General Salaar?" asked Shah Alam Khan.

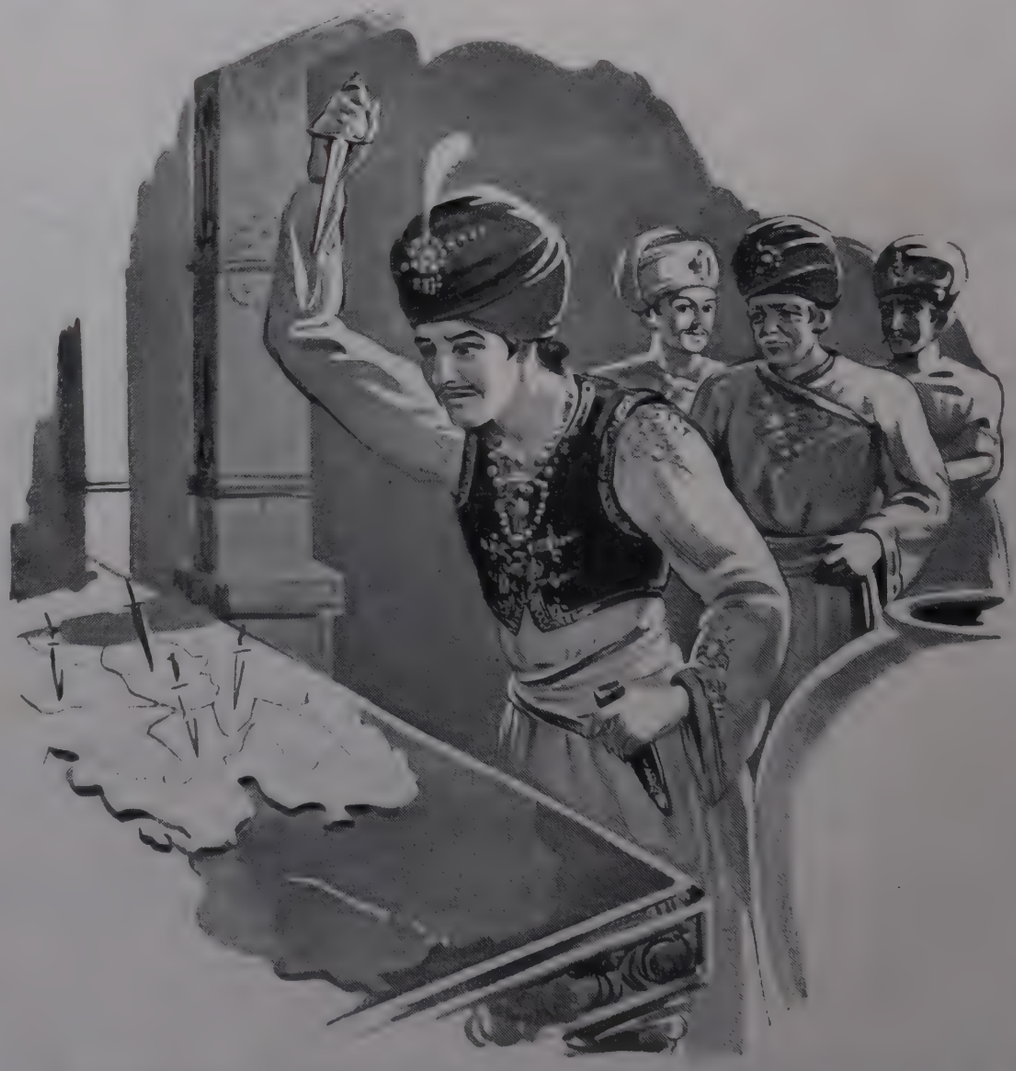
"Majesty," said General Salaar, "it concerns yourself."

The face of Shah Alam Khan lit with immediate interest.

"I desire to hear this tale," he said.

"I see no reason to doubt its truth, Majesty," said General Salaar. "It is, that the Court Astrologer of Yaghistan lies in prison, in imminent danger of his life, because he dared to predict that you, Majesty, would shortly attack Yaghistan, matching your small army against their might; and would conquer."

For the space of a full minute there was silence in the great Trophy House. Then, "He predicted that, did he?" said Shah Alam Khan. "Gentlemen, I am minded to prove him right!"



He snatched the jewelled dagger from his belt and raising it high in the air, he plunged it downwards into the kingdom of Yaghistan.

His ministers gazed at him, and at each other, with startled eyes and a murmur of dismay and protest. Only General Salaar was silent. But young Shah Alam Khan heeded none of them. Bright-eyed, he turned to the great clay map that was marked with the miniature swords. He snatched the jewelled dagger from his belt; and raising it high in the air, he plunged it point downwards into the kingdom of Yaghistan.

THE FOURTH CROWN

Amazingly, he was successful. In the teeth of all reason his tiny army, attacking suddenly and with a fierceness out of all proportion to its size, stormed the mighty walls of Yaghistan, and broke through. Led by Shah Alam Khan himself, elated and inspired by the very prophecy that served to demoralise their opponents, there was no withstanding that tiny army. Less than two days saw the power and pride of overbearing Yaghistan humbled to the dust, her king a captive, her army defeated, the shadow of her constant menace removed at last from the people of Zarzar.



"Nineteen crowns shall lie in your Trophy House," said Arif, "but the twentieth crown shall never wear in life."

Shah Alam Khan stood in the sacked and ruined palace and tried on the royal crown, which was of rubies, and famous. It became him well.

"This goes to my Trophy House," he said. "But first send quickly to the state prison and release the Court Astrologer. Have him taken to Zarzar in state, with a fitting escort. He is a man to be honoured."

They freed the Court Astrologer and brought him before Shah Alam Khan. He was a plump, well-ordered, worldly man, Arif by name; the courtier rather than the ascetic; but his eyes were fathomless.

"It would appear," said Shah Alam Khan, "that Allah has blessed you with great knowledge and cursed you with a rash tongue."

"My royal master insisted on hearing the truth, Majesty," said the astrologer simply.

"Seeing it was so unpalatable were you not afraid of being slain?" asked Shah Alam Khan.

"No, Majesty. The time of my death is known to me, and it is not for many years yet," said Arif. "But I hated prison."

"Cast my horoscope," said Shah Alam Khan. "Leave out nothing you need fear no punishment from me. I am curious to know what the future holds for me. I know what I wish it to hold."

ARIF'S PROPHESY

While the horoscope was being cast he walked again in his Trophy House; but this time alone. He looked with pride at the fresh array of spoil that heaped it. He took down the new crown from its place the ruby crown of Yaghistan; and his eyes were fierce with greed of gain and lust of power. He stood with it in his hands, gazing far beyond the beautiful inlaid walls of the Trophy House at a vision of illimitable conquests.

"Well?" he said to Arif when the horoscope was completed. "What is my destiny?"

"Conquest," said the astrologer. "Victory after victory, and never a defeat; till men tremble at your name and the rumour of your coming. See here, Majesty—and here—"

He unrolled the great parchment chart that he had made, and the two peered over it.

"That is well; it is as I would have it," said Shah Alam Khan at length. "Tell me if you can, Arif—how far will my conquests extend? Five crowns adorn Zarzar's Trophy House today—how many shall there be in ten years to come?"

Arif was silent for a moment, and into his fathomless eyes there came the strange, blank look of one who beholds, though but dimly, things which are hidden from other men.

"Majesty," he said at length, "I see not five crowns for you, but twenty. Nineteen shall lie in your Trophy House; Nineteen shall be yours by right of might; but the twentieth crown you shall never wear in life."

His voice died to silence, and the light of everyday came slowly back to his face.

Shah Alam Khan stood smiling, with triumph in his eyes.

* * *

In the years that followed he fulfilled the astrologer's words with terrible fidelity.

Inspired by them, and encouraged by his unexpected victory over Yaghistan, he set out to subdue the neighbouring countries one by one.

For the most part it was easy: they were little kingdoms, and his name was already a name of fear. Such resistance as they could offer was nothing to him who now had the armies of Yaghistan at his command, and the riches of Yaghistan with which to hire mercenaries. One by one they fell, the little kingdoms; and he added their lands to his own and the crowns of their kings to the growing collection in his Trophy House. Had there been any unity among them they might have combined to withstand him; but there was not.

His arm stretched far. From the north, among the foothills of the mountains, to the sandy deserts of the south, his conquests ran. He took Qila, whose king had never known defeat in fifty years' reign until Shah Alam Khan taught him that bitter lesson. He only threatened Hujra with attack; and Hujra, small and prosperous and timid, a land of merchants, not of warriors, opened its gates and surrendered hastily. He sent his spies to reconnoitre in far kingdoms and start the rumours of his coming; and their rulers rode at speed to parley with him rather than risk his wrath. Each year brought its triumphs; until at length no less than eighteen countries owned his sway, and in the Trophy House where all his pride was centered lay eighteen gold and jewelled crowns.

"Majesty, reflect," said his counsellors. "All this vast prosperous land and never an heir to it. Were it not well that your Majesty should marry?"

"Perhaps so," said Shah Alam Khan, who hitherto had not spared time to consider the matter. "Whom do you suggest as a bride?"

"Majesty, there is the Begum of Kharah," said his counsellors. "She is young and said to be ravishingly lovely".

"And her country lies just beyond my northern boundary and would match well with mine," said Shah Alam Khan. "That is a good suggestion. We will send an envoy to her at once."

So it was done; and his envoy set out for Kharah in splendid state, as befitted the messenger of so great a king. And in due course the envoy returned, bearing the Begum of Kharah's reply; and when Shah Alam Khan received it his brow grew thunderous: for incredible as such a thing would seem, the Begum had dared to refuse.

"Now let her look well to her defences; this is an insult I will brook from none!" roared Shah Alam Khan, and called his generals into consultation, and laid his plans and mustered his men, and marched upon Kharah.

NON-VIOLENT VICTORY

He looked to take it easily; he did not dream how easily. He knew it for a tiny, peaceable place, remote among its hills, untroubled by enemies and unused to war. He expected to encounter little resistance. He did not expect to encounter none at all.



And there they found her, lying robed and jewelled on a low couch..... in her heart was the dagger she herself had thrust home.



Two popular charmers—Auzurie and Shobhana—seem to make a pact, probably to give good entertainment in "Nai Duniya" directed by Mr. A. R. Kardar

But when he reached it, at the head of his forces, he found its gates open wide; and the city very quiet, its inhabitants in their houses, its streets deserted. He made for the palace, and the guards let him through unchallenged. Bewildered and suspicious, he halted to question them.

"Majesty, our royal mistress desired above all that her people should suffer no bloodshed; therefore Kharah is yours," said the captain. "Her message is, 'Bid Shah Alam Khan accept Kharah, and henceforth be as a father to its people!"

"Now this is a queen indeed, well worthy of the name!" said Shah Alam Khan with admiration. "On my royal word no harm shall come to her or her subjects. Where is she, for, I desire to have speech with her?"

He entered the palace; and there hesitated; for there was no sound within save the wailing of women, very grievous to hear. Guided by it, he and his companions reached the Begum's own apartments. And there they found her, lying robed and jewelled on a low couch, her women weeping round her; and her face, whence the veil had fallen back, was the loveliest Shah Alam Khan had ever seen; and on her head was the royal crown of Kharah, a delicate bediamonded thing; and in her heart was the dagger she herself had thrust home as Shah Alam Khan approached the gates; her slender fingers were still clasped tightly about the hilt.

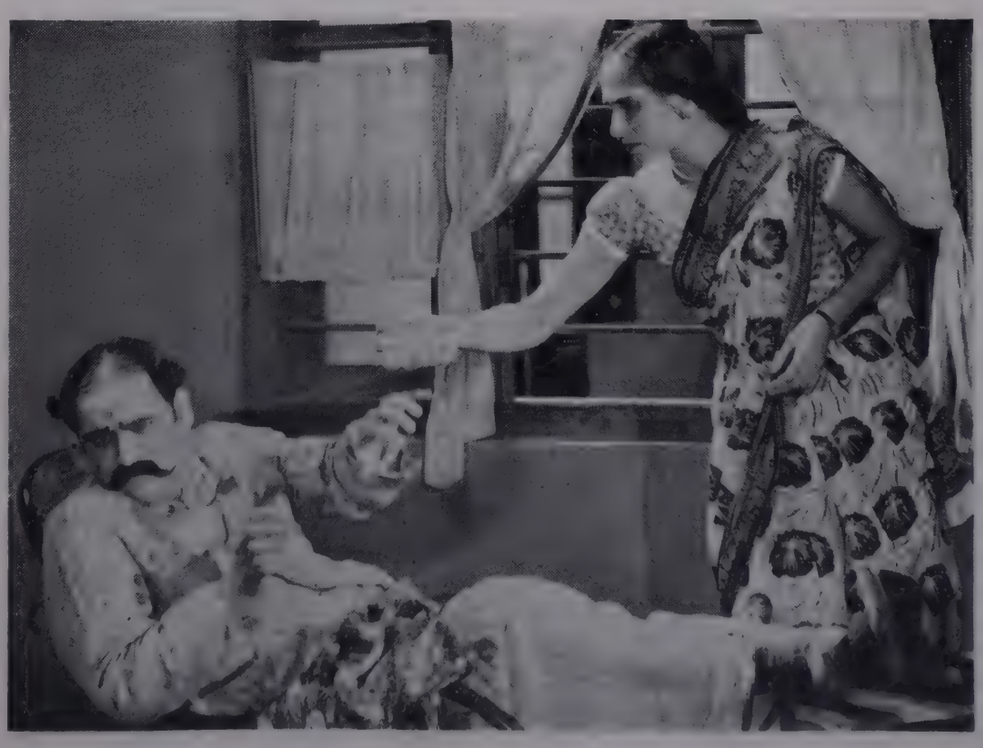
Shah Alam Khan stood for a long time gazing down at her. What his thoughts were, no man could tell. In that hour, for the first time, pity touched his heart. Suddenly, the greatness of his achievements seemed an empty thing, bought and paid for at all too heavy a price; the heavier inasmuch as not he, but others had had that cost to bear. He had never wished to undo the past before, but he wished it now, and it was too late.

He gave his orders for the governance of Kharah, and turned homeward with a heavy heart.

THE ROYAL PILGRIM

He had not expected the mood to persist, but it did persist. He had given instructions that the city was on no account to be looted; but his captains, acting according to long custom, brought home the crown of Kharah to grace his Trophy House. It made the nineteenth, but he found no joy in it. Nor could he forget the lovely tragic face of the dead Begum. He tried, but without avail.

He consulted his ministers, who, puzzled at the change in him, could only advise him seek forgetfulness in fresh conquests. In vain. That which had hitherto been his very life was dust and ashes now. He



Vimal Sardesai gives a fine performance in "Municipality" a social comedy of Brilliant Pictures.

consulted Arif the astrologer; and Arif heard him out grave-eyed, saying little.

"You prophesied all my victories," said Shah Alam Khan. "You prophesied also—do you remember—that I should win the crowns of twenty kingdoms, but that no more than nineteen should adorn my Trophy House. Those words have been fulfilled, for I am finished with warfare for ever; and by their fulfilment I know that you speak truth. Tell me, now, Arif—what shall I do to find peace?"

Arif reflected.

"Majesty," he said at length, "it may be that the twentieth crown is no earthly one, but the crown of quiet happiness that they wear who have learned the folly of this life's vanities, and laid the world aside, seeking instead the things that are of Allah. Why not make a pilgrimage to the sacred places, Majesty, praying at the shrines of the saints, and learning wisdom and comfort from the holy hermits?"

"You are the first who has ever dared offer me such advice, Arif," said Shah Alam Khan. "It may well be that you are right. At any rate I can try."

So he set forth, not in great state, but quietly dressed and with only a small escort, for the sacred places of his faith. From one to another he travelled, living simply, spending long hours in prayer and meditation, and presently something like peace began to steal into his heart. His escort—a little party of picked men, with General Salaar at their head—wondered mightily.

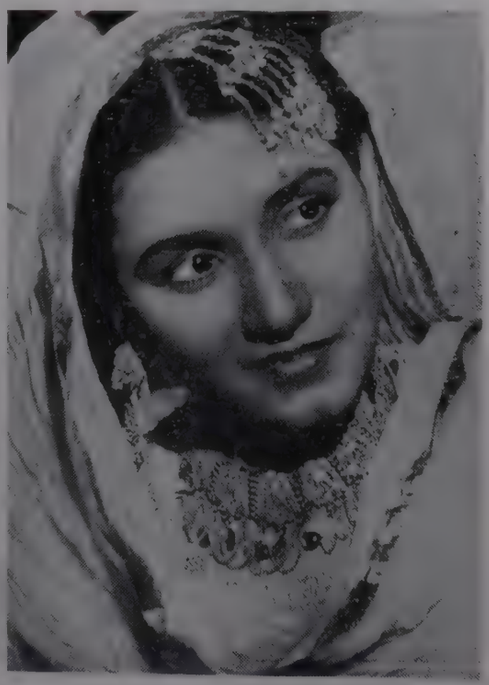
Presently it came to his ears that there was the tomb of a very holy saint, one Munjin, in a little oasis of the desert a few days' journey away. Thither they went. "And indeed it is most fitting that I should make pilgrimage to this shrine," said Shah Alam Khan, "for Munjin in his lifetime was a king, even as I, and gave up his throne and all his pomp and glory for the sake of living a holy life. It may be that I shall find healing there.

THE ROYAL SAINT

When they were within a few miles of the saint's tomb he and his escort halted their camels. "Await me here," he said, and set forth to accomplish the last stage of the journey on foot, humbly, as became a pilgrim; and so came by morning light to his goal—a mausoleum beautifully built, and set in the midst of a small green garden. Within, the place was kept in exquisite order by an old, old hermit, bent, white-bearded, and with the infinitely serene face of one who has left all worldly things behind.

He made Shah Alam Khan courteously welcome. He recounted the story of Munjin—his noble life, his holy death, his gifts of healing the sick and blessing the afflicted; the miracles he was reputed to have wrought. He showed Shah Alam Khan the saint's tomb itself—a plain raised oblong set with a mosaic of palest green jade. "Many, many the pilgrims who, guided hither by Allah's will, have found peace, and rest and refreshment of the soul," the old hermit said. "And here, my son, behold the very symbol of all that Munjin sacrificed when he gave up his kingly life for that of a holy man in the wilderness."

He went with his unhurrying gait to the wall beyond the jade tomb.



Nur Jehan in "Khan Daan", a Pancholi production.

A little flight of narrow steps led up to two curtains of ancient brocade, embroidered with texts from the Holy Koran; the old man pulled them carefully aside.

Shah Alam Khan looked and gasped.

In the recess of the wall was a jewelled crown of such surpassing beauty and richness that he had never seen nor imagined its like. Every gem was represented there, and the workmanship was exquisite; in the pale light of the small, sacred place it glimmered like a thing alive. Of all the crowns that Shah Alam Khan had won for his own there was none to compare with this.

He forgot all else in that moment. His new austerity melted like smoke; his old passionate greed of gain flamed up anew, overwhelmingly. He strode forward, brushing the old hermit aside, to see and examine the lovely thing for himself. He laid swift, masterful hands on it, and brought it down from its resting place.

"My son, what are you doing? This is sacrilege!" the old hermit quavered, horrified; and, since Shah Alam Khan took no notice, caught at his cloak and tugged it protestingly.

Shah Alam Khan—humble pilgrim no longer, but insulted king—wheeled, instantly furious, and made to strike the old man down. He forgot in his anger that he was standing on the little flight of steps that gave access to the alcove which housed the crown. He missed his footing, stumbled, lost his balance, and fell sideways. His head struck the corner of the jade tomb, very violently; and he lay still, his fingers slowly stiffening in death about the glowing, living brilliance of the royal saint's crown.

And there lay the conqueror of kingdoms and crowns—a poor victim of his burning desire.

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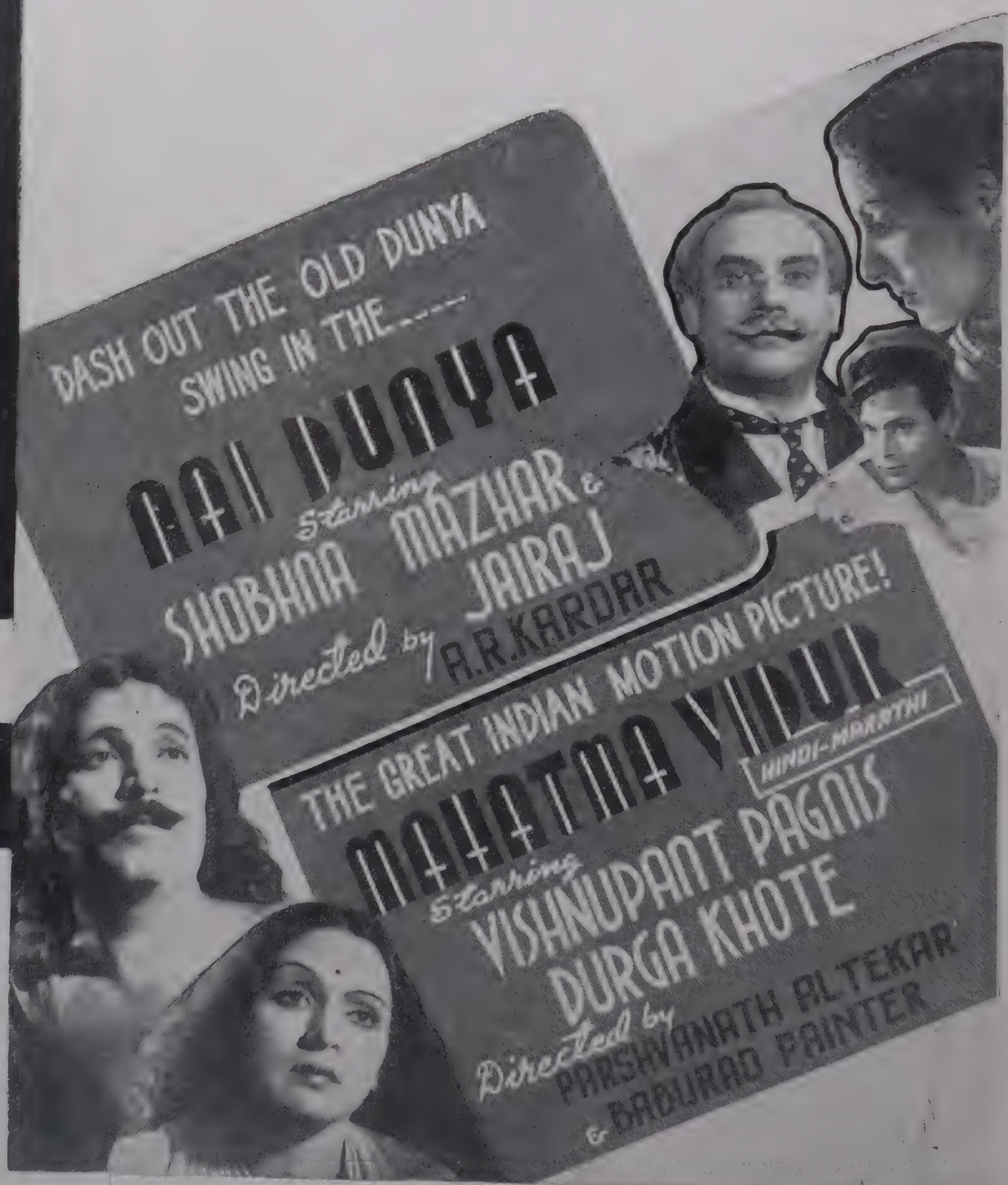
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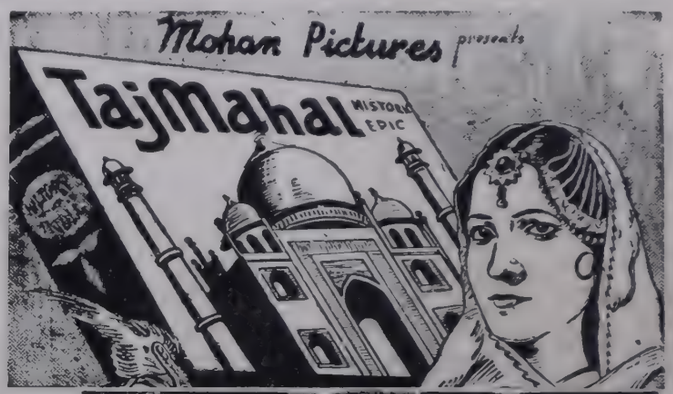
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TAJMAHAL

Coming

SOCIO COMEDY

ZEVAR

Direction
K. AMARNATH

Cast

Indurani

Jayant, E. Bilimoria
Jagan, Goolamrasul

★

Coming

Devotional Epic

SANT

SURDAS

Direction
Nanubhoy Vakil

Featuring
SAROJINI

Coming

A New Stunt Thriller

BAHANA

Direction
A. M. KHAN

Cast
Yusuf Effendi, Amina
Alaknanda, Benjamin

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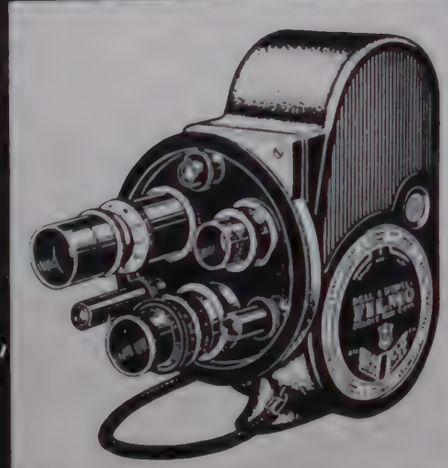
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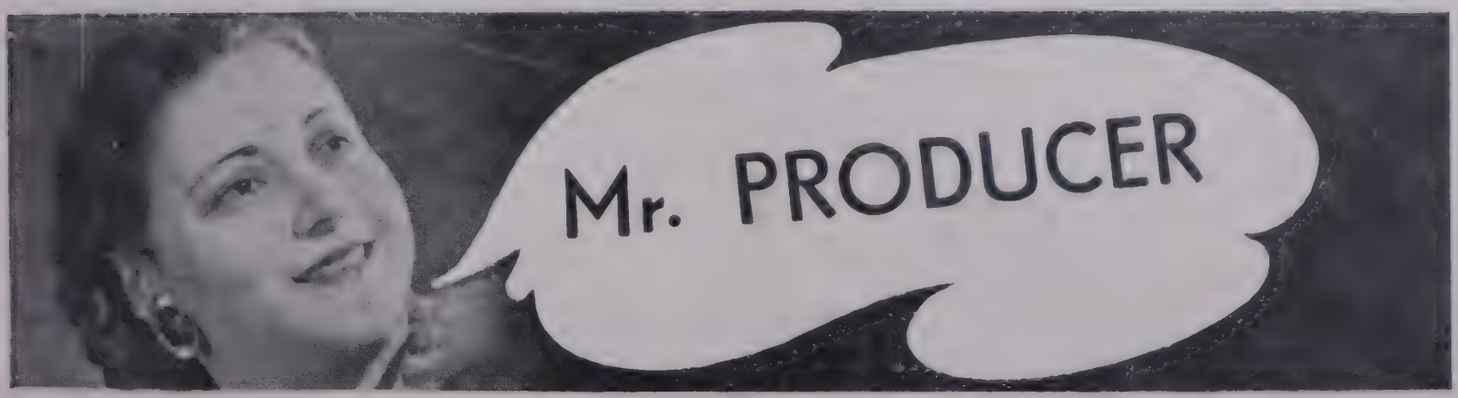
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VOL. 8 No. 4.

On The Cover
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filmindia

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Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road, Fort, Bombay

Editor: BABURAO PATEL

Between the Devil and the Deep

Between a stupid and unimaginative bureaucracy and a vainglorious, public leadership our country is gradually going to the dogs.

Hundreds of instances can be cited to prove this opinion. Let us take a recent one in our own sphere.

In the second week of February, the great Chinese leader and his beautiful wife, Marshal and Madam Chiang Kai Shek, paid an official visit to India and in an interesting short stay met the Crown representatives as well as the most prominent public leaders.

It was the first time in the history of India, that the head of the great Chinese nation was paying a neighbourly visit to our country.

It was an event of great historical importance and as such every little bit of it should have been recorded and preserved in the official archives of the nation.

An exhaustive film of the visitors' activities would have been the most fitting method of bequeathing to posterity this event of great national importance.

Officially, the responsibility of shooting the different incidents belonged to the Film Advisory Board, an institution set up by the Government of India for producing war-propaganda shorts, cultural films and documentary features.

The Film Advisory Board had Director V. Shantaram, India's best film man, at its disposal—a man whose soaring flight of imagination and national idealism have given to our people several pictures which have turned our theatres into so many schoolrooms for a nation.

Marshal and Madam were the guests of the Government of India and it would have been the easiest thing, for the Government to have kept a film producing unit moving all the time with the guests.

If they had done so, historic events like: the Marshal-Mahatma Gandhi meeting; meeting with Jawaharlal Nehru and of course his important family; Madam's reception by the All India Women's Conference; lunch at the Birla House in Calcutta; Madam Chiang in an Indian sari with the Birla zenana and umpteen other incidents could have been taken for the ever lasting interest of the people of to-day and to-morrow.

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But a government ceases to be a government if it does a sensible thing. And that is why the Government of India did the traditional stupid thing of missing the all-important bus and getting on the bullock-cart of the Viceroy.

Instead of the scenes mentioned above, we got a half-hearted promenade in the Moghul Gardens of the Viceregal Lodge with the tall Viceroy looking extra small and sweet in Madam Chiang's company and the Vicereine making a valiant effort to understand the great Chinaman.

Then we are shown short scenes of the Marshal and his beautiful wife shaking hands with the Governor and the Premier of the Punjab. As if people in India worry about any provincial governor or premier.

Couldn't the Government of India have asked Director Shantaram to "shoot" Marshal and Madam completely?

Somehow we cannot believe that Shantaram himself did not do it. We have known Shantaram too well all these years. He is perhaps the most sensitive newshound with a remarkable understanding of mass psychology. He wouldn't miss such an opportunity.

The conclusion is obvious. Shantaram was perhaps gagged by the stupid Steel Frame. And the result is that our country has lost a record of unique incidents which only a mighty world war could project on the screen of contemporary history.

Even as effective war propaganda the Chiang-Mahatma meeting would have become a popular incident, even more popular than the Chiang-Viceroy flirtation.

But the Film Advisory Board which is essentially a war-time institution could not utilize this god-sent opportunity and turn it to profit.

We acquit Shantaram of all blame and are not surprised at the traditional stupidity displayed by the Government but blame our own misfortune in being slaves in our own country—slaves of fools.

That was an example of bureaucratic stupidity. Let us now recite a tragedy of our vainglorious public leadership.

K. S. Hirlekar, our popular newsreel producer, was in Delhi for the Chiangs. Wide-awake always, Hirlekar is hardly a man to let go such an occasion. He was there with his cameraman, nosing for news and bragging about his friendship with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mrs. Vijayalaxmi Pandit and others that counted in this Chiang episode.

Little did he know the real Jawaharlal. He had heard some stories about Jawaharlal having sometimes become abrupt to the newsboys. But Hirlekar never believes anything unless he himself experiences it or sees it. It is his German training that has made him so efficient in outlook.

Wasn't Jawaharlal his friend? And yet, when Hirlekar asked Jawaharlal Nehru as to when the latter was meeting Marshal and Madam Chiang Kai Shek, Jawaharlal snubbed him with an annoying "I don't know".

Half-an-hour later Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was not only shaking hands with the famous Chiangs but was moreover posing, all smiles, with his sister and daughter in addition, before the "March-of-Time" cameraman and thanking Maurice Lancaster, the American director, for his Yankee kindness in "shooting" them with the Chiangs.

How did the American production unit happen to be there, aware in advance of the Jawahar-Chiang meeting, when even the official Film Advisory Board unit was not allowed?

A newspaper report says that it was an "accident". A Yankee cameraman by "accident" in the Viceregal Lodge! Imagine that! Times are getting Bohemian.

Never mind Hirlekar! He was forgotten.

But what surprises us is the attitude of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, India's No. 2 and Mahatma Gandhi's heir to the Indian throne.

Why did he misguide Hirlekar? Didn't he want to be photographed by an Indian and be presented on the Indian screen to the joy of millions that love him?

Or was he aching to be shown on the American screen by the "March of Time" people with his usual paraphernalia of a sister and a daughter?

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru ought to be ashamed of himself for this exhibition of his inner inferiority-complex in the presence of the white skin.

Several national leaders, including the great Mahatma Gandhi, are notorious for their exuberant politeness towards white-skinned pressmen in sad contrast to their chilly behaviour towards the Indian press boys. We have by now got used to the meanly little ways of our great leaders, but Jawaharlal's behaviour in putting off the Indian newsreel man and robbing the nation of an historic record of the Chiang-Jawahar meeting is, to say the least, highly unpatriotic and unlike Nehru.

Yes, we shall now have to see all of these history-making incidents in an American film by paying our hard-earned money to see it.

And the "March of Time" people will make good Indian money with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mahatma Gandhi's heir, acting as their star salesman.

In the meanwhile we would like to know from Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru how he defines his patriotism.

We can't imagine a Nehru apologising to the nation, but here is a case where our people deserve an apology from their leader.

But in his utter vanity, a Nehru can perhaps become greater than his people. Can he?

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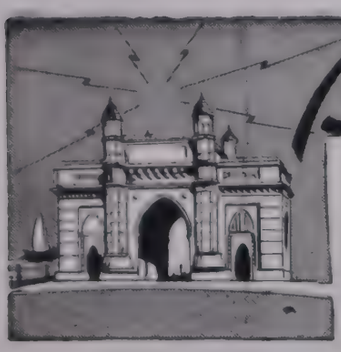
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Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

SHANTARAM TAKES A START

The first visible evidence of the famous Shantaram "touch", since he took charge of production at the Film Advisory Board, was on the screen in the second week of March.

It was a short feature called "Our Valiant Neighbour" and though it contained very few shots of Marshal and Madame Chiang Kai Shek's visit to India—the popular incidents of his meetings with India's leaders being entirely missing—Shantaram with his characteristic genius has framed the small material of the Marshal's visit in the midst of other sundry war shots and made a connected story which, while extolling the national virtues of the Chinese, becomes good topical propaganda.

The thundering applause which the film gets proves the popularity of the subject and Shantaram could be said to have made a splendid beginning, inspite of obvious official restrictions. By the way, it was a splendid idea to distinguish Shantaram's personal work under the title of "A Shantaram Production", because so much other useless stuff keeps on pouring into the Film Advisory Board, which has now become a central clearing house for every nonsensical production turned out periodically by one unit or another, either military or non-military.



Mr. V. Shantaram

It is rather difficult to realize the necessity of the Army Headquarters trying to maintain an inefficient and stumbling film production department for independent production, when the Film Advisory Board, itself a Government of India institution, can be made to turn out all the propaganda stuff which the army may require.

Can't the two or several production activities be centralised to secure more efficiency and economy?

When the Government of India has shown rare enterprise by engaging the services of Mr. Shantaram, our best film man, wouldn't it be proper to centralise all the production activities so that full use can be made of the experience and guidance of Mr. Shantaram.

STRANGLING OUR INDUSTRY

Film producers at the Army Headquarters are becoming a headache to our film industry. Once again, the Khaki Squad has requisitioned the new supplies of raw positive films which recently arrived into the country.

The result: A grim shortage is being experienced by our film industry and producers are in a panic.

Many new pictures are ready, but there is no stock of positive film to print copies. All the available footage has been taken over by the Army Headquarters.

Yes, the Army is making its presence felt already with its short-sighted policy and we are not yet in the front line of the battle.

In a previous issue, we had appealed to the army authorities to be a little more sensible in their demands. But the appeal seems to have fallen on deaf ears.

It will pay neither the Army nor the Government to strangle our film industry in this way. If our feature entertainers are not profusely circulated, Government propaganda shorts won't get a booking in our cinemas. And without country-wide bookings the shorts may as well not be produced.

Government war propaganda through films, whether produced by the Film Advisory Board or by the different military production units, is dependent on the fluid circulation of Indian feature films which draw huge audiences.



Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall

The earlier the Government realize this inter-dependent position the sooner will war propaganda be effective.

Whether the Army likes it or not our film industry must be saved during the present crisis and we strongly urge upon the Government of India to take immediate steps to curtail the irrational demands of the Army Headquarters.

By the way, we congratulate Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall, the President of the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association for his solitary efforts in running up and down Delhi to bring this dismal state of affairs to the notice of the authorities.

We hope the other producers realize the sincerity of their worthy President and support him in his untiring efforts.

OVERCROWDING IN THEATRES

There is a police regulation in Bombay to prevent overcrowding in theatres. When the theatre-owner permits his theatre to be overcrowded, which is usually the case on Sundays and holidays, the authorities are supposed to pull up the man and impose a fine.

Any member of the audience can report overcrowding to the nearest police station and the officer on duty is bound to take immediate notice and check up the complaint.

That is as far as the provision in law goes. In actual practice, however, this commendable police regulation, is more often observed in breach than otherwise.

The reason is simple: the theatre-owners are generally cheeky devils who know all the tricks of the trade including the weaknesses of the police.

Add to this the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the police authorities to trace and punish such offences and you will know why our theatres become overcrowded spots of entertainment.

Recently, as a test case, our editor, Baburao Patel, has reported an offence of overcrowding in a certain Bombay cinema. To avoid prejudicing the case, no names are being mentioned at this stage.

The police authorities are, of course, making the necessary inquiries and going about it with the look of a pain in the neck.

We await the decision of the police in this particular case before we publish the entire facts.

In the meanwhile, it is good for every cinema-goer to know that he has the right to report against overcrowding to the nearest police-station and the police officer on duty is bound to take notice of the offence.

FILM REVIEWS ON AIR

We do not know what the exact arrangements at other stations of the All India Radio are in regard to reviewing current Indian films but for some time past, we have noticed that at the Bombay station a talk in Hindustani is given once a month. About over a year ago, Mr. Ahmed Abbas used to give these talks. We understand that some producers felt offended at his frank criticism of their films and the A.I.R. yielded to their protests. Since Mr. Abbas was suspended, two different voices were heard so far, within our recollection, and both failed to do justice to some films in Marathi.

Films like books are quite a fit subject for balanced and fair comments and producers cannot complain about this, if people, who can lay claims to understand the films and their functions in our national life, offer their comments in the interest of the industry and the public. We would suggest to the A.I.R. that at a station like Bombay it would be quite proper to find room for comments on films in Gujarati, Marathi, and Hindustani programmes, once a month, from competent critics, who can be easily recruited from the city's press.

Critics might usefully tell the story of a film in brief and proceed to offer their remarks from whatever angle of vision, they like. In this matter, their freedom must not be restricted in any way whatsoever, whether our producers complain or not.

Aren't we fighting for freedom of speech among other things?

PLEA FOR NEWSREELS

One of the reasons why Indian films are lengthy is that, having nothing to show side by side, with the feature films, the exhibitors are said to insist on films that last about two and a half hours. In the theatres which show English or American films nearly half the time is generally taken by some short film, some travelogue, a news-reel and often some educational feature in addition. The principal film scarcely exceeds a maximum footage of 10000.

An Indian film is by plan and design made lengthy, with repeated scenes, unnecessary songs and dances and not unusually you have a feeling of exhaustion when you leave the theatre. Mr. Y. A. Fazalbhoy, head of one of the best film studios in this city appears to be alive to this state of things. He has recently published a pamphlet entitled "Plea for Indian newsreels" in which he makes a suggestion that is worthy of earnest consideration.



Mr. Y. A. Fazalbhoy

Mr. Fazalbhoy suggests a Quota Act "to make it compulsory on all exhibitors to devote a certain period of time—say ten minutes to news-reels or documentary or educational films or a certain footage, say 1000 and leave the film industry to satisfy the demand for pictures that will arise". But even this may not be enough as the producers may satisfy the legal quota by some non-topical shorts. A newsreel must necessarily be newsy and topical. The Quota Act must not empower the Central or provincial governments to interfere with the production of newsreels.

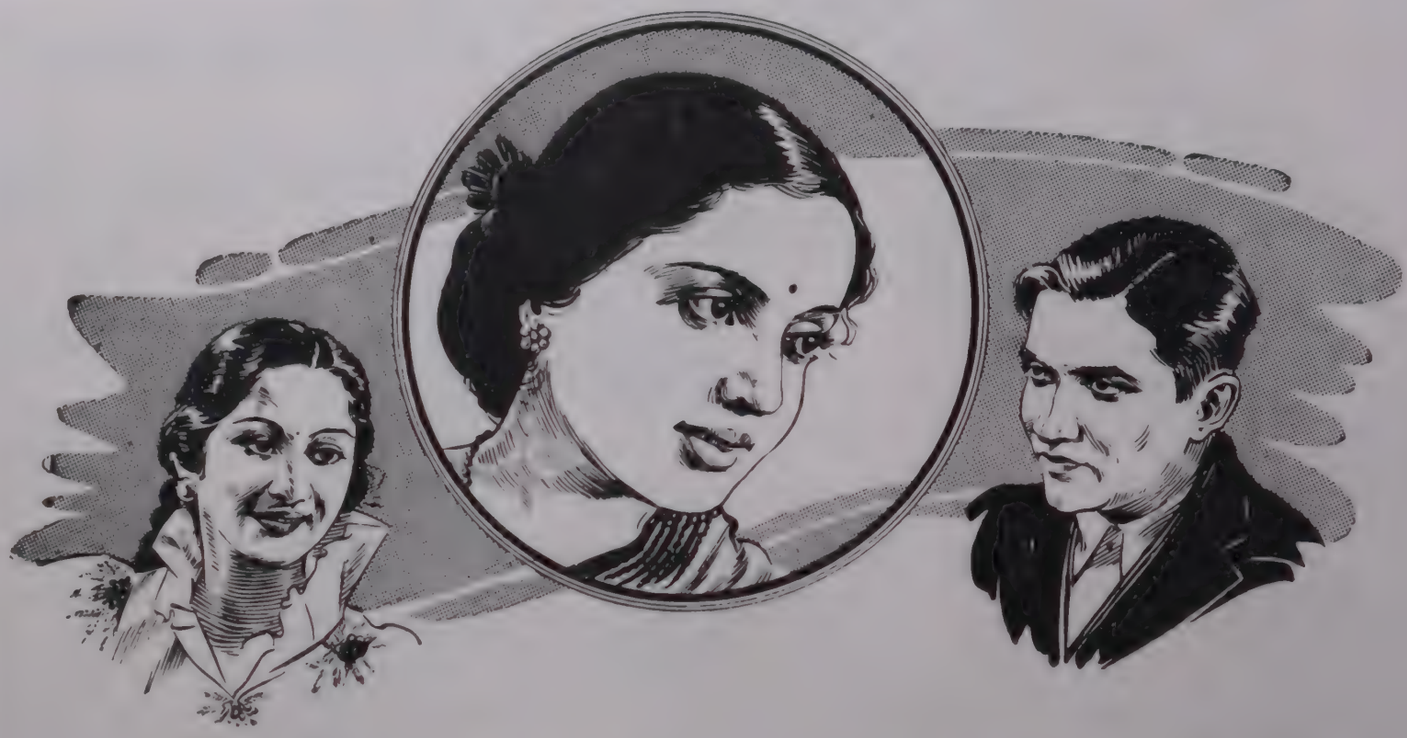
Newsreels must be free from any control from anywhere as newspapers are supposed to be.

For, if there is government control, we will constantly be in danger of getting newsreels like "Our Valiant Neighbour" in which Chiang-Kai Shek is shown to have seen only the Viceroy, the Governor of the Punjab and the Premier of the Punjab. Can this short ever be called a newsy, topical and an informative newsreel?



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Editor's Mail

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

Mrs. Indu Malati Lala (Manbhum)

Why is it that we gather little knowledge of "New Theatres" from your charming "filmindia"?

Because they make precious little news. I am sorry to see this concern going out of news these days. They were my favourite producers once, because they gave me the pictures I liked. But now—alas!

Vidya Sagar Goswami (Lahore)

Inspite of the war many new companies have cropped up. How is that?

They are like war babies who become either orphans or outcasts in peace times.

K. N. Mehrotra (Cawnpore)

What is Bombay Talkies' next?

"Basant", a social story featuring Mumtaz Shanti and Ulhas.

B. N. Vasudeva Murthy (Mysore)

Isn't it quite fitting that Mysore, the Garden City of India, should have a fine theatre, whether crowded or empty? Olympia Theatre is much despised not merely because it is the worst theatre in Mysore but because it also gets the best pictures.

I hope the owners of the Olympia read this and remodel their theatre on modern lines, so that people like you don't complain. Yes, I agree with you that your "Garden City" with its too many gardens should have a decent theatre. But the man who built the Garden City, Sir Mirza Ismail, is gone and I doubt whether there is any person of artistic temperament left now to realize the need of a beautiful theatre for beautiful Mysore. How is the new Dewan? Does Art sit easily on his eye?

Suraj Adib (Fyzabad)

Where is Padmadevi, the celebrated film star these days? Is she working in any picture?

A picture of hers in Bengali, "Karnarjun" produced by Variety Pictures, has just been released at the Rupbani, Calcutta, and is running to crowded houses. Padma is now working in another Bengali picture of Radha Films. I am told that Padmadevi has now become a top-line star in Bengal. All luck to her.

Will you reduce the price of "filmindia" after the war?

Certainly.

Jagannath S. G. (Bhandara)

What about Kishore Sahu after "Punar Milan"?

He has become a "Bachelor Father".

Sangraj G. Desai (Bijapur)

Why don't you advise Mrs. Devika Rani, Producer of Bombay Talkies, to purchase stories from Dewan Sharar?

One can never presume to advise Devika. She is a strong-minded person with views of her own. Dewan and Devika are old friends and they hardly need an introduction to each other.



Shamim in "Arman" and like this, brings one's emotions out.

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BOMBAY—No. 4

Abdul Premji (Madras)

I have heard that Bhudo Advani has joined the army?

Yes, with Capt. Naval Ghandy the film producer for the military, commanding the National Studios as his parade grounds. Yes, Bhudo is quite proud of his production management for the military films and swanks about as an empire builder. . .

Why isn't Ashalata seen on the screen nowadays?

Her hands are full playing the wife to Music Director Anil Biswas. And it is a real role.

Miss Sheela (Secunderabad)

I am a girl of 12 years with a tall figure (5' 4"), so please do me the favour of recommending me to some film company.

Let time add another dozen years and by the time if you still feel like acting in films get in touch with me. . . At your present age you should learn and play with your doll.

Krishna Rao Kisri (Cocanada)

I love a Christian girl in my college, though I am a Hindu. The girl also looks up to me. But my parents being highly conservative kick up a row.

Go ahead and marry the girl. Pandit Jawaharlal's daughter India recently married Feroze Gandhi, a Parsi, and no less a person than Mahatma Gandhi has blessed the union. What greater encouragement do you require? In your place and with such an encouragement I would marry all the Christian girls in your college.

Y. K. Rao (Jubbulpore)

I find that though many of the actresses belong to good families people do not have a good opinion about them. How is that?

Because the "people" themselves belong to bad families and are incapable of thinking rightly about other people.

Bankey Behari Verma (Sundergarh)

Is it true that Shanta Apte is coming again to the screen?

She is on the screen already in "Apna Ghar" and watch how she makes a home in your heart.

Shall I get a photograph of Romola if I write to Pancholi Art Productions?

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Narendra Nath (Ajmere)

Who takes more trouble over Ranjit music: Jnan Dutt or Khemchand Prakash?

Sardar Chandulal Shah.

Where is Motilal nowadays?

He has become a free-lance gipsy and you will soon find him in several pictures—good and bad.

Onkar Sinha B. (Khandwa)

Who is this beautiful Kaushalya working in "Rai Saheb"? I want her photo.

She is a sweet looking girl in early teens—daughter of a dancer called Lachhu. Her role in "Rai Saheb" makes the picture an outstanding social production worth seeing. For her photo, write to: Chhotubhai Desai, Wadia Movietone Studios, Parel, Bombay.

R. N. Murthy (Bangalore)

What is the actual work done by the assistants of directors, music directors, cameramen and recordists?

I had never thought of this problem before. But after receiving your letter I dropped in at a studio casually and observed the following: The director's assistant was struggling with a shooting script he didn't understand. He had a whistle round his neck through which he blew out his emotions every five minutes. The music director's assistant was keeping guard outside the rehearsal room while the music director was giving rehearsals to the heroine inside. From outside I heard some giggles which certainly did not sound like music. The cameraman's assistant I found stretching the tape from the lens right up to the front of a heroine. He was, I was told, trying to get things in focus. The recordist's assistant wobbled between the microphone and the recording cabin and seemed uncertain of his plans. I do not know whether other studios also have similar assistants but those I saw seemed to waste their time in useless things.

Miss D. Lakshmi (Waltair)

I am anxious to have a copy of Snehaprabha Pradhan's photograph. Please give me her address and other particulars.

Write to her c/o Navyug Chitrapat Ltd., Poona. I am afraid I can't give other particulars.

K. R. Singh (Dhirpura)

My father does not allow me to be an actor because it is a profession, he says, for immoral persons. What should I do to change his mind?

If he is one of those ancients with an orthodox mind, it is impossible to convert him. You must wait till you are left alone. If, however, he happens to be a man with an open mind bring him over to Bombay and introduce him to our actors like Prithviraj, Jairaj, Motilal, Jagdish and others and let him stand corrected. In the absence of intimate knowledge I don't blame your old man for his views, but if my assurance is any good, tell your old man that he is all wrong.

How are coloured films produced in India?

In India no colour films are produced at present. The coloured Indian films which you see are hand coloured frame by frame and often they are poor exhibition of art.

Uchhabananda Das (Berhampur)

I act but no one appreciates; I sing but even dogs avoid me; I write but no one reads; I play the lover but girls laugh at me. Please let me know what I should do?

Commit suicide from the topmost tower in your town so that people in your place notice you at least once.

Bhishma Singh (Belhar)

Do you think that Dewan Sharar is safe when he publishes his stories in "filmindia"? Won't the producers rob the plots?

A genius like Dewan Sharar cannot be robbed enough. He is not a storehouse. He is a factory that creates new stories every day for every mood. Dewan is so prolific that producers will have to keep robbing him for years and yet Dewan will have new stories to tell.

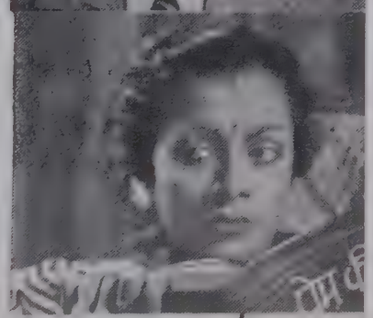


Maya and Wasti make a hit together in "Awaz", a social story of Saraswati Cinetone.

A TINY TOT TODDLES INTO A LOVE TANGLE TO MAKE THE MERRIEST COMEDY — ROMANCE.

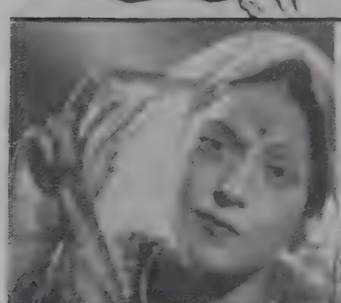
SET TO SNAPPY MUSIC BY
RAMCHANDRA PAL

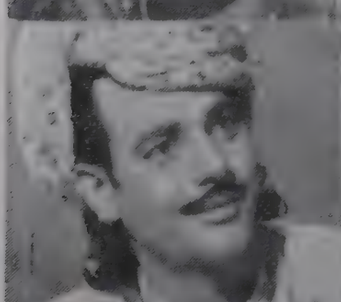




ACHARYA ART PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS

KISHORE SAHU
PROTIMA DASGUPTA
IN
KUNWARA BAP





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MAZHARKHAN
KRISHNAKANT

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We want your life story. Please tell us at least all you remember about yourself.

Baburao Patel.

P. Narayanamurthy (Cuttack)

It appears from the replies you give to your readers that you think too much of yourself and your magazine?

One can never think too much of oneself in these days of competition. I do think a lot of myself but that is purely in self-defence. If I didn't do so, I would be lost. Don't you think much of yourself? If not, you should retire to the Himalayas and spend the rest of your life in penance. My magazine is the best in India and I have no need to be modest about it.

John C. Jacob (Calicut)

Is there any personal hatred between you and Debaki Bose?

I am jealous of Debaki. He is such a genius and I am not. Jealousy is not hatred.

Satyendra Kumar (Delhi)

Will you kindly let me know the address of Miss Meera?

If you refer to that charming girl who danced her way to fame in a Bombay Talkies' picture, write to her at Rail View, Vincent Cross Road, Dadar, Bombay, but don't be too sentimental for Meera Alexander is one with a cool head.

Philip Abraham (Tambaran)

What part does a producer play in the production of a film?

In India, the producer is usually the owner of the studio. He therefore shells out the silver and waits and prays for everything to go off alright, including the volatile heroine.

S. S. Raman (Kadiri)

What are the qualifications of a good artiste?

To be able to identify himself completely with the role he is playing.

V. R. Karant (Tadpatri)

Has not Mr. M. A. Jinnah seen "Padosi"?

Nor has Mr. V. D. Savarkar, with the result that "Mirza" is still at "Thakur's" throat. These old fossils learn slowly and learn late and the newspapers pander to them by turning their columns into spittoons for their stupid words. This is a nation of fools where wise men commit suicide through sheer loneliness.

Raizaday Shri Narayan (Meerut)

I made three requests to Miss Neena through registered letters for an autographed photo but—?

Now send her a lawyer's notice holding her responsible for all costs and consequences.



SARASWATI'S next "QUANOON" with JAGDISH SETTY, SUVARNALATA, and many other great artistes.
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Direction: JOGLEKAR & BILLIMORIA
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LOVE vs. FATE
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RADHA RANI, URMILLA,
S. NAZIR, BABY SHAKTI,
SHANTA, A. R. PAHEL-
WAN, RADHA KRISHEN
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Ranbir Prakash Saksena (Jhansi)

I understand through the news published in "National Herald" that the Film Advisory Board has filmed the Jawahar-Marshall Chiang meeting. Is Shantaram to be congratulated?

Your information is wrong. The Film Advisory Board didn't have enough courage to do so. Shantaram is to be blamed for not filming the historic occasion. Instead, he took the Chinese Marshal promenading with our stud-bull interested Viceroy in the Moghul Gardens of the Viceregal Lodge. Shantaram probably thought he was making news in doing so. Poor Shantaram, he was so near the Viceroy for the first time and he was probably too thrilled to run to the other location where news was being made. The Chiang-Jawahar meeting was, however, filmed by a foreign company—the "March of Time" people. Thanks to Jawaharlal Nehru! An independent Indian newsreel cameraman, who was in Delhi and was anxious to record the event, is reported to have been snubbed by Jawaharlal when he inquired from the great Indian leader about the exact meeting time and place.



In "Badal", an Eastern picture, Radha Rani creates new romantic thrills with Zahur Raja.

And yet the very same Jawaharlal gave his best smile to H. Maurice Lancaster of the "March of Time", who happened to be there "accidentally". Not satisfied with that Jawaharlal generously presented his sister Mrs. Pandit and his daughter Indira before the camera. It is unfortunate that his new son-in-law Feroze Gandhi was not near about and he therefore missed an opportunity of getting some splendid publicity in America.

I am sure Jawaharlal must have shaken hands with Lancaster and thanked him for the kind American gesture. Jawaharlal is polite that way especially towards influential white-skinned people. He, however, seems to forget his usual good manners when he meets the members of the Indian press.

Son of the late Motilal Nehru, adopted son of Mahatma Gandhi and the darling of millions, we can't complain about Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. He still remains the great leader—good manners or bad manners.

But in choking off our Indian cameraman, Jawahar has lost to our nation the record of an historic meeting and once again we shall have to see it in a foreign film—through the usual goodwill and sufferance.

Our national leaders often make news for the benefit of the foreigners. Indians are expected to follow them like the dumb driven cattle.

Well, this is India, a country of 330 million gods—smaller and bigger gods—but gods all.

P. S. Balan (Bombay)

Director Subramaniam has taken to acting. Do you think he will be just as good at acting as at directing?

Friend Subramaniam's main virtue is sincerity of purpose and therefore whatever he does he will do to the best of his ability. And Subramaniam's best is far better than the best of several people I know in the South Indian Film industry.

Miss B. Carroll (Lahore)

There is a strong rumour in Lahore that Mr. Abid Gulrays, Editor of your Urdu paper "Caravan" is going to marry an actress. What is he doing now?

In addition to being a journalist Abid Gulrays is a poet and poets have often forgotten their own wives and run after other women. I wouldn't be surprised if Abid does the same. Abid is at present with Eastern Pictures, Bombay, and is reported to be preparing himself to direct a picture with them.

Bhuwan Ranjan (Patna)

What special feature in "Padosi" attracted you?

The invisible spirit behind the picture—the spirit of the great director, Shantaram.


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SHOW US MORE OF THEIR LEGS

Cut Out Saries And Use Swimming Costumes

By: Hyacinth

We may as well face it—our girls are not Venuses. Nature played a dirty trick on them when she put their limbs together, but the gods weren't going to let Nature have it all her own way, so they decreed that our women should cover their shapelessness with the all-concealing sari.

So far everything has been just dandy for the ladies. They looked gorgeous in their saris and no one doubted that they looked equally gorgeous underneath. But all the time a strange part of America called Hollywood (you may have heard of the place) has been putting strange ideas into the heads of our Indian men. It has been making them "leg-conscious". They have stopped thinking of the feminine leg as something which keeps their womenfolk standing but which must never be seen, and are now beginning to wonder if their women's underpinnings are things of beauty.

Hollywood turns out perfect machines called film stars who in their films display large masses of bare flesh to the public and set such a high standard of physical perfection, that they have the whole feminine world envious and the whole masculine world gasping. This display of feminine "charm" is having such an effect on the Indian public that they are beginning to look for the same display of "charm" among our Indian actresses. We have a feeling, a very strong feeling that very few of these latter creatures could face their public in bathing costumes without wishing there was a tree nearby to hide behind.



....without wishing there was a tree nearby to hide behind.



They have dished up many physically inferior specimens....



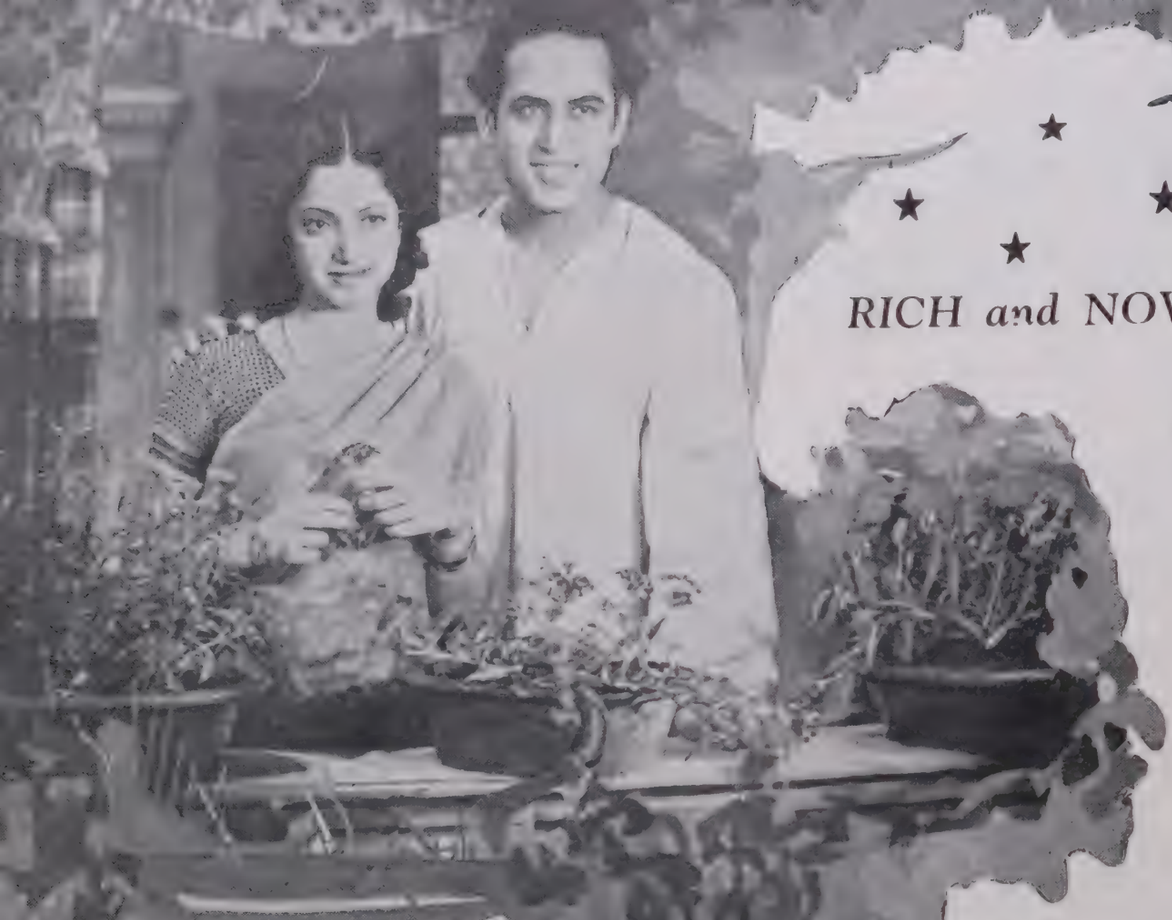
Hollywood has been making Indian men leg-conscious.

BATHING BEAUTIES OF HOLLYWOOD

While the Indian woman's figure makes a perfect base for a sari, it should be a bathing costume's worst enemy. A great deal is said about the beautiful figures of Indian village women who carry pots on their heads, but these women never join the films so the public just has to put up with the misshapen creatures who do.

Now almost every actress in Hollywood must go through a period when she does practically nothing but pose for "leg art" pictures before she becomes famous. Even dignified creatures like Garbo, Dietrich and Colbert have grimaced before the cameras in bathing costumes, during their early days in films. These bathing costume stills are used to "sell" the potential star to the public. Pictures of women with all their clothes on may have a very high advertising appeal but pictures of women with most of their clothes off have a terrific advertising appeal.

The actress-to-be becomes known to the public as "the girl with the best figure in Hollywood", or "the girl with the million dollar legs" often before she has made a single film. She continues to pose for bathing costume stills until she is important and wealthy enough to tell her directors that her thighs are nobody's business but her own.



RICH and NOVEL !

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SONGS? DANCES?
Just You Wait For
BASANT!

WAY-DOWN GLAMOUR

In India most of our top-rank female stars have in some miraculous way become famous suddenly, without having had to work their way up via the "extra" ranks. They have never had to pose in bathing costumes for publicity stills, like Hollywood actresses do. Their public does not know if they are bow-legged, knock-kneed, or have protruding shoulder blades. Some wise guy wrote "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

This policy has worked so far, but now the public has stopped believing in fairies and wants to face facts. They want to know if the stars they have adored for so long are glamour girls all the way down to their toes.

Very few of our present stars dare make their bathing costume debut without taking an extensive course of slimming first. Fleshy hips don't spell romance, and the least critical of men will fall out of love with their favourite star if she bulges out of her swimming costume.

A few of the braver, or should we say less sensitive souls among our actresses, have ventured before the cameras in shorts, and now our Fearless Nadia is wearing a good imitation of a Dorothy Lamourish sarong. We make no criticism of her but we would just like to emphasise the fact that we think she is very fearless indeed to let the public see her like that!

If there are any perfect specimens among the stars (we doubt it) they should indulge in as much 'leg' display as they like because they are going to score over their less shapely and therefore less fortunate film sisters.

The Indian public is becoming more and more discriminating in its tastes and is no longer going to welcome with open arms any and every woman, producers choose to publicise. So far they have dished up to the public many physically inferior specimens of humanity and have adopted all the while a "take it or leave it" attitude. So far the public has been taking it, but in future as sure as my name is Hyacinth, they are going to leave it!



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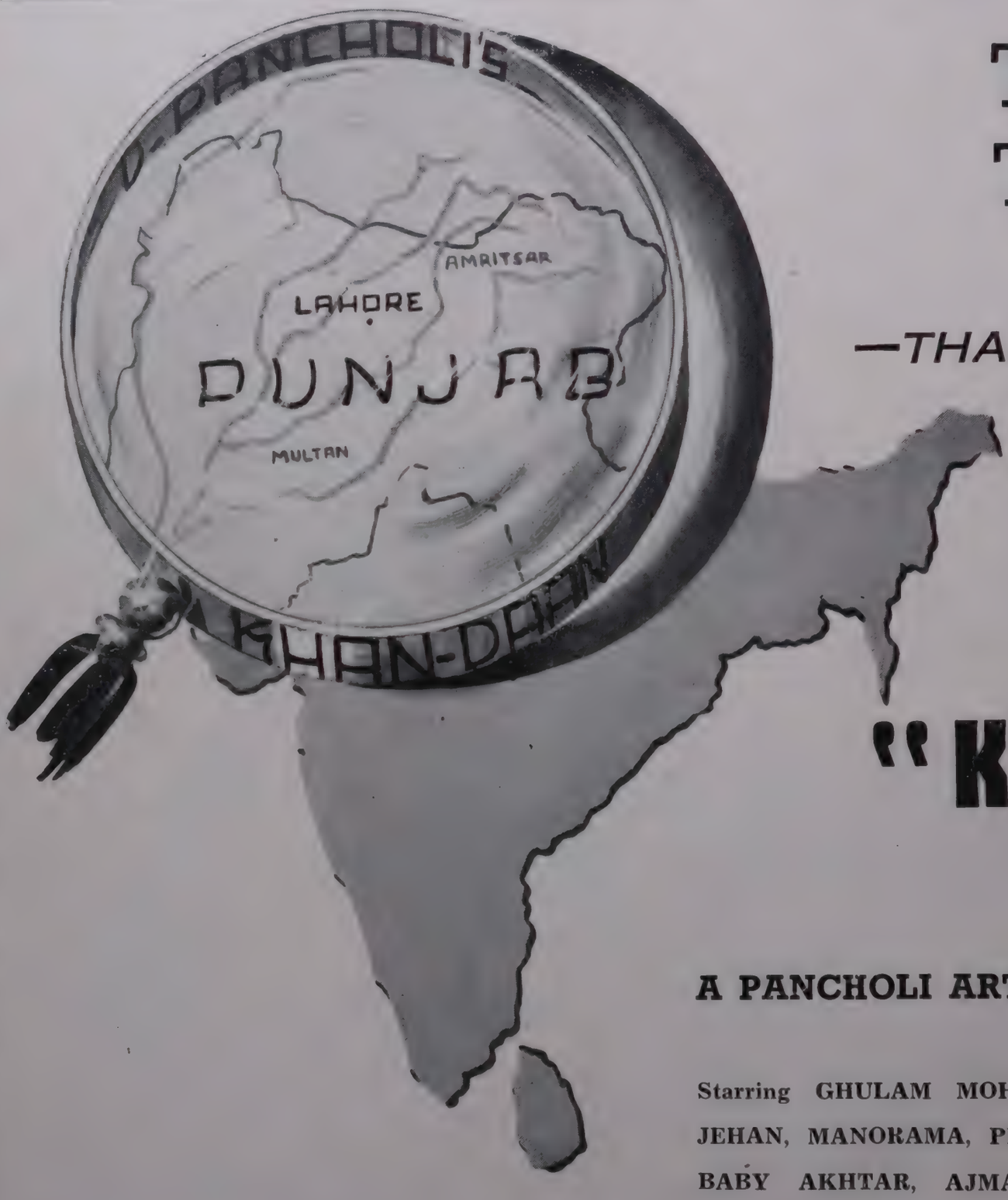
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PUNJAB GROWS
NATION'S GREATNESS!

DALSUKH PANCHOLI

AND HIS

DAAN"

LATEST FROM THE MAKERS OF THE
EPOCH-MAKING

"KHAZANCHI"



Directed by

SHAUKAT HUSSEIN

Story & Dialogues:

SYED IMTIAZ ALI TAJ

Music:

GHULAM HAIDER

OUR REVIEW

"Ujala" Becomes Excellent Maiden Effort

Naseem And Prithviraj Make An Ideal Pair

Ratan Bai's Triumphant Return

This maiden production of Taj Mahal Pictures is different for many reasons. It is produced by a young man, Md. Ehsan, who was till yesterday in College. It is partly owned by Naseem, our beauty queen. In it are featured Naseem and Prithviraj, for the first time together, and they make an ideal romantic team. It gives caste to K. M. Multani as a director, for, he is directing box-office stars for the first time. M. A. Mughni, shows great promise as a story writer, for the theme of the story is not only pleasing but sufficiently provocative of thought. For the first time Naseem has tried to act beyond merely looking sweet.

Yes, this picture of Taj Mahal ought to be a good box-office hit as it has all the dramatic elements more or less cleverly blended to appeal to all cinema-goers in the country.

"Ujala" has an excellent story idea. It is almost a philosophic theme. Had the theme been better developed and more forcibly written than has been actually done by Kamal Amrohi, "Ujala" would have become a memorable picture.

But somehow at every emotional climax, the writer's imagination seems to have gone bankrupt and sequences which could have become intensely emotional have become sketchy. If "Ujala" has not become a more thrilling document of human emotions, the entire blame must be put at the door of Kamal Amrohi.

A STAGE STORY

The story is simple enough. Shyam Krishin, idealist, musician and disciplinarian, owns a dramatic theatre. In Maya, the prima-donna, he has a star artiste. In Tiwari, a wealthy man-about-town, we are shown a typical stage pest which lures the stars to ruin by showering flattery and attention on them for personal pleasures.

When Maya responds to Tiwari's temptations and keeps late hours, Shyam Krishin remonstrates and rubs in the theatre discipline.

Remonstrations soon take the shape of a quarrel and Maya defies the theatre proprietor. One day Maya, egged on by Tiwari and believing his numerous promises, walks out on Shyam Krishin right in the midst of a show.

And now begins a talent hunt for the idealistic owner of the theatre.

U J A L A

Producers: *Taj Mahal Pictures*
Story: *M. A. Mughni*
Scenario and Dialogues By: *Kamal Amrohi*
Music: *Bashir Dehlavi*
Photography: *Dronacharya*
Recording: *Sam Popat*
Cast: *Naseem, Prithviraj, Mubarak, Ratan Bai, Mirza Musharaff, Baby Vinod Kumari.*
Released At: *Lamington Talkies.*
Date of Release: *21st Feb.* 1942
Director: K. M. MULTANI

Day after day he goes in search and returns disappointed. But one day, he hears the sweet rhythm of a dancer's steps and traces their owner but is refused even an audience.

But later when playing his "sitar" over the air, the very girl, Saroj, falls for the excellent musician and with her usual impetuosity faces Shyam Krishin at the radio station. Once again, they quarrel as Saroj refuses to work on the stage. They part, each more obstinate than before.



Ratan Bai in "Radio Singer" a Ganesh picture.

To break down her obstinacy Shyam Krishin takes the flat right below the one occupied by Saroj and one day he begins playing on his "sitar". It is a marathon performance, non-stop, passionate, vindictive. Saroj defies it for a while, but ultimately the urge of music in her submits to the call of a greater artiste and she starts dancing to the music of the relentless player. She dances and dances till she cannot dance any more. Saroj rushes to Shyam Krishin and implores him to stop. She admits defeat—and agrees to join the stage. But Shyam Krishin refuses to accept the obligation.

THE NEW PRIMA-DONNA

Shyam Krishin's theatre goes from bad to worse. He retires to his room and to his music and hands over the theatre to his manager, Mirza. Mirza manages a surprise and puts up Sarojini a new prima-donna on the stage. On the opening night, Shyam is dragged to the theatre and there he is surprised to discover that Sarojini is no one else but Saroj.

Now Saroj becomes a terrific success. Shyam falls in love with her and she reciprocates. All this time Tiwari, the stage pest, keeps annoying her with his suit.

But the love of Shyam and Saroj speedily travels towards matrimony. On the wedding day, however, Saroj is kidnapped by Tiwari and held a prisoner of his lust.

Shyam is heartbroken. Tiwari wants to force his attentions on Saroj but Saroj jumps out of the window and becomes a permanent invalid. Saroj's agony of mind and body melts Tiwari and makes him a better man.

Through some more emotional drama, the story travels to end charmingly for all.

PRODUCTION VALUES

The story has many dramatic situations which, with a more imaginative script would have become a masterly emotional drama. However, the director has made the best of a bad job and with his slick direction has saved several situations from failing utterly.

The photography of the picture is uniformly good and at places brilliant. The moonlight sequences between Ratan Bai and Mubarak were presented in very natural shadows and thus lent class and thought to the photographer. The moon, however, insisted on changing his place from spot to spot in some other sequences. Well, that is the moon's fault. He went mooning.

The sound recording left a lot to be desired. Ratan Bai probably suffers the most in this direction. Her songs were almost ruined by bad recording.

The dances of Ratan and Naseem are good while Baby Vinod Kumari takes applause for a sweet little dance which she presents with complete coquetry.

The theatre sequences are rather long drawn out and become boring in places. Cutting some footage here will come as a welcome relief.

Songs are well tuned but poorly written. Khan Mastana sings a song with all honest intentions of putting it over emotionally. But his effort ends in a farce and his song becomes flat.

BEAUTIFUL NASEEM

Coming to the performances, Prithviraj tops everyone. This versatile artiste travels from one triumph to another with an ease which suggests that acting is all easy. There are moments in this picture where Prithviraj completely becomes Shyam Krishin the idealist, the musician and the supreme artiste. In sheer sincerity, Prithviraj remains almost unbeatable.

Naseem, more beautiful and charming than ever graces the screen with a very sincere portrayal as "Saroj". Incidently, this is the first time that I have seen Naseem striving to make an impression. And she does make a tremendous impression with her tears, songs and dances, all superbly executed.

Ratan Bai returns to the screen with a charming vengeance, looking younger, thinner and certainly more charming. She gives a polished performance in all emotional sequences.

Her coquetry, in lighter situations, however, leaves one unimpressed.

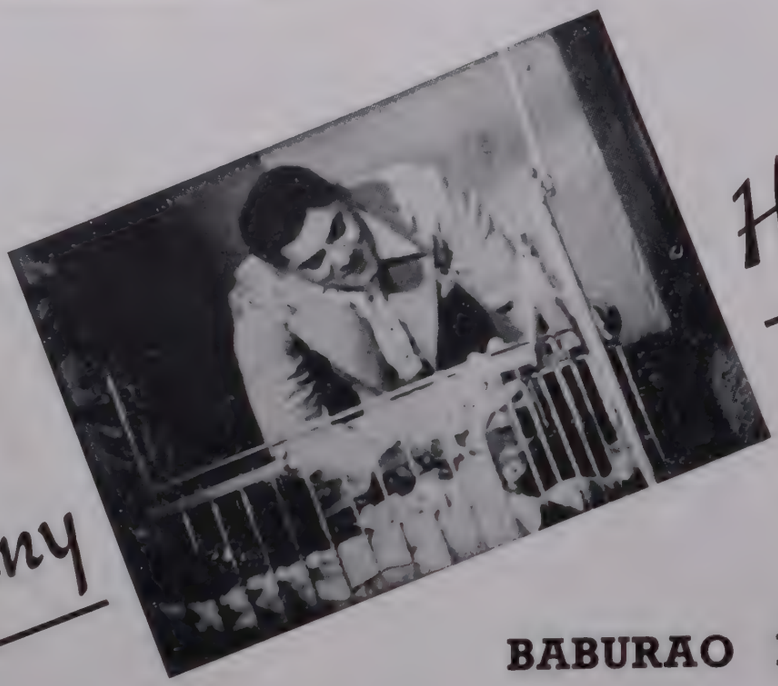
Mirza Musharaff blunders through the story rather well. Mubarak as "Tiwari" does pretty well in the latter half. His heart, however didn't seem to be on the job and at best his effort looks superficial.

Well, "Ujala" is certainly an enjoyable picture if you are not very keen on some technical flaws, which sometimes a producer cannot avoid.



Anjani and Manohar in "Kunwara Bap", the first social picture of Acharya Art Productions.

Many



Happy Returns

BABURAO PENDHARKAR

AT LAST TRANSFERS HIS
LOVE FROM THE WOMAN
TO THE CHILD—

Shanta Hublikar

MAKES HIM DO IT

In The Coming New Huns Comedy Hit

AT

THE **CENTRAL,** BOMBAY

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

(पहिला पाळणा.)

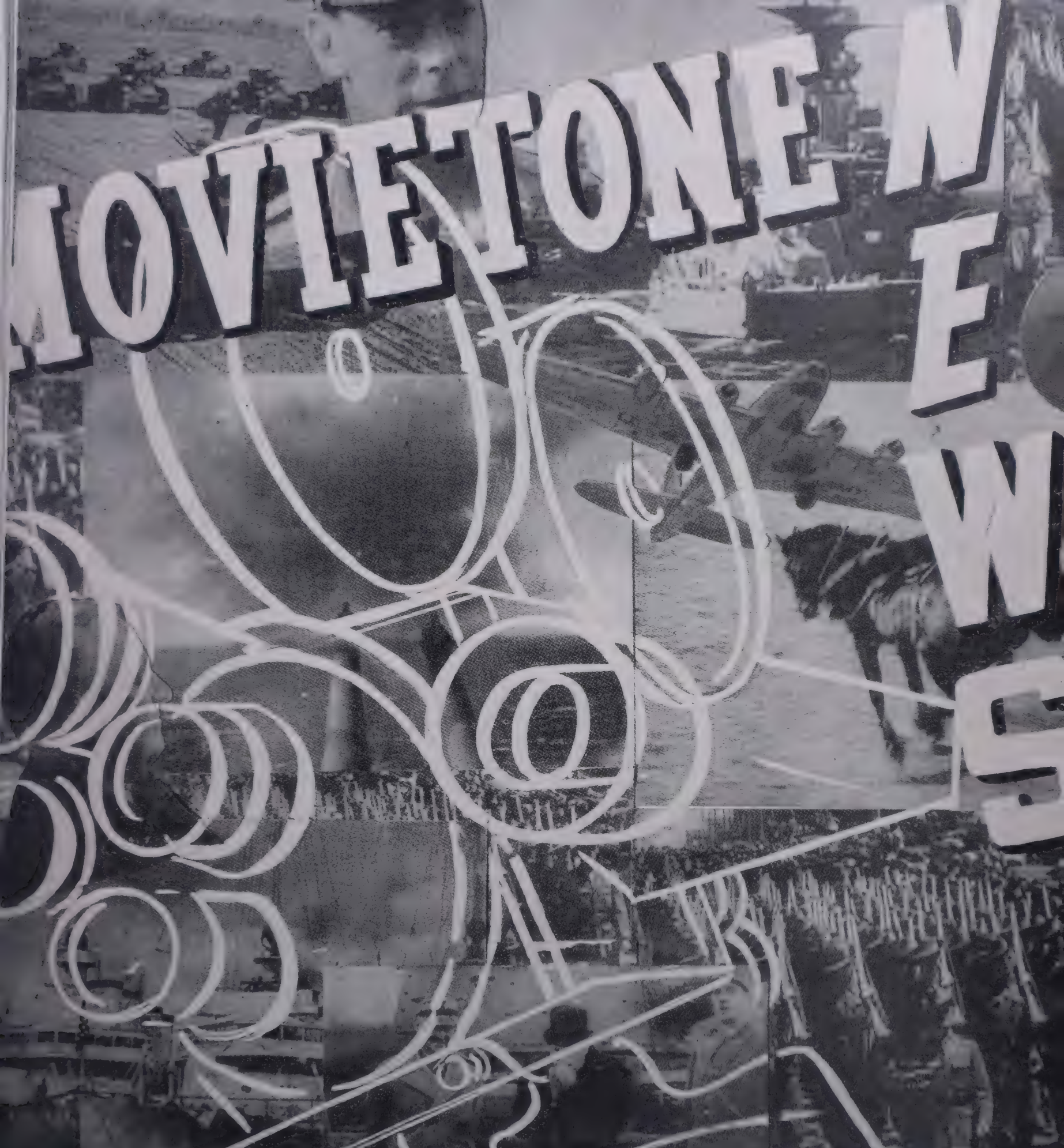
Producer:
BABURAO PENDHARKAR

Written & Directed By
VISHRAM BEDEKAR
M.A., LL.B.,

Photography:
PANDURANG NAIK

Starring:
Dinkar Kamanna
Kusum Deshpande
and others.

● **Distributors: PEERLESS PICTURES, 116, Charni Road, Bombay 4.**



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(By: Our Special Representative)

It is often difficult to get the Rt. Hon'ble M. R. Jayakar to talk, but once you get it done, the rest is easy. You feel like taking a shower-bath on a summer fore-noon, as you listen to him. He has a musical, metrical accent that has a pleasant, soothing ring and his man-to-man conversation is as captivating as are his public utterances.

The Rt. Hon. M. R. Jayakar lives in his artistically built and yet more artistically decorated bungalow at Winter Road, Malabar Hill. He modestly calls his house "Ashram" which means a hermitage, but it is nothing of the kind. Everything in this bungalow is so neat, tidy, precious and aesthetic that the temptation to linger there is great.

As he went on explaining to me quite optimistically the prospect of some good work ahead in connection with the proposed Maharashtra University, to report on the possibility of which, Government of Bombay have appointed a Committee with him as the Chairman, I ventured somewhat abruptly,

"Do you think, the film will be properly exploited for educational purposes in this new University of yours?"

"That is a matter of detail. Let us have a University first, but I can quite understand your enthusiasm to advance the cause of films whenever you can as you happen to be a film journalist."

So Jayakar was in a mood to oblige me by talking about films, I concluded and asked him what kind of pictures he preferred to see.

"I am not much of a picture-goer, especially out here in India. I am a lonely man and unless there is kindred company, you cannot possibly think of spending an evening at a theatre. While in England, my secretary who was an educated, cultured young woman practically used to drag me to some good film after my day's work and I must acknowledge that her selection seldom went wrong. Those evenings in London have convinced me of the tremendous power of the film for popular entertainment and instruction. The film is even a more powerful agency than the press and radio put together for propaganda and adult education purposes.

What The Chinese Consul In India Says:

In a letter to the Editor, the Consul for China writes from Bombay:

"I am glad to say that I found the short film, "Our Valiant Neighbour" a very satisfactory production. However, there is one scene in it which does not represent modern China and is now out of date. I mean the scene wherein a man wearing a pig tail is seen speaking at a mass meeting. The picture would be complete if this scene is cut off."

Why not complete the picture, Shantaram, by cutting off that pig tail? It is a courtesy we owe to our valiant neighbours.

"I have not seen more than a dozen Indian pictures. Even among them I prefer to see those in Marathi so that the number I am likely to see diminishes still further. I like most to see on the screen correct, natural, realistic representation



The Rt. Hon. Dr. M. R. Jayakar, M.A., LL.B., LL.D., D.C.L., Bar-at-Law, Privy Councillor.

of the life about us. I can recall one such picture which I liked best. It was "Savkari Pash". It was very good art, fine entertainment and had immense educative value. Another picture I liked was "Tukaram" minus its miracles. It was otherwise a fine biographical picture. "Dnyaneshwar" also went near it, but lacked the excellence of "Tukaram".

SAINTS OR MIRACLE-MONGERS?

"I must tell you, however, that the miracles our saints perform on celluloid are a horrible torture to me. Personally, I would prefer these saints and mythological figures to be left severely alone. All these venerable old celebrities are presented to us as miracle-mongers. Miracles are the least part of their service to humanity. It is enough that we read about these exaggerated fantasies in literature. Supernatural powers attributed to them need not be immortalised on celluloid. What we need for popular education is the spread of rationalism, a faith in human endeavour to rise to its highest. This is denied to us when it is sought to impress our minds with the distance between us, mere mortals on the one hand and the saints and mythological heroes on the other. If they are represented as an ideal, the less distance you create

between them and the devotee, the greater is the scope for human aspiration.

"I am not against bringing them to the screen if their virtues are so depicted as to be within the reach of our serious endeavour. They must inspire us with the confidence that we can resemble them and reach their moral and spiritual height. What is the use of making them fly in an aeroplane, as Tukaram does or to move a stonewall which Dnyaneshwar not only moves but sends into thin air?

These pictures may be popular, because our people are emotionally superstitious, but I cannot personally stand them and I believe film-producers must carefully guard against excessively pandering to popular taste by producing such abnormalities. An emotional people need realistic pictures as a corrective of a national bias. Films must take up their share to root out superstition, explode miracles and help to promote a rational outlook on life's affairs."

Dr. Jayakar spoke in glowing terms about "Edison", "Emile Zola", "Good-bye Mr. Chips," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "The Mortal Storm" and said those were the films he liked most. He would like Indian producers to have these films as illustrations to copy. He liked exceedingly "All This and Heaven Too", which was made by Warner Brothers and in which Charles Boyer and Bette Davies were at their best. He felt certain that in India's history, both modern and mediaeval, there were incidents and personalities about whom such beautiful films could be made. After thirty years of its career in India, the film industry must rise to its responsibility and if film producers don't do it, public conscience must be aroused to compel them to do it.

FILMS AS A CAREER

Dr. Jayakar was entirely in favour of Indian educated young men and women taking up films as a career in whichever department there was a great opportunity. He brushed aside the argument of lack of morals in the filmland as exaggerated and asserted that morals were one's own affair, so long as they did not vitiate public taste or decency. "There was no department of life that was safe for people who were immorally inclined and no man or woman of character, idealism and resolution had reason to fear a mere atmosphere. If you practise an art which sometimes partakes of the Bohemian, you must take the attendant risks. I remember, years ago, when I took to the study of music, surreptitiously drawing on my hours at college for the necessary time, my morals were said to be in great jeopardy. But nothing happened. Art never corrupts. It is the blandish-



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ments in the hands of its vulgar votaries that constitute the danger. Full pre-occupation with the study of the art itself is the cure. Keep your gaze centrally fixed on it and the rest is easy."

As he was explaining his views, I remembered that he was present at the opening of the Circo Production's "Geeta" or "Karmayoga" and I asked him what he thought about pictures in which crime was sought to be glorified. He confessed he was misled into believing that the picture had something to do with Bhagvad Geeta and as he was a great admirer of the Celestial Song and was responsible for introducing it in the course of studies in the Aryan Education Society's High School which he and his friends had founded, he went to open it. He was disappointed to find that it was a cheap imitation of the American gangster pictures and in between were inserted scenes to commend unduly, Gandhiji's village industries and Khaddar programme. He was clearly of the opinion that pictures which overemphasised sex, love and crime were not calculated to do good to Indian society and particularly to our impressionable boys and girls. There is a certain age, he said, through which we all pass, when the allurements of vice have a great fascination. Depicted in romantic surroundings, smacking of a semblance of courage and sacrifice, they are particularly pleasing.

THE INFLUENCE OF FILMS

"I do recognize the importance of motion pictures in our daily life. They affect our modes of behaviour, dress, morals to a very great extent, easily to a greater extent than the printed word and the radio put together. We have a right to expect a wholesome and salutary influence in the cinema. Our social conscience must be aroused to that end. I see limitless possibilities of the film as an all-powerful element in educating the young. Our producers and the Governments concerned must seriously take up the problem."

Dr. Jayakar, I remembered was a great enthusiast for dramas in his young days. He was a dramatic critic also and seldom missed a good play. He told me, as he went on to say that plays with living persons performing before us were any day preferable to the shadows of the film world cast on the silver screen. The one is of the substance, the other is a mere shadow. What pleases us is the successful deception. In moments of recreation, we all like to be deceived into innocent falsehoods.

"With the modern civilisation dominating our life in all possible ways, we cannot help having our entertainments also mechanised. I do not demur to that. But we must have better standards of music, dialogue, photography and what not. So many of the filmic songs I simply abhor—so coarse and jarring are their tunes. The cinema must not be permitted to vulgarise Indian music, the richest heritage of the Hindus and Muslims alike."

"It may be so, for the time being", I interrupted, "With the passage of time, so many of our arts will be revived and promoted by the direct encouragement of the film industry."

"Yes, I am prepared to hope with you that the film industry will encourage music, photography, dancing, story-telling, dress refinement, spread of Hindustani and many other features. But even for that the public must be on the alert. Intelligent critics and ordinary fans must have their say in their entertainment fare. Organised opinion of cine-goers of good taste and culture must have even a veto on what will be doled out to the public. There is a tendency in the press to boost every picture that is produced and a man like me is often unable to know what is good, bad or indifferent. We rely more and more on a critical press, which must judge by high standards of excellence and not from an emotional regard for the supernatural. Large combines able to dole out press patronage will sometimes interfere with a critical and independent exercise of judgment, but a well-informed and discriminating public must check this tendency. I see the great need of public opinion being educated in this behalf, to act as both a check on and spur to picture production."



Here is a mechanical situation which looks quite human in "Toofan Mail", a Wadia-Ranjit picture.

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Hindi Dialogues:
PANDIT ANUJ

PRAKASH

Starring: **DURGA KHOTE, SHAHU MODAK, SHOBHANA SAMARTH, PREM etc.**

EVERGREEN *Release*

PRAKASH'S *Coming Social* **"STATION MASTER"**

Zahur Raja—A Rough-Neck Guy!

Attractive Man With Animal Spirit: Actor In Love With His Wife

By: Hyacinth

He is a big husky fellow, this Zahur Raja with colossal biceps and a grip of iron. From his photographs (I had seen only those of his face) I expected him to be slim and short, so when I saw him in flesh I was so busy being surprised I didn't notice he was reducing my right hand to pulp when he shook it. However, being almost a lady I wouldn't have yelped even if I had noticed it.

Zahur is rather a surprising young fellow. To begin with he arrived for his interview wearing the wild looking Pathan "kulla-lungi". I had hardly got used to it when he took it off and so released a shock of unruly black curls some of which fell forward on to his forehead in front and the rest disappeared into his collar at the back. Now Zahur who is 6' tall and weighs 13 stone 10 lbs. would be my idea of a perfect he-man if he didn't have those Shirley Temple curls and if he didn't pluck his eyebrows to the fine lines they are. He says he has eye-brows like twin tropical forests but even tropical forests would look better than his present spidery eyebrows.

Before I become too prejudiced I would like to say that Zahur has very fine features and is an extremely pleasant young man.

He was born in Abbottabad on July 7th 1918. He has one brother and two sisters. His father who was a Police Inspector owned an estate of 25 villages. Several generations ago the family head was entitled Raja by the Government and now Raja has become their family name.

Zahur stayed in Abbottabad until he had passed his Matric and then



....he took the "kulla-lungi" off and released a shock of unruly black curls."



Zahur Raja, handsome and ambitious.

he was sent to the Gordon Mission College at Rawalpindi. Zahur, who was an extremely mischievous student managed to stay in college for 6 years. He would still be there if he hadn't been heaved out by the Principal. Zahur just wouldn't study and his masters just refused to send him up for his B.A. examination. But don't think this made our Zahur weep. On the contrary, he was quite content to be a duffer because in this way he could devote more time to sport. He was the best athlete in the college and played every game from football to ping-pong. He was the champion discus-thrower and an expert at putting the shot.

COWBOY IDEALS

But Zahur had another love besides sport and that was acting. When he was a little boy he used to see cowboy films and they made such an impression on him that he actually used to steal money from his father to buy toy pistols and pea-shooters for his gang of juvenile cowboys. So realistic were their cowboy adventures that once Zahur broke his arm. He lived in a world of make-believe and longed to be an actor. When he was in college he belonged to the College Dramatic Society and did so well that his Principal noticed his talent and in Zahur's final report wrote: "A very attractive and promising young man, but due to an exuberance of animal spirit he gets into trouble. Never-

EVERYTHING'S READY FOR MARRIAGE



...but to

She knew little . . . . . but the men knew less.

which man?

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who plays the youthful and vivacious Cindrella, in a magnificent dancing drama, that will sway your emotions

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So realistic were their cowboy adventures that once Zahur broke his arm.

theless I recommend him for the army or the film business."

While he was still in college Zahur used to send letters and photographs of himself to all the good directors in the hope that they would give him a break in the film line. All he got in return were the usual "I'll-let-you-know" letters.

Now Zahur's father wanted to send him to Dehra Dun to become a lieutenant in the Indian Army but Zahur had other ideas so he ran away to Bombay. With him he had one of the "I'll-let-you-know" letters which Director Kardar had sent him. This he took to Kardar who took one look at the husky giant from the North and engaged him immediately. He made one film at Ranjit's under Kardar's direction called "Mirza Saheban" which was the best Punjabi film made. Zahur was the hero.

Then Mr. Shantaram took Zahur away to the Prabhat film company in Poona where he was signed up for three years. Unfortunately there was some trouble about the film story so Zahur wasn't able to act in the picture. Then after ten months of inactivity at Prabhat's, Kardar took Zahur to National Studios where he made "Puja" with Sardar Akhtar and Sitara. "Puja" according to "filmindia" was the best picture of the year but Baburao Patel didn't appreciate Zahur's work. However, Zahur is a charitable fellow and he says "I think Baburao Patel is the greatest journalist and critic of the film industry. I hope to do something in the future which will win his applause."

After making "Puja", Zahur joined Minerva Movietone and worked in "Sikandar" for them. After that he was signed up by Ashok Pictures and worked as the leading man in "Sewa". Zahur feels his roles in "Sewa" and "Mirza Saheban" have been his best.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

All the time he was acting, Zahur was also learning how to direct films. After "Sewa" he took a chance and floated his own company with the help of Mr. R. S. Lakhani. Mr. Lakhani who is his financing partner is a very kind-hearted man who likes to help promising youngsters. Zahur hopes to live up to Mr. Lakhani's expectations and be a success. At present Zahur is acting in and directing a picture called "Badal". This is for his newly formed company. His next film will be "Khayyam" and will be about the great Persian poet.



Carries his wife's photograph around in his wallet and pulls it out proudly.

Zahur admires Shantaram and Kardar most among the directors.

He thinks Devika Rani is the best actress and Kumar and Nawab the best actors.



Mazhar Khan plays a powerful role in "Marvee" or "Meri Duniya," the maiden production of National Artists.



"IF LAUGHTER IS ALIVE
"AND HUMOUR INTACT
"CAN VICTORY BE FAR AHEAD"

Damuanna Malvankar and Jog

He who laughs last laughs best!

But the pictures that keep you laughing from start to finish must be the last word in entertainment.

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Produced and Directed by **WINAYAK**

Starring: **Damuanna Malvankar, Jog, Nandu Khote, Javdekar, Bal Datar, Vatsala Kumptekar, Saroj Borkar, Shakuntala, Shanta, Baby Leela.**

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Two 'cuties' Meera and Shamim in "Arman" a social picture of Ranjit.

Zahur himself likes serious roles best and is in his element when he is taking part in dramas and tragedies. He likes himself best as a rough man.

Zahur complains that too many stars are allowed to rise to fame because they know how to flatter the chiefs of the industry. He is fighting every bit of the way to win fame for himself, but would die rather than resort to flattery to get himself to the top.

Zahur has been married for six months to Meena, a pretty young actress who is at present making probably her last film "Phir Milenge". Theirs was quite a romantic meeting. They met on the sets of "Sikandar" in which they were both acting and fell in love at first sight. Zahur who seems to have been bitten badly by the Love Bug carries his wife's photograph around in the wallet and pulls it out proudly on the slightest provocation.

Zahur is very happy in his married life but doesn't want any children. He feels that actors and actresses shouldn't have children because film people are so irritable after the strain of their work that they would make poor parents. "Phir Milenge" is his wife's last picture because he doesn't believe married women should work as actresses. That is what he says today. Acting is an honourable profession, but there are still many narrow-minded people who feel that only women of doubtful character go into films and he wouldn't like his wife to be looked down upon because of this. For a newly married man he is not at all jealous, and although he loves his wife more than his life he would let her go if she fell in love with some other man.

They live a quiet life at Sohrab Villa, Military Road, Santa Cruz. His salary is Rs. 1,200/- per month and he is able to keep two cars, one a Standard Special and the other a rather shabby looking Morris. Zahur has no vices. The last time he smoked a cigarette was in the attic of his father's house in Abbottabad and Zahur, who was only 12 was so sick he swore never to smoke again. He goes to the races occasionally, but claims it is only for the excitement and not because he wants to get rich quickly.

His wife has a feeling that he will be fat at forty so she makes him diet and swim at Juhu whenever he gets the time.

As soon as the war is over Zahur wants to go to Hollywood to study the film industry there. He feels that the war won't come to India yet awhile, but if there was any need to defend his country Zahur would be ready.

Watch this young man! He is destined for big things! Before very long he will take his place among the top-notch stars and as a director provide serious competition for Shantaram and Kardar! At least that is his ambition and it is commendable.



It seems to be Mirza Musharaff's turn to be surprised between Naseem and Prithviraj in "Ujala" the maiden social of Taj Mahal Pictures.

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OUR REVIEW

Debaki's Genius Distinguishes "Apna Ghar"

Chandramohan's Masterly Performance

Shanta Apte's Glorious Return

This is one of those rare pictures which a director stamps with his genius and individuality. After a long time Debaki Bose has given us a picture in which his towering genius is framed in perfect harmony of dramatic values.

It will be a long time before another picture of such classic values will be produced in India.

In "Apna Ghar", art becomes a lovely handmaid of life, life in its grim reality, full of sighs and smiles, punctuated with tears and laughter.

One would like to see this picture again and again to appreciate the subtle balancing of emotional values, the artistic presentation of life's grim problems and above all the supreme art of the master—Debaki Bose.



Shanta Apte returns to the Hindustani screen in "Apna Ghar".

YES! AN UNUSUAL STORY

The picture presents an unusual story but by no means an impossible one. In Narendra, Debaki Babu has created a strong man into whose soul the iron has entered with the result that life becomes a mock rehearsal and society a crowd of interfering hypocrites. The man, in his self-imposed isolation, develops an overbearing individualism and loses sight of the finer emotional values of life.

APNA GHAR

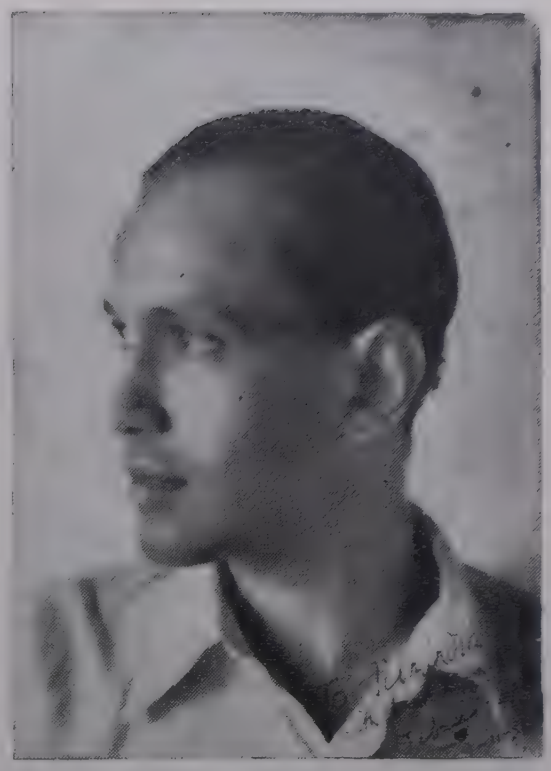
Producers:	*Circo Productions*
Language:	*Hindi & Marathi*
Story and Scenario:	*Debaki Bose*
Music:	*H. C. Bali*
Dialogues:	*Narottam Vyas*
Photography:	*Goverdhanbhai Patel*
Recording:	*Minoo Katrak*
Cast:	*Shanta Apte, Chandramohan, Jagdish Sethi, Maya Banerjee, Jeevan, Vimla Vashishta, Maruti Rao etc.*
Released at:	*Krishna Cinema*
Date of Release:	*28th Feb.* 1942

Director: DEBAKI BOSE

The accidental death of his previous wife brought upon by her excessive fondness for society and its lure, embitters the man and he takes himself to his forest estates to lead a stern life of unreasonable isolation.

Every day sees him more bitter than before and the inherent goodness of the man fades into the iron mask which the man prefers to wear. Here is a strong, disillusioned man who has come to believe that life has no honest deal to give to a man, emotionally or physically.

When Narendra comes to the city for business, he meets Mira accidentally. The first meeting is a skirmish. Mira's father, Chowdhary, is old and infirm and is accused of sharp practices by his firm. Narendra happens to be one of the directors of the company and at the meeting which he attends, Chowdhary is asked to give up all his possessions to make up for his fraud. Heartbroken Chowdhary takes to a sick bed from which he never recovers.



Debaki Bose

But before his death Mira, whose young life had hitherto been spent in social uplift work, realizing the sacrifice of an entire lifetime by her father in her interest, agrees to marry Narendra to help her old father to die happily.

CLASH OF WILLS

The marriage is more a bargain, as no love on either side is wasted.

Mira is also a strong-willed girl and has precise views on life, views which she has harnessed to her social uplift work.

Her married life, therefore, becomes a clash of two unbending wills.

Narendra with his grim iron will seeks to subdue Mira. Mira with her sweet firmness hopes to convert Narendra.

At this stage, Mami, Narendra's maternal aunt, takes a dirty hand in the game and with some poisonous whispers tries to promote an estrangement between the newly married couple.


Zooming your way
loaded with the bomb-
shell news of the season!
CIRCO PRODUCTIONS
SEND YOU TWO MORE HITS
NAI DUNYA
Starring
SHOBHNA; MAZHAR·JAIRAJ
AZURI·VASTI & HARI
Directed by A.R.KARDAR
MAHATMA VIDUR
IN HINDI & MARATHI
Starring
VISHNUPANT PAGNIS·DURGA KHOTE
NAYAMPALLY & PRAHLAD
Directed by-ALTEKAR & BABURAO PAINTER
PRODUCTIONS

However. the first time where their wills clash is on the occasion when Mira encourages the local villagers to refuse slavish submission to Narendra's autocratic orders.

The first round is won by Narendra by a show of armed men against the unarmed supporters of Mira.

From here onwards, the story travels to a relentless climax with a terrific speed that takes one's breath away.

Mira is in a delicate condition and soon gets a child during the absence of Narendra in the city for medical reasons.

AT THE POINT OF A GUN

The birth of a son softens the man of steel and he is anxious to hold his baby in his arms, and wants to run back home leaving his medical treatment. But circumstances prevent his doing so and he soon comes to suspect a conspiracy to keep him away from his infant son.

The subtle details of these circumstances in different locations are beautifully worked out and woven into the story by Debaki Bose maintaining at the same time the ever-rising tempo of the drama.

Mira becomes a tool in the hands of the dirty-minded Mami and wishes to keep her child away from his father so as to avoid his evil eye.

But Narendra who had made impulse his sole wisdom of life arrives home suddenly and demands the child at the point of a gun.

Afraid of her child being shot, Mira submits to the threat but in that moment all her traditional respect for her husband disappears and she runs out of her home in disgust leaving her child to the tender mercy of her husband.

In running she falls into a river and is taken for dead. But Mira is saved by some fishermen some miles away.

MIRACLE OF MOTHER LOVE

Mira's child soon gets ill and Narendra is now in agony. The inherent good he had suppressed for years now battles with his evil mask. After days of illness the little child is on the last gasp when news of Mira living reaches Narendra. Mira is sent for and after an intense emotional struggle she returns home only to hear the doctor's announcement that the child was dead.



His eyes give him a living. Chandramohan in "Apna Ghar"



All the situations he misses in life, he seems to manage in pictures. Here is Baburao Pendharkar with Shanta Hublikar in "Man Happy Returns" a maiden picture of New Huns Pictures.

And now begins a chapter of faith healing. The mother refuses to believe that her child is dead. She picks up the dead child and paces the room for hours through the midnight till early hours of the morn. All the others keep a vigil, sceptic and despairing.

But, lo, when the doctor goes to Mira in the early hours of the morning to take the child away the child is found living. A mother's faith had done the miracle.

The child is soon on its own, hale and hearty again. And once again Mira prepares to leave. And still another climax brings together the husband and the wife, the husband having found a common meeting ground in the social uplift work of his wife.

The greatness of the story lies in the fact of every character being an average person from life. In restoring the harmony of an individual home, through the storms of life, the writer seeks to point out the

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3
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1.

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THE LOVE TEAM YOU WILL RAVE ABOUT!

LEELA CHITNIS

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BETWEEN YOU & ME

with KESHAVRAO DATE, HARI SHIVDASANI, SHAHZADI & GHORY

2.

Starring MOTILAL

3.

Starring LEELA CHITNIS



Protima Das Gupta comes to the screen after "Rajnartaki" in "Bachelor Father" a social picture of Acharya Productions.

moral that an individual home is but a unit of a million homes that makes a nation. And the way to that harmony lies in the understanding of the other man's point of view even at considerable personal sacrifice and through peaceful methods.

Technically the picture is almost perfect, though one wished the sound had been a little more audible.

SHANTA AND CHANDRAMOHAN

Chandramohan is superb as "Narendra". He lends life to the role and creates a character as vivid and realistic as the author wanted. This is a masterpiece of acting for the incomparable Chandramohan, who, this time, expresses more by action than by words. Long live Chandramohan! Actors like him are rare not only in India but in the whole world.

Shanta Apte returns to the screen after a very long time and yet gives a more mature performance than ever before. With addition of years, she has now acquired a charming personality and does her work pretty well. Though her "Mira" falls short of Debaki's conception, yet her work in this picture is certainly a great improvement on all she has done in the past. Her musical talents, however, were not exploited in this picture.

In fact, the picture has poor music —poor in the popular sense. Without being so subdued as it is at present, good music could have been given, especially with an excellent singing artiste like Shanta Apte.

OH! SAVE US PLEASE

Jagdish, Jeevan, Maya Bannerjee and almost all others give suitably good performances. Vimla Vashishtha was, however, a sorry disappointment. This artiste is now typed in shrewish roles and even the great Debaki Bose could not take her away from the rut. For heaven's sake, can't someone stop this lady from speaking Hindustani? She murders the language and makes it sound more awful than Tamil. If Vimla Vashishtha will insist on speaking Hindustani in future, let us change the national language of India.

Another girl who should leave the screen severely alone is Vimal Sardesai. She plays a tiny role as a society girl in one party scene, but that bit of exhibition is enough to point out her present unsuitability for the screen.

Well, it is Debaki's own picture produced in the best Debaki Bose traditions and though it has little popular entertainment in it, it is a picture worthy of a great director and as such worth seeing by every intellectual in the country—not once but several times.

Incidentally, the picture also constitutes a well aimed slant on the present political conditions, but we would rather prefer the philosophic angle in human relations seeing that Debaki Bose has made this picture.



Yes, Director Kedar Sharma is at it with his Ajanta frescos in mind. That's Mira thrown out with vengeance, in "Arman", a Ranjit picture, to size up the emotions of millions.

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YIELDING PLACE to NEW

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Dizzy—Dazzling Comedy

NAVE-JUNE

— नवें-जुनें —

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ALL SAY *it* DIFFERENTLY.....
BUT ALL MEAN
The SAME THING

IT'S GREAT-GRAND

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Epic or and for the NATION

APNA GHAR

starring :



SHANTA APTE



Chandramohan

MAYA BANNERJI, JAGDISH, NYAMPALLY, NIMBALKER, JEEVAN, MADHUKAR GUPTE, DAVID, GOPE, VIMLA VASHISTA, KUSUM DESHPANDE and others.

Directed by:

DEBAKI BOSE

5th Week

At Krishna Talkies

Dubash Theatre

For Bombay Presidency :

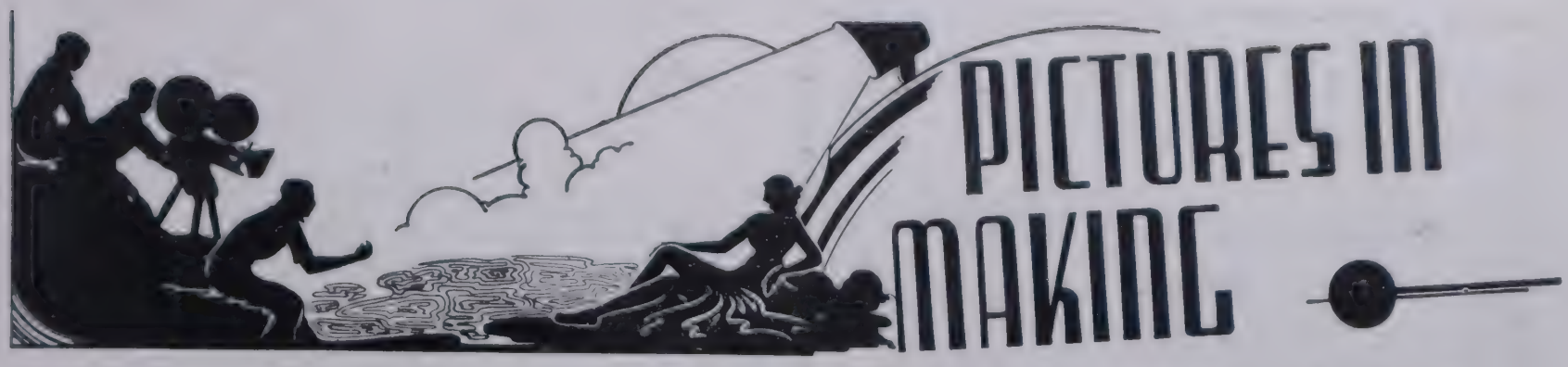
INDIA FILM CIRCUIT

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FOR C. P. C. I. CIRCUIT

BHARAT PICTURES LTD., AKOLA

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



KARDAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Director Abdul Rashid Kardar seems to be now tired of making pictures for others, and he has started his own producing concern backed by his ripe experience and his small army of personal workers.

The first picture will be a social story called "Sharda", and it will go into the sets next month. As is usual with Director Kardar, the preparations for the maiden picture of Kardar Productions are being attended to studiously and if half of what Kardar talks today is to be believed, "Sharda" will be a picture worth seeing.

ACHARYA PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

The final scenes are being taken of their maiden production called "Kunwara Bap" or "Bachelor Father" in which Protima Das Gupta leads a useful cast of artistes. Another one that has only recently gone into production is also a social story called "Uljhan". The second story will be directed by Mr. Acharya himself.

SHALIMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

"Ek Raat", the first production of Mr. W. Z. Ahmed has been completed and those who have had the good fortune of seeing a connected trial of the rushes have been loud in praising the quality of the picture. The music is reported to have become marvellously attractive and will go a long way in making the picture a huge success. Already the picture has been taken for distribution by Messrs. Srinivas Pictures Circuit of Bangalore for the South; by Messrs. Jamnadas Ltd., of Bhusawal for the C.P., C.I.; by Messrs. Dowlat Corporation, Bombay for Bombay Presidency, by Messrs. Famous Pictures Ltd., Bombay for Africa and Overseas and by the Novelty Talkies of Karachi for Sindh.



A beautiful snap of Sardar Akhtar in "Uljhan" the second picture of Acharya Productions.

Producer-Director W. Z. Ahmed is already busy on the second story for the company.

JANAK PICTURES (Bombay)

Producer Chhotubhai Desai has completed his first picture "Rai Saheb", a social story with an intense dramatic value.

With Jagdish Sethi, Kaushalya and Ratan Bai in the cast, the picture has become a dynamic document of human emotions and when it is released on the screen it will take a long time for the audiences to forget it.

Producer Chhotubhai's future plans are not yet known.

FAZLI BROTHERS (Calcutta)

After "Pyas" at the Imperial, "Masoom" will come to the screen in Bombay. At the Studios "Chowranghee" is now receiving finishing touches and this picture which is being produced in two versions, Hindi and Bengali, is also expected to be a good box-office pull apart from its entertainment and instructive values.

LAXMI PICTURES (Bombay)

Under the jealous supervision of Producer Chimanlal Trivedi the shooting of the social picture "I can do it" is proceeding fast. Director Phani Mujumdar has used an imposing cast led by Lila Desai to the best advantage and it seems that Trivedi will do the trick with the very first picture of his second start.

Another one that is going into production shortly under the direction of Mr. Profulla Roy is called "My Village".

NEW HUNS PICTURES (Kolhapur)

Their first picture under the reorganization scheme is called "Many Happy Returns" featuring Baburao Pendharkar and Shanta Hublikar. It has now been completed and it has become a thrilling comedy for which

(Continued on page 61)



MUMTAZ SHANTI—

Here is a new charmer for Bombay Talkie

Mumtaz shoulders the stellar role in "Dasavatar" [illegible] directed by Amiya Chakravarty.



SHE FOOLS WITH TWO MEN - - AT A TIME !

BHARAT TALKIES

PRESENTS

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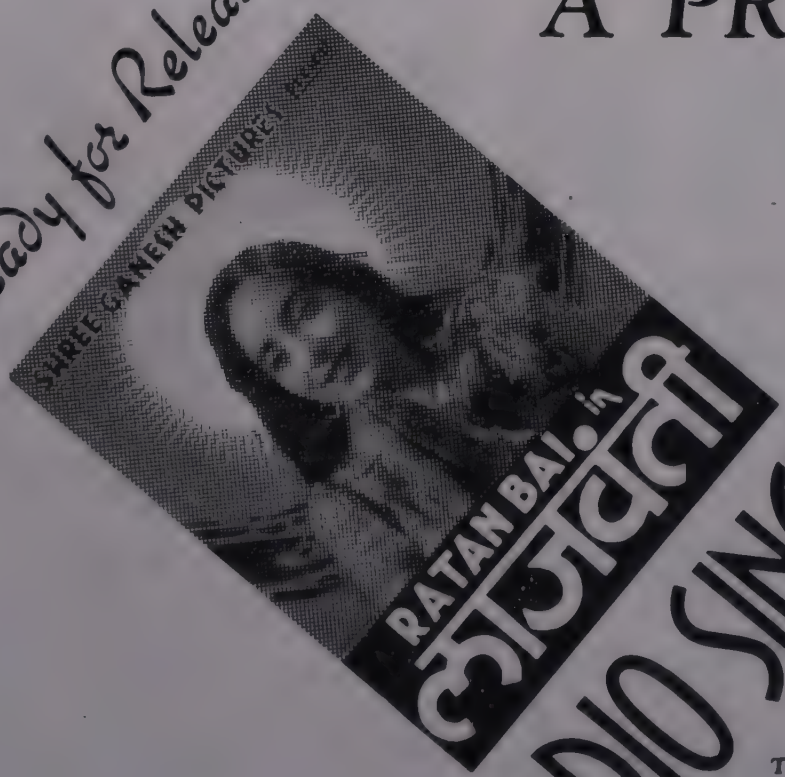
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P. B. ZAVERI

Director:
M. A. MIRZA

Music:
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Featuring:
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MOHAN PICTURES' COMING PICTURES

"ZEVAR"

Direction:
K. AMARNATH
Cast:
INDURANI
JAYANT

◆

"BAHANA"

Cast:
ALAKNANDA
YUSUF EFFENDI
BENJAMIN

◆

? ? ?

Direction:
NANUBHOY VAKIL
Cast:
SAROJINI

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LALITA PAWAR

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Trilok Kapoor

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KAMLA VARERKER
URMILA • MAJID
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RAJA YAGNIK

STORY

M. G. DAVE

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KIRTI

STARRING :-
LALITA PAWAR, P. JAIRAJ, JAGDISH
Sunalini Devi, Sushil Kumar & Urmila

DIRECTED BY
GUNJAL

VENUS PICTURES

VENUS PICTURES YUSUF BUILDING, MAHATMA GANDHI ROAD FLORA FOUNTAIN, FORT, BOMBAY

distributors in Bombay have already started bidding. We hope it will go to the highest bidder.

Baburao Pendharkar is busy again in the city with his new plans for the new picture and these plans are expected to take a definite shape within the next fortnight.

EASTERN PICTURES (Bombay)

"Badal" is now in its final sequences under the enthusiastic direction of Zahur Raja who also, by the way, leads a useful cast of artistes. With Radha Rani and Urmilla to lend sex appeal to the picture and "Badal" having a story unique in its conception, the picture promises to become a good hit.

PANCHOLI ART PRODUCTIONS (Lahore)

"Khan-Daan" has been completed and censored and also released at Lahore where it is doing even better than "Khazanchi". Bombay is anxious to see this picture and the earlier it is released the better for all.

At the studios in Lahore, Director Gidwani has just finished shooting of the first set of "Zamindar". With Shanta Apte, Gulam Mohammad, M. Ismail, Manorama and others in the cast, "Zamindar" is expected to be another successor to "Khazanchi".

BOMBAY TALKIES (Bombay)

With its usual clock-work precision this studio is now working on a social picture called "Basant". Under the direction of Amiya Chakrabarti this social story promises to be another hit of Bombay Talkies. With Mumtaz Shanti and Ulhas leading a useful cast of well-known artistes, Bombay Talkies are once again sure of a thundering success.

PRAKASH PICTURES (Bombay)

"Bharat Milap", that mythological marathon of motion picture making is drawing in better money than "Narsi Bhagat" at all the stations wherever it has been released.

At the studios in Andheri feverish activity is seen in shooting "Station Master" a social story featuring **Jagdish Sethi.**

TAJ MAHAL PICTURES (Bombay)

"Ujala", their maiden production, with Naseem in the stellar role is bringing good reports of success from all places wherever it was released.

Mr. Ehsan Mohammad is now seen in consultation with Mr. Zabak for the next picture of the company.

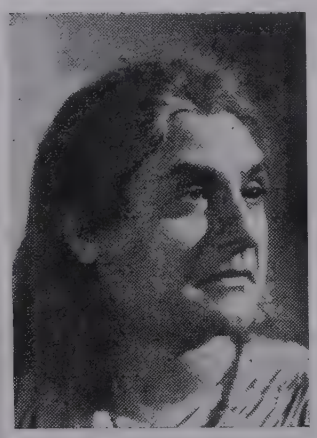
NATIONAL STUDIOS (Bombay)

With Nalini Jaywant as star, "Nirdosh", a social story in Hindi and Marathi, has been released at the Swastik Talkies in Bombay.

At the studios they have a number of pictures in making some of which are: "Lalaji", a comedy; "Vijay" a social melodrama; "Roti", a social story, and "Apna Paraya", also a social subject.

RANJIT MOVIETONE (Bombay)

If someone wishes to see a beehive of industry, he must visit the



Mazhar Khan

The SMARTEST Show on the Screen!

NATIONAL ARTISTES' MARVELLOUS 20—STAR— MELODY-DRAMA SENSATION!

MARVI OR MERI DUNIYA

Stars of SCREEN, STAGE, RADIO all wrapped up in STORY & SONG and spilled on the screen in great gobs of ENTERTAINMENT.

MAZHAR KHAN, KAUSHALYA, HARI SHIVDASANI, A. HUSSAIN, MAJID, MEERA, GOPE, DAYA DEVI, S. NAZIR, PARSHRAM, BUTT KASHER, & others.



Kaushalya

Directed by ..... MAZHAR KHAN
Dialogues by ..... PANDIT SHIV KUMAR
Music by ..... SHANTI KUMAR
Songs by ..... AHSAN RAZVI
Photography by ..... SAJU NAIK
Dances arranged by ..... AUZURIE & KRISHAN KUMAR

Produced by C. R. BAJAJ.

IT'S MUSICOLOSSAL!

A MAZHAR KHAN PRODUCTION

NATIONAL ARTISTES DADAR-BOMBAY

Ranjit Studios where pictures are being turned out constantly. They have "Chandni" ready and "Fariyad" in shooting under Director Jayant Desai. They have "Arman" completed by Director Kedar Sharma and another one started by the same gentleman. Chaturbhuj Doshi has completed "Dhiraj" and has switched on to the "Nurse".

Ram Daryani is busy with a remarkable social story called "Sukh-Dukh".

Director Manibhai Vyas is also producing something, but it is kept a secret and so the studio has innumerable activities in picture production.

NAVYUG CHITRAPAT (Poona)

Director Winayak has at last completed "State Guests" with Damuanna and Jog in the lead. The picture is expected to be on the screen sometime next month and, in the meanwhile, another is planned to go into production.

AMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

By the time this is in hand, "Khilauna" will be drawing crowds at the Royal Opera in Bombay. This picture which features Snehprabha Pradhan is expected to draw remarkably well at all centres. Incidentally, this is the maiden picture of Amar Pictures.

Another one by this company which is now ready for release is called "Ankh Michowli" featuring among other artistes the glorious Sulochana.

WADIA MOVIETONE (Bombay)

"Jungle Princess" is drawing crowds at the Super Cinema in Bombay. It is a thriller after the famous Wadia traditions and while it thrills it pays money to the producers. Fearless Nadia's fearless flirtations with the frightened lions have become the talk of the town and everyone seems to say:—"Poor lions!"

At the studios the new picture under production is called "Mukabila". It is going on with the usual efficient supervision of Mr. Jamshed Wadia.

INDIA FILM CIRCUIT (Bombay)

This is a new distribution concern started in Bombay and it has secured "Apna Ghar", a Circo picture, for its first release. It is a good beginning, rather a very good beginning, and one would hope to expect more progress from this company.

CIRCO PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Director Kardar is giving his final touches to "Nai-Duniya", a social story featuring Shobhana Samarth, Mazhar Khan and others.

The production work of "Bhakta Vidur" is proceeding at its usual speed and when the picture is completed we shall tell you all how long it took.

BHARAT TALKIES (Bombay)

This new company has just completed a picture called "Kiski Bibi", a social story with plenty of humour in it. Under the supervision of Mr.



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Use KANTI TOILET SOAP
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Lovely Complexion

P. B. Zaveri, a publicity expert of Bombay, the picture is reported to have become quite a good presentation.

A very interesting cast consisting of Anuradha, E. Bilimoria, Kalyani, Vatsala Kumthekar and Gulab graces the picture and one would expect this picture to go a long way towards becoming a box-office hit.

SARASWATI CINETONE
(Poona)

Dadasaheb Torney sends us news that he has at last completed "Awaz", a social story, featuring Maya Bannerji and Wasti.

The next picture on which the old producer is now working is called "Kanoon" and the same will go into production almost immediately.

SWASTIK INDIA LIMITED
(Bombay)

This influential firm of distributors have released "Paisa", a social comedy with an appreciative theme at the Novelty Talkies, Bombay where it is drawing good crowds. The next picture they will release in the town is called "Vanmala", another social story produced by Circo Productions.

NATIONAL ARTISTS (Bombay)

Director Mazhar Khan, our famous character actor, is giving his masterly finishing touches to "Meri Dunya" or "Marvee" a story of the Sindh which he has been producing for sometime past. The picture will be ready for release some time in the next month.

VENUS PICTURES (Bombay)

"Nari", a social story is now under production and has made considerable progress in the interior circles.

SHRI GANESH PICTURES
(Bombay)

Their maiden production "Radio Singer" featuring Ratanbai is now ready for release and it will be soon seen in the city, probably during the month.

CENTRAL CAMERA COMPANY
(Bombay)

These people inform us that they have very useful stocks of BI-POST and SCREW-BULBS and various other accessories for studios for immediate delivery.

This is really good news, seeing that studio owners and exhibitors



Azurie, Jairaj and Shobhana in Karāar's "Nai Duniya" a Circo picture.



On the 50th birthday of Mr. S. G. Bhopatkar, Managing Proprietor of Bhopatkar Theatres, his staff gave him a gala party. In the centre is Mr. Bhopatkar. To his right Mr. Bhopatkar Jnr. and to his left Mr. Athavale, President of Brahman Seva Sangh.



It is difficult to resist Vatsala Kumptekar that way in Navyug's comedy "State Guests".

have been running about the town trying to secure supplies and blaming the war. The easiest thing they can do is to get in touch with the Central Camera Co., Hornby Road, Bombay.

MOHAN PICTURES (Bombay)

"Taj Mahal", their costume play, telling us the story of the Taj, has been released at the Minerva Talkies in Bombay where it is doing well.

At the studios three pictures are in making, viz., "Zamindar", "Zevar" and "Surdas".

CHITRA PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Between you and me, Producer Gvalani has started a picture called "Between You And Me". It is an affair between him and his wife and as such it must be a social story with plenty of drama and humour in it.

The cast in the picture will, of course, be led by Leela Chitnis but, this time she has good company in Pahari Sanyal, also playing the co-lead.



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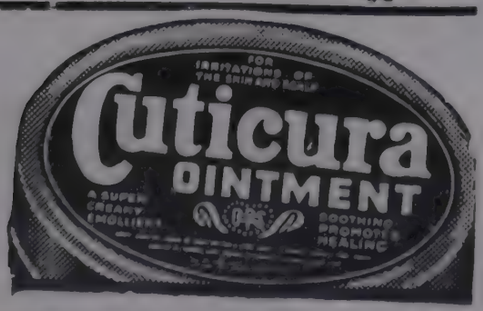
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Cuticura PREPARATIONS

A WORLD OF EYES

●*"Take thou some new infection to thy eye,*
And the rank poison of the old will die" (Shakespeare).

By: Dewan Sharar

The fame of Sadhu Ramdas was known far beyond Trimbakeshwar where near the Shankar's shrine his roughly-built hut of stones and branches propped itself against the mountain-side with every appearance of insecurity. Rich and poor alike used to come to him for healing; for Sadhu Ramdas had acquired the marvellous power of healing blindness.

It was no supernatural gift, but the result of research and experiment with the properties of herbs and berries and barks. Quite happily he led the existence of a hermit in that remote and lovely spot. He would accept no payment and desired no fame. The world held no temptation for him since he had never known the world. It began to be said of him, and with reason, that he was a saint.

On a day singled out by fate, there journeyed in his direction, from their home in Bombay, a very rich man Seth Nagar Chand and his motherless daughter Meenaxi.

Meenaxi was beautiful and gifted —she was a sweet singer and exquisite dancer—and had had all the advantages that her father's wealth could give her. But one thing he could not buy for her, though he would gladly have sacrificed all his possessions to do so. This was her sight. Meenaxi had been blind from her early childhood.

They came on a pilgrimage, to the sacred place of Pandav Dhara, these two; and there heard by chance, of the Sadhu and his gift of healing.

"We will go there at once", Nagar Chand decided. He was not very



"Sadhuji, henceforth my life is dedicated to your service," said Meenaxi, "Take it and do with it as you will".



Mr. K. Subramanyam looks as austere and dignified as Swami Vivekananda, in "Ananthasayanam", a Tamil picture.

sanguine, having had his hopes on that score raised and destroyed too often; but he would not leave a single avenue unexplored. Meenaxi was not hopeful at all.

But they set off and in the dewy freshness of the morning they reached the Sadhu's hut. Nagar Chand had looked to see an unkempt, perhaps decrepit, old hermit, but to his surprise a young man, tall and upright and startingly handsome, came to greet them.

And he cured her of her blindness.

With the herbs and simples whereof he alone knew the secret, with ointments of his own compounding, and by the grace of the Gods in whom he placed his implicit faith, he accomplished that marvellous thing. Three weeks she spent with her eyes closely bandaged, and at the end of that time, in her father's presence, Ramdas took the bandages away, and she saw.

She stood gazing all about her drinking in the miracle of sight again after sixteen long years. She saw the glowing loveliness of the Trimbakeshwar in the prime of the year. She saw her father's face and the yearning tenderness in his gaze. Wonder and joy surged up in her

heart like a tide as she embraced him. Then she turned a little and saw Sadhu Ramdas in the splendour of his young manhood; and felt as if her very soul went out to him in a rapture of gratitude.

"Sadhuji", she said, "I can find no words to thank you, who have given me a gift beyond price or praise. Nor could any reward in the world be great enough. Henceforth my life is dedicated to your service. Take it, and do with it as you will. I will abjure the world and live here in this lonely spot, asking no more than that I may serve the Gods and be allowed to help you in your noble work of healing."

"Devi, you could not", Ramdas said gently. "Delicate flowers cannot blossom in the snowy mountain wilds. Return to your home; and, if you will, let charity to the poor be your thanks-offering. For myself, as long as I live I shall not forget that you made that offer."

His clean-eyed gaze rested on her face with deeper tenderness than he knew; rested there until her lips parted a little, and her cheeks glowed; and Nagar Chand watching smiled; for he had not forgotten his own youth, and he knew the dawn of young love when he saw it.

"But your great gift should not be wasted in this remote spot, Sadhuji, he said.

"I have been happy here", said Ramdas simply.

"That knowledge is no small thing", said Nagar Chand. "In the towns—in Bombay, say—you could do a thousand times more good with it because you would then be within reach of even the poorest, who cannot afford to travel this long difficult way in quest of you. Come with us, and you shall be as the son I have always longed for; and I will give you an Ashram where you can start to restore sight to hundreds instead of to the fortunate few alone."

The eyes of Sadhu Ramdas lit up, with the fire of the devotee. Nagar Chand looked at his daughter.

"Ask him if he will come, Meenaxi," he said. Meenaxi still dazed and rapturous with the miracle that had befallen her, turned to the young Sadhu with an eager imploring face, "Will you?" she said and gave him both her hands. He and she stood for a long moment gazing deeply into each other's eyes. In that moment he came to his resolve "I will", he said.

RAMDAS IN THE CITY

The Ram Ashram in Bombay, where young Ramdas, the healer of eyes, performed his amazing cures, was far-famed, and Meenaxi now Ramdas's wife was his right hand in that noble work. She had never seen before in her life; she had never dreamed that such happiness could be. Nagar Chand lavished gifts upon them.

All this was nothing new to Meenaxi; she had been brought up as befitted a rich man's child. To Sadhu Ramdas, fresh from his mountain remoteness, his austere and frugal life, it was all novel and rather wonderful.

He found it more and more pleasant as the weeks and the months went by. He who had shrunk from fame now found it forced upon him. At first he tried consistently to avoid it. After a while he tried less; before very long he ceased to try at all. The world having set out to spoil him looked like succeeding.

Above all, he had to reckon with the inevitable flattery of women, who admired him less for his work than for his notable looks, and did not hesitate to let him see it. It went to his head, rather badly; so that presently his name began to be bandied about in company with those of several ladies better known for their charms than for their virtue; and the scandal reached the ears of Nagar Chand, who promptly



"Forgive me, Meena," said Ramdas, "Have no fear. All that is ended for ever."

tackled him about it. Ramdas was not, Nagar Chand thought, so remorseful as he might have been. "Have done with this folly, and see that no word of it reaches Meenaxi's ears", said the elderly man sternly; and Ramdas promised, and meant it for the time.

He need not have troubled. Meenaxi had heard the scandal, but ignored it. She adored her husband, had absolute faith in him, and put the stories down to the jealousy of rival practitioners and the spite of women whose overtures he had spurned. She did not know that he had not spurned them; on the con trary, he was becoming increasingly proficient at making overtures himself.

Friends and relatives warned her, without avail. A cousin who had been her playmate in childhood took it upon herself to speak seriously to her.

WITH PANNA, THE DANCER

"Do you know that my husband himself saw Ramdas coming out of the house of Panna, the dancer, two nights ago?" she asked, naming a particularly notorious young person, who on the excuse of some slight eye trouble, real or feigned, had made her own opportunities to cast herself unashamedly at Ramdas's hand, and not by any means in vain. "She believes him rich, and knows him to be a rich man's son-in-law, and will stop at nothing to get him. And by all accounts he is very far from unwilling. Meenaxi, will you stand by and see this without lifting a finger to keep him faithful? Or is your forgiveness illimitable?"

"It does not extend," said Meenaxi, pale with unwonted anger, "To gossipmongers who defame my husband's name. This woman is one of his patients; I know her reputation and so does he, but would you have him refuse her healing on that account? There is nothing whatever between them."

Brave words; she spoke them convincingly, and parted from her cousin with their lifelong friendship at an end; but in her heart she knew them to be lies. Ramdas was carrying on an intrigue with the dancer and a passionate one. A lesser-natured wife than Meenaxi would have been either embittered or heartbroken. Meenaxi was neither.

Nevertheless she tackled him on the matter. Unluckily she chose a bad moment for it. Ramdas's infatuation for Panna was at its height; at the same time he was inwardly annoyed with himself for slipping from his high principles and still more annoyed with Meenaxi for finding him out, which was unreasonable but human. For the first time since their marriage he visited his ill-humour on Meenaxi, who bore it with a dignified and lovely meekness.

His own eyes dropped beneath her steady regard. He flung out of the room without another word, and she heard his footsteps going in the direction of the dancer's house.

It was late when he returned. She looked up as he entered, for he walked, she thought, somewhat unsteadily. Then at the ghastly pallor of his face she gave a cry of alarm and ran forward to him.

Then he fell like a log at her feet. She went on her knees beside him, calling for her maid, who halted in the doorway with a scared face.

"Send for the doctor," said Meenaxi and the maid hurried away.

It was a case of alcoholic poisoning. Meenaxi nursed him through. Her love for him upheld her and gave her both strength and fortitude.

Ramdas came slowly back to life, weak, fragile, shaken in body and soul, and so grateful and ashamed that his humility brought tears to her eyes.

Of Panna he spoke but once: "Forgive me, Meena; and have no



"Ram, Ram, Your Eyes!" she cried.
"I have healed them of their fault" said Ramdas.

fear. All that is ended for ever", he said. "Be very sure of that".

And Meenaxi, recognising the sincerity in his voice, was content.

DISILLUSIONED

When he was wholly well again they recommenced their work at the Ashram. "Truly Bhagwan has been good to us", said Meenaxi, and fell to wondering whether his illness, terrible though it had been, might not have come as a blessing in disguise—but for its timely advent she had almost certainly lost him to Panna.

At the close of a heady day she left him to deal with the last two or three patients, and went to look to the cooking of the evening meal. She lingered for a moment to see the preparations go forward, as women will, realized the time with a start and went back to Ramdas.

She went into his laboratory.

At the open door she halted abruptly.

Ramdas was there, and. as she had expected, his work was over, but he was not alone. A girl's slender figure stood locked in his embrace, two arms encircled his neck as his own encircled the intruder's waist; his back was towards the door, and over his shoulder laughed the impudent, triumphant face of Panna the dancer.

Meenaxi gave a little exclamation. The pair started apart. Triumph and impudence alike left Panna's countenance; she had no mind for a quarrel with a justly indignant wife; and Ramdas, the picture of guilt and abasement, did not look as if he was likely of much help. Her sharp glance sought quickly for the nearest means of escape. Meenaxi paid not the slightest heed to her; did not even glance round as the other woman slipped past her and away, with a swirl of flying draperies.

"I cannot believe it"! she said; and the note in her voice struck like a knife to Ramdas's heart. "Is something amiss with my eyes? Never tell me I have seen aright."

Ramdas came slowly across the room to her. It must have been a full minute before he spoke.



Director Kedar Sharma believes in "Ruh-e-Shabab" and he will put in a nose ring anywhere. Shamim of course deserves it in "Arman", a social picture of Ranjit.

"No there is nothing amiss with your eyes Meena", he said at that still minute's end. "There is, I think something badly wrong with mine.. ..that they cannot even look for a moment upon that little slut of a dancer without my instantly yielding to her allurements....I....married to a very pearl of a woman! There is something so badly wrong with them Meena, that it must be cured here and now....and for ever."

He put his hands on her shoulders looking long and very deeply into her face. She met that strange intense gaze with her own clear regard.. Then, with a smile that was like a smile of farewell, he turned away from her and went over to the shelves with their array of phials and jars.

Dusk was falling fast; in the gathering shadows she could not tell what he was about; and he was very quick.

Fear caught suddenly at her heart. She went swiftly over to him. At her touch he started and dropped a little phial on the floor; it broke. He wheeled to confront her, both hands covering his face.

"What have you done;" she cried. He did not answer. He uncovered his face and advanced a step, stretching out his hands with a curious groping gesture.

"Ram, Ram!" she cried. "Your eyes.....

He smiled in the direction whence her voice came.

"I have healed them of their fault," he said. "They shall never see again."

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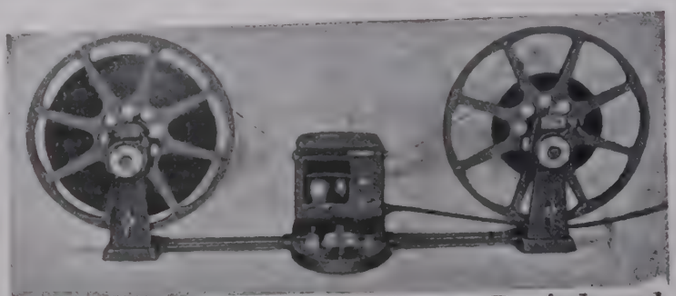


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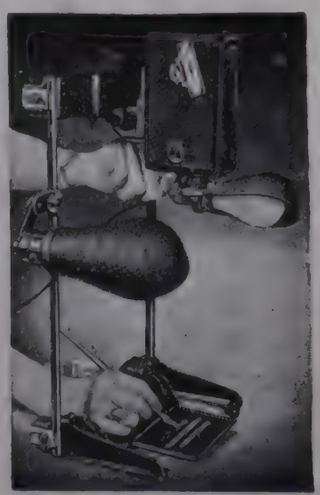
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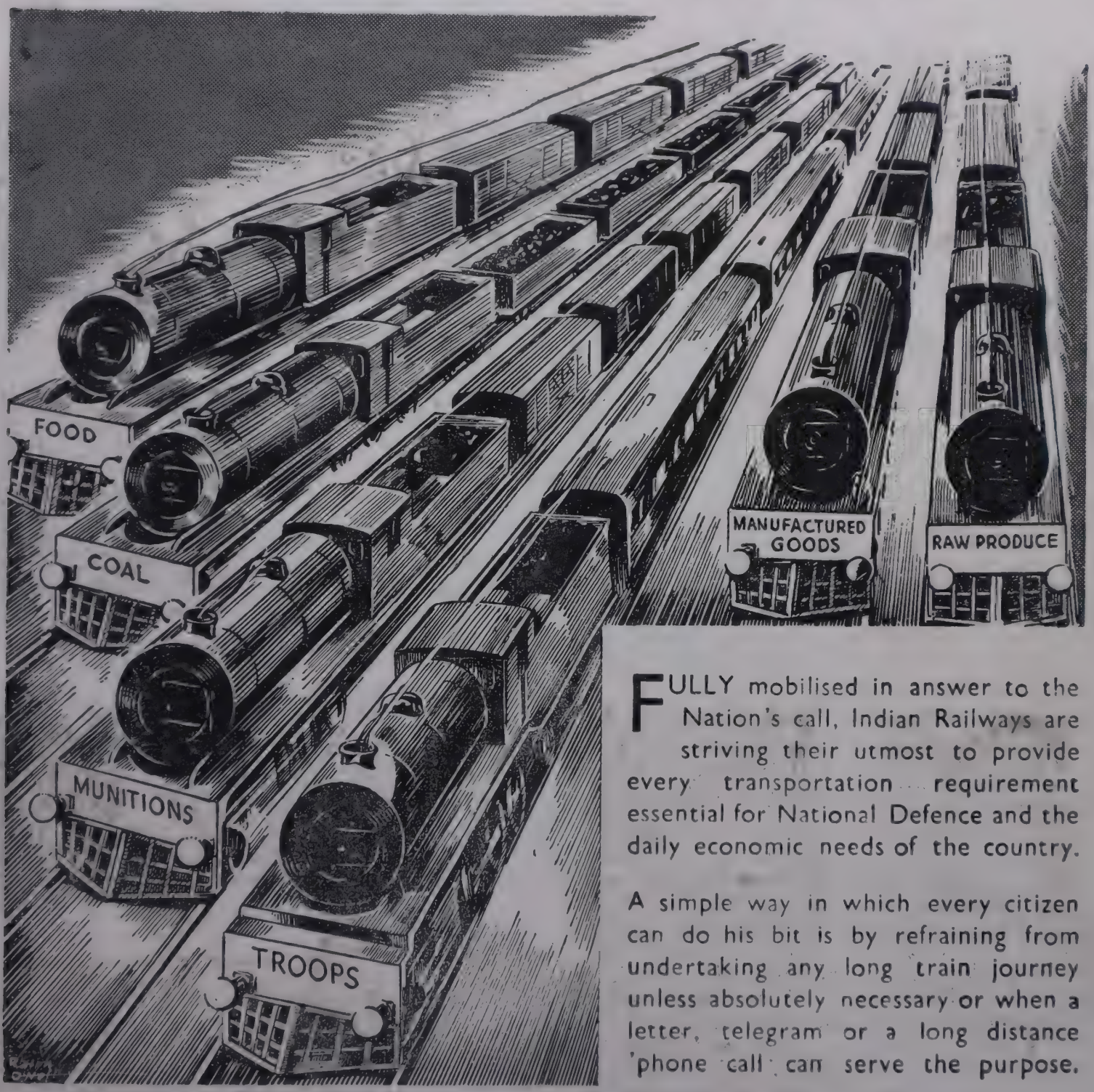
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How to have A LOVELY Skin



A lovely skin can be possessed by most women. To neglect your skin, is to rob yourself of part of your charm.

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Use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning, gently rubbing it into your face and neck with your finger tips. Let it remain for a few minutes while it sinks into the pores and melts away oil and grime, and then wipe away. During the day use Pond's Vanishing Cream; it leaves an invisible and greaseless film over face and neck which is sure protection against sun, wind and dust.

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MAY 1942

VOL. 8 No. 5.

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Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road, Fort, Bombay

Editor: BABURAO PATEL

Stop and Think

Our film industry is to-day facing a terrible crisis. It has been threatened with a shortage of raw film. And already several film studios in South India have stopped production and thrown out of employment hundreds of persons who have been, all these years, depending on film making in the South.

In a very short time the position in Bombay will be equally grave, although the Government of India have granted a priority of import for the raw film required by the industry.

The vital problem, however, is that of transport and this is something beyond the control of the Government of India. With the enemy reported to be operating in the Indian waters, it is becoming increasingly difficult for normal shipping to continue unloading goods into the country. The military needs of the country are of vital importance and naturally therefore the entire available tonnage will be required for military purposes. To find space for raw films and chemicals which our film industry requires, under these circumstances is well nigh impossible.

The best way, therefore, to meet this emergency is to reorganize our film industry on a war-time basis and make the most of what supplies we have already in hand and the small trickle that will be available at painful intervals.

Strangely enough, war had given an impetus to production in Bombay. Many tiny concerns have cropped up to produce a single picture, thereby forcing a wider distribution of our limited resources in raw films and chemicals.

This should not have been allowed, but our industry lacks an organisation to exercise an effective control in such matters.

The result of this lack of control is that we have now over forty pictures in making in the different studios of the city—half of which are launched by free-lance producers.

Free-lance production never helps an industry that strives to stabilize itself. Statistics will prove that 95% of free lance productions fails to be popular at the box-offices and almost invariably the one-picture producer never recovers his investment with the result that the

industry suffers a set-back in its natural process of stabilization.

Taking a recent example we had the misfortune of seeing during April five pictures: "Kiski-Bibi", "Malan", "Kirti", "Society" and "Paisa'. All these were products of free lancers and all of them failed to be popular.

Our own opinion is that all these five pictures should not have been produced at all. They had nothing in them worth the huge trouble of production. All of them together contributed to a waste of at least three lakhs of rupees. Imagine the criminal waste of raw films and chemicals these pictures have unnecessarily caused in these times. The same raw stock would have, otherwise, been available for regular studios, whose product is liked by the public and who employ a regular army of workers for years.

Somehow, the studio owners who hire their studios to the free-lance producers do not seem to realize the wisdom of conserving our resources in raw stock and chemicals. In pursuing a short-sighted policy of earning small profits by hiring, they prejudice the long-range prospects of their own production activities.

To save our entertainment industry, it is necessary that our regular and well established studios should continue to function uniformly and the only way to do so is by cutting down unnecessary waste in our raw stock resources.

If the film industry is to survive, our present day irresponsible free-lance production must stop and the industry in general must reorganize itself on a war-time basis so that within the minimum available resources, the industry can still meet the demand of the people for entertainment.

The human side of the whole problem is also equally important and should deserve the attention of our producers who call themselves industrialists.

The film industry in all its different branches regularly employs over 60,000 persons and the maintenance of these people is entirely dependent on the product of the regular and well established studios and not at all on the mushroom productions.

If these well established institutions are starved of their vital supplies, partly due to the present war exigency and partly owing to the waste caused by free lancers, a large army of regularly employed persons will be thrown out of work causing severe economic distress all round.

In addition, therefore, to the industrial need, the present problem throws a moral responsibility on our industrialists to support and maintain their old colleagues and workers who have, for years in the past, helped them to earn and accumulate profits.

Between the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association and the Kodaks, the sole suppliers of raw films, the present day suicidal production by free lancers can be easily stopped.

We hope, both the institutions show enough moral courage to save the situation from getting worse than it is now.

THE THEATRE MAGNIFICENT ?

The Regal Cinema, the theatre magnificent in Bombay, is gradually becoming a disgusting place of entertainment.

A two-and-half hours' show on a crowded Sunday becomes a spot of torture to the average cine-goer, especially on a mid-summer day.

No one disputes the cinema's claim to an air-conditioning plant but the damn thing seems to belong to a thinking type of mechanism working by fits and starts. It has, by now, given so many exhibitions of its mood that the air-conditioning plant at the Regal Cinema can be truthfully called absolutely unreliable. If a plant fails in its primary purpose of conditioning the air, what the hell is it there for?

Add to this, the nuisance of the smokers' smoke in the auditorium and you won't be surprised to see people's bodies sweating and eyes watering through a continuous two and half hours of "entertainment". When people come out, with their red inflamed eyes and wet clothes, they present an appearance of having escaped from a torture chamber.

What about the other plant that is supposed to pump in fresh air every few minutes? Why isn't that working?

Well, the Regal is no longer "magnificent" with these inconveniences and it is a pity that some great pictures produced by the 20th Century Fox have to be seen by us sitting in a torture chamber. Perhaps, Mr. C. B. Newbery of 20th Century Fox cannot get a better theatre for his pictures.

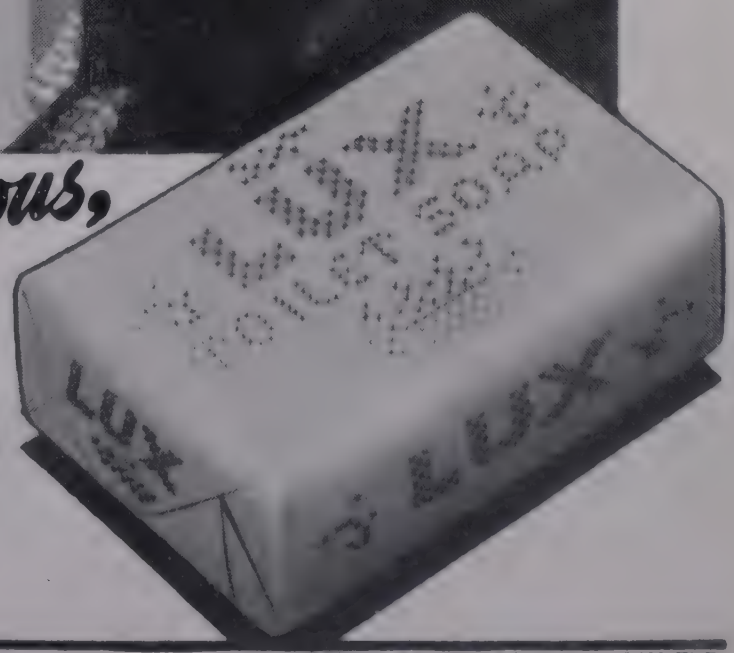
Imagine seeing and hearing Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye and other charmers under these conditions. Bah! what an entertainment!



Padmadevi makes one more Bengali picture "Karnarjun" in Calcutta.



NEENA, the mysterious, guards her exquisite skin with LUX TOILET SOAP



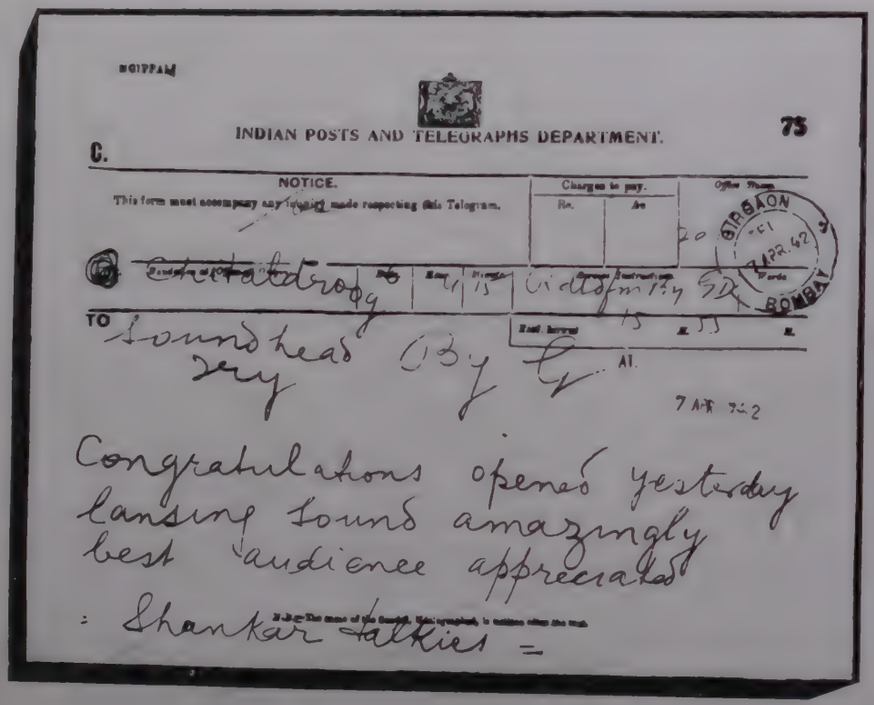
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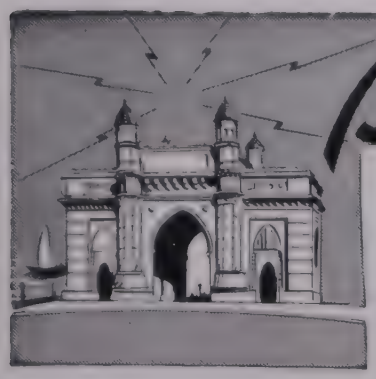
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Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

SHANTARAM GETS GOING

Under Producer-director Shantaram, the Film Advisory Board seems to be making fast progress in the production of documentaries, short features and semi-topical films.

The latest reports available show a number of subjects already in hand such as: "The Knock of Fate" giving us the story of the "V" campaign; "Aiming High", encouraging recruitment to the Indian Air Force; "World Combat" which strangely enough promises to tell the story of our dynamic defence; "Navy Film", underlining the recruiting activities of our navy; "Covering With Affection", a documentary on blanket making in India; "Sir Stafford" a documentary of the socialist knight's visit to this country and a couple of more on a Lahore dairy and cattle show, probably as a tribute to our worthy Viceroy.

Not content with this varied material, most of which is hardly useful for war propaganda except the Air Force and the Navy films, Shantaram wishes to give short news caricatures of 75 or 100 feet calling them "Flicks of the Day". This feature promises to expose the pan-Asiatic propaganda of the Japs.

From the above films, two, viz: "Aiming High" and "The Knock of Fate", have been released for public exhibition. Shantaram's technical skill in framing these subjects provides a marked contrast with the slapstick work given hitherto by the Board. Both the subjects are aimed high technically and presented with a remarkable degree of efficiency.

We did not, however, approve of the commentators of both the films. Some Robert Stimson speaks for "Aiming High" and though the written commentary is quite well done, the spoken word is affected, unnatural and unimpressive. Stimson seems to be having an accent of his own which does not sit pleasantly on one's ear.

The commentary of "Knock of Fate" is given by Messrs. Aubrey Menon and John Rowdon. We presume that one of them has written it and the other has spoken it. Who has done which is kept a secret but as their voices are disgustingly familiar on the A.I.R. we think that Rowden has delivered the spoken word.

This commentary is written in an academic high-flown style and entirely fails to appeal. The spoken word, in addition, is unnecessarily affected lending to the commentary a peculiar foreign accent which alienates the sympathy of the Indian listener.

Shantaram must not allow such people to spoil his good technical efforts, for both the films are good presentations pictorially. Particularly in "The Knock of Fate", it is admirable the way Director B. Mitra has succeeded in capturing cleverly the continental atmosphere which contributes to the theme of the story.

The Film Advisory Board must find commentators who would be understood by our people in general and not persons who seem to have an odd size pebble in their mouth.

OUR RAW FILM SUPPLY

As a result of the deputation led by Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall on behalf of the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association, the Government of India are reported to have agreed to a priority import of seven and half million feet of raw film into India every year.

For normal consumption, this quantity is enough for our industry provided transport for the same is available during these times.



Radha Rani adds sex appeal to "Badal" a social story of Eastern Pictures.



M. A. Raoof (Osmania)

This very popular, very modest, amateur singer with honey-sweet expression, who was educated at the famous Osmania University of Hyderabad (Dn.), and whose broadcasts from the State Radio Station are heard all over India, is now introduced to you by us.

His expression is something new and entirely different from what WE have ever heard before from any other Urdu singer. His style enhances the sweetness of his expression and the words of his songs come to your ears as if they were alive.

The selection of compositions so far recorded is unique. Most of them are of simple words but their arrangement has made them full of very beautiful and delicate meaning. Amongst the composers sung by him are: H.E.H. The Nizam, "Jiggar", "Ghalib", "Maikash" and "Fani".

N 25680	शराबे नाज को दो आतीशा ईक फसाना सुम गये	N 25713	नशादी तेरा गुन गाउं नाहि माने जीया
N 25688	मेराज की रतीयां धुम यह थी है बजे ईम्तोयाज मेरी	N 25737	क्या कर गया एक जो अब भी ना तकलीफ



HIS MASTER'S VOICE

Under the Defense Rules, the Government have moreover restricted the footage of long feature films to a maximum of 11,000 feet while advertisement trailors have been cut down to a maximum of 400 feet. This restriction is a happy boon in disguise and we are at last going to have some good entertainment in reasonable length in place of the old practice of giving boring films of over fourteen and fifteen thousand feet.

The people of South India in particular ought to offer prayers for their deliverance through this Defense Regulation, as, for years, they have been tortured by marathon productions of 20,000 feet and odd.

In cutting down the footage of the main programmes, a space has now been automatically made for newsreels and topical films. Here is an opportunity which can be used by people like Mr. Y. A. Fazalbhoy, who keep on writing about short films and their necessity, to produce some useful short films and fill the gap in the programme usefully. Is any further encouragement necessary?

A DIRTY FILM

Realizing the necessity of conserving our raw film resources, we feel that the Government ought to stop for the present all the production and exhibition of the commercial film which seeks to sell some product.

Very recently we had the bad luck to see an advertising film called "Men Over Machines" produced by Messrs. J. Walter Thompson for the Buckingham Mills of Madras and directed by Mr. Evelyn Wood.

Apart from the film failing to tell its sales story effectively, it was in itself a waste of so much raw material as, even technically, this effort was too poor to deserve any praise.

The theme of this film provided one more eye-opener to the thinking Indian who did not fail to observe the cheap capitalistic exploitation of our masses which this film seeks to defend.

It seems that the directors of the Buckingham Mills are anxious to take away our agriculturists from their family lands and harness their manhood to the ever-degenerating grind of the capitalists.

Even the little children of the mill labourers are injected with the poison early in life and brought up as more grist to the mill.

The film seems to drive home that agriculture in India merely helps to land the farmer into debts from which he can never be free unless he leaves his home land and takes up work with the Buckingham Mills.

That is the dirty impression this film leaves behind in one's mind and it is surprising that a respectable firm like J. Walter Thompson which hopes to carry on its business in our future Free India, could be a party to this dirty game of capitalistic exploitation. Even advertising has a moral code of its own and one can't sell a product by advertising it against the patriotic sentiment of a people.

In our opinion, no Indian exhibitor, proud of his heritage, ought to show this film whatever the monetary reward.

A.R.P. SHORTS

It is only natural that the A.R.P. organisation should make an effort to take the benefit of the film medium to popularise the protection measures that people must adopt and help others adopt in the event of air raids.

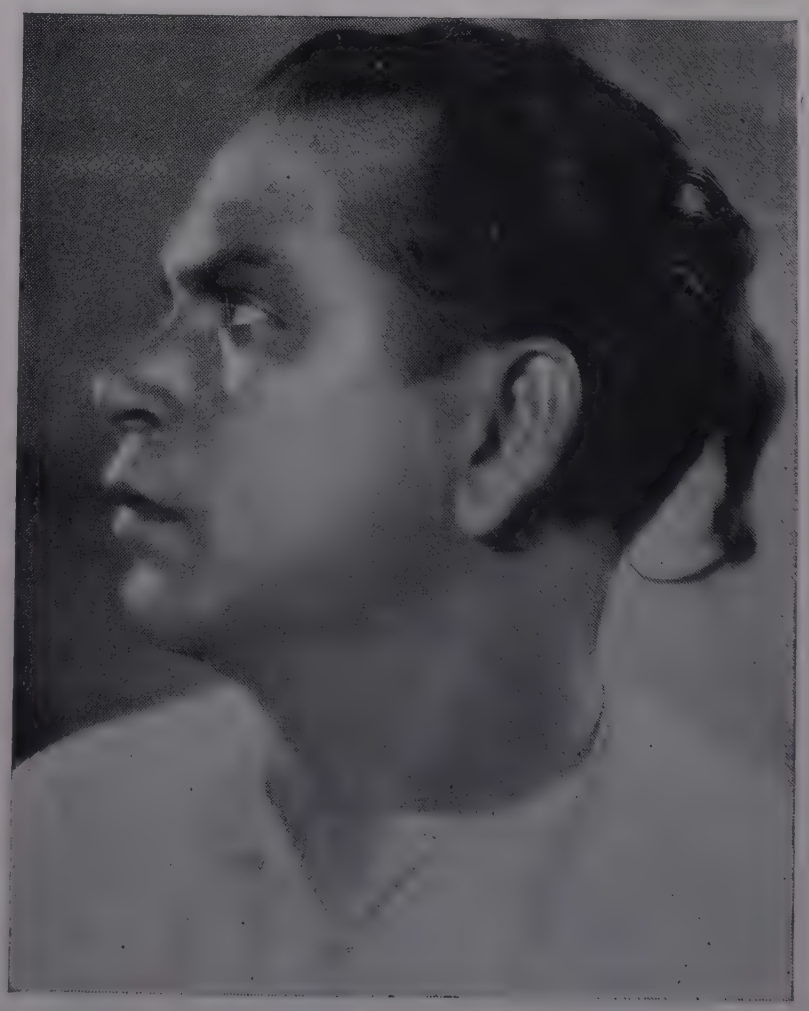
Cinemas in Bombay have co-operated with the A.R.P. organisation as was only to be expected of them. From Friday, April 17, people have been witnessing in all the prominent cinema houses in the city short pictures entitled "A.R.P. And You".

The first picture was concerned with fighting incendiary bombs. These demonstrations are quite helpful indeed. Other pictures of a similar character were shown in successive weeks. The subjects they dealt with included correct behaviour in an air raid, protection of food and combating the Japanese Incendiary bomb.

For once, the Educational Films of India gave proof of their existence after a long time. The versions are both in English and Hindustani.

SOVIET "MORALE" FILMS

The Indian film world has a lot to learn from Soviet Russia. Sir Stafford Cripps emphasised that



Yakub seems to be nursing a pig tail in "Lalaji", a comedy of National Studios.



FANTASOUND

THE GREATEST SOUND DISCOVERY SINCE THE FIRST TALKIE

in

Walt Disney's

FANTASIA

with Stokowski,

Miraculous but no magic, RCA Fantasound brings to cinema audiences a new richness and realism of sound never experienced before. To meet Disney's demands for absolutely faultless reproduction of his great musical adventure RCA technicians developed Fantasound after two years of research. RCA Fantasound is a revolutionary discovery opening up new and boundless possibilities in film making.

Exclusive Authorised Dealers For Theatre Equipment For Bombay Presidency, C. P., & C. I.

FAMOUS PICTURES LTD. BOMBAY. BHUSAWAL.

Photophone Equipments Ltd.,

PHOTOPHONE HEADQUARTERS,

9, MARINE LINES, BOMBAY.

point in the brief interview he granted to our special representative. We will of course be quite slow to learn, both we and our anti-dated India government.

Sir Stafford had scarcely the necessary time to develop this point, even if he had the knowledge. Accidentally enough, we have come across a report in the New York Times on how Russia has been making her morale films when Hitler's panzer divisions were in her front yard.

The Soviet studios have responded by creating a new type of morale film, the essentials of which are brevity, wit and variety. Production of these films is allocated among various studios and coordinated by the newly formed government war films studio.

"Most of these pictures do not exceed two reels in length but are released in groups as complete programmes with the overall series title "Victory Will Be Ours."

"Programme One", for example, includes "A Dream in the Hand" in which Herr Hitler has a nightmare of past German failures to conquer Russian soil. It was made with footage borrowed from "Alexander Nevsky" and "Shors". The first portrayed the defeat of the Teutonic knights in 1242; the second celebrated the expulsion of German troops from the Ukrain in 1919.

"Programme Two", contains "Courage", re-enacting the feat of a Soviet Army Sergeant, who single-handed picked off thirteen members of a Nazi scouting party and captured the survivors. This programme also offers Boris Chirkov, hero of the Maxim trilogy, as "Anton Rybkin", an army cook who falls victim to one comic misadventure after another.

"Perhaps the most imaginative subject in the four programmes released so far is "Incident in a Telegraph Office". A long queue of disgruntled but patient citizens who are waiting to file messages. Suddenly Napoleon, reincarnate, barges to the head of the line and orders the clerk to transmit an important message for him! This message is full of advice to Hitler on the subject of winning a Russian campaign. When the crowd hears it, they reply in a song full of gibes and militancy, while on the screen the audience sees newsreel shots of Russia's defence effort at the front and behind the lines.

"If the Soviet film industry has hit its wartime stride neither was it caught napping when the bombs began to fall on June 22. As of that date there were at least half a dozen feature length films on hand suitable for stirring the martial spirit. Foremost among these was "Girl from Leningrad", portraying the front line adventures of a volunteer nurse unit during the Finnish War of 1939-40.

"The film was shot on location along the Mannerheim Line with the technical advice of veterans fresh from the campaign. It is the first entertainment film about World War II attempted by Soviet studios. Its popularity may be partly attributed to the clairvoyant note on which it ends. When the nurses assemble to be mustered out, after the peace with Finland and farewells are said, Nurse Natasha, the heroine, replies: "Goodbye—until next time"."

COMRADE KANGA IN AFRICA

Comrade E. P. Kanga, our Iraq hero, has written to the editor his first letter after six months' stay in East Africa. He has some sweet and bitter things to say about our film business in Africa and we let him tell it in his own way.

Writing about "filmindia" Comrade Kanga who is our film man on the spot says:

"Now don't think I am trying to flatter you. I know you are beyond idle flattery but I must say that thanks to you and "filmindia", you have made me a person well known in East Africa so much so that even a panwalla in a small town called Jinja in Uganda recognised me and addressed me as Mr. Kanga. When I asked him how he knew me he said he had seen my photo once in "filmindia" and read all about me regarding my difficulties in Iraq. Of course, credit for this goes to "filmindia", which I assure you every Indian, *without exception,* reads in Kenya, Uganda and Tanganika. It is one magazine which is awaited with anticipation and pleasure and when I tell the people that I have the pleasure of knowing you personally, I am virtually mobbed with questions.

"One thing is certain and that is that the value of "filmindia" as the medium of advertising Indian films in East Africa is tremendous and I do wish the film industry in India realises it."



Nur Jehan seems to be thinking in "Khan Daan" a Pancholi picture.



EXTRAORDINARY

The Spice of Pictures Lies In Change

and

Here is the newest Combination

M O T I L A L

is starring in

S. F. H A S N A I N ' S

Thundering Ultra Modern Social Photoplay

Watch For The Name In Next Issue

Coming

"M A S O O M"

(Hindustani)

Starring:

RAMOLA, ANIS, MEHTAB, MAZHAR

Director

S. F. H A S N A I N

◐

Coming

"CHOWRANGHEE"

(Hindustani & Bengali)

Starring:

A N I S, M E H T A B, CHAYADEVI, JYOTI PRAKASH

Director

S. F A Z L I

◐

FAZLI BROTHERS

Kent House,
Mission Row Extension,
CALCUTTA

Phone: Calcutta 1519
Grams: Dreamland

Comrade Kanga proceeds to discuss the Indian film exhibition business in Africa and thinks that its present woes are due to the system of monopoly prevalent there.

"As for the Indian film business, it has suffered so far due to the distribution of Indian films being in the hands of a syndicate which has been having its own way with the result that in 1942 people in East Africa are compelled to see 1930 productions like: "Gaibi Gola" and "Noor-E-Watan".

"Till the last month I have succeeded in getting only four stations as the rest are under contract with the syndicate and in most of the towns the syndicate controls the cinemas with the result that *for the time being* I am shut out from a number of stations".



Mr. E. P. KANGA

We like "for the time being" coming from Comrade Kanga. No one can shut out a pioneer like Kanga for long.

Comrade Kanga says that Indian films have a huge market out there in Africas, as according to him, in East Africa alone a single film can easily fetch Rs. 10,000/-. Comrade Kanga, therefore wants to know: Where is the sense in selling distribution rights outright for four or five thousand rupees?

Who said that our producers had sense always? Not we!

It seems that the "white skin" is doing its best to choke off Indian film business, or for that matter any Indian business, as much as possible. The Indian film, therefore, has, in a place like Nairobi with a population of 20,000 Indians, only 6 shows a week—4 on Sundays and one each on Mondays and Wednesdays. In Mombasa, with an Indian population of 14,000, they get only 4 shows a week—3 on Sunday and one every Monday.

Comrade Kanga concludes; "The result is that there is so much rush at the cinema that respectable family people refrain from going to pictures to avoid being crushed. Both Nairobi and Mombasa are capable of maintaining an all-time Indian cinema but—"

Comrade Kanga has something to say about the African taste in films: "Personally, I think no junks should be sent to Africa. Africa needs only 50 pictures a year and surely India can send 50 good pictures a year. (Kanga is an optimist. He doesn't know our producers yet). Producers should realize that the Indian pictures are well patronised not only by the Indians but also by the natives of Africa and even by several Europeans".

So Comrade Kanga is getting along in Africa against the usual odds which have been his lot all his life. Kanga is always working for someone and preparing a rich harvest for that someone and in the process forgetting himself. And that is why, he is our Comrade.



The British unique new aircraft Detectors can hear a plane at incredible distances. Gunners get ready. Interceptors take off.

But the everyday dangers, of accidental loss, that threaten your business usually strike suddenly and silently. You have no warning —no time to "think things over".

Lloyds offer you a cover that is flexible enough to meet any emergency, with unusually liberal policy provisions.

Lloyd's policyholders appreciate this broad protection and prove it, by the 90% of all film insurance in India, placed at Lloyds.

Much of the confidence, comes from the character of the Agents. They're able, experienced, friendly men—men you can trust with the vital job of setting up your business defences.

SULTAN JANMAHOMED

Agent

LLOYDS INSURANCE COVER

Established 1934

Prospect Chambers Annexe, Hornby Road, Bombay.

Tel: No. 34316 Phonogram 34316 Bombay.



--IN THE MORNING OFCOURSE, IS THE TIME WHEN THE THINGS GET GOING IN THE COLLEGE WORLD!--AND WHERE DO YOU THINK, THEY STOP?.....

PRABHAT'S

"TEN O'CLOCK"

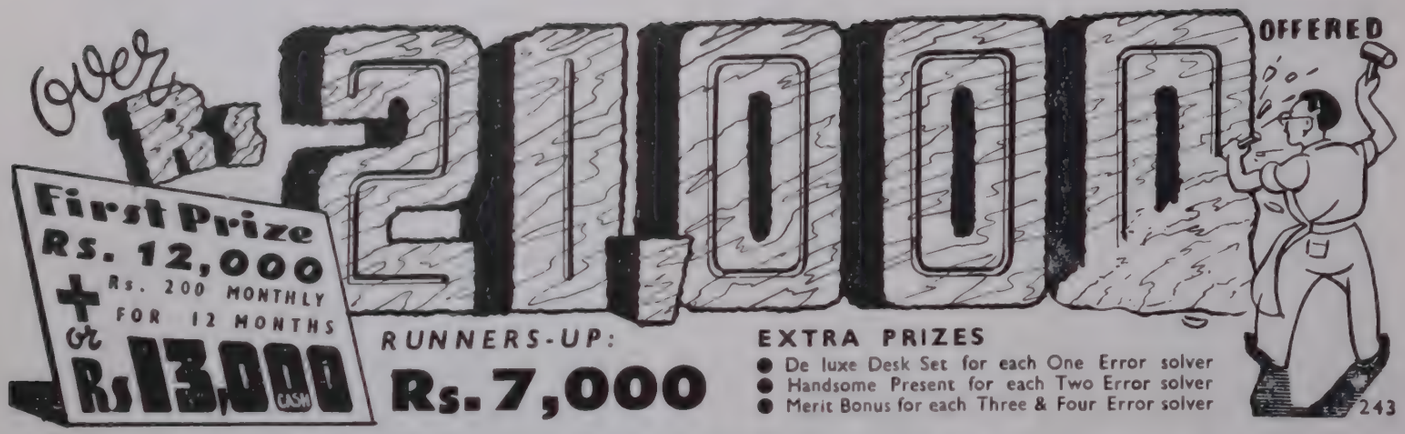
WILL TELL YOU, WHERE—AND HOW!

A "FAMOUS PICTURES LTD." Release!



PRITHVIRAJ—

This popular actor of the Indian screen marches from one triumph to another. He will soon be seen in "Ek Raat", a Shalimar picture.



"COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD" No. 243

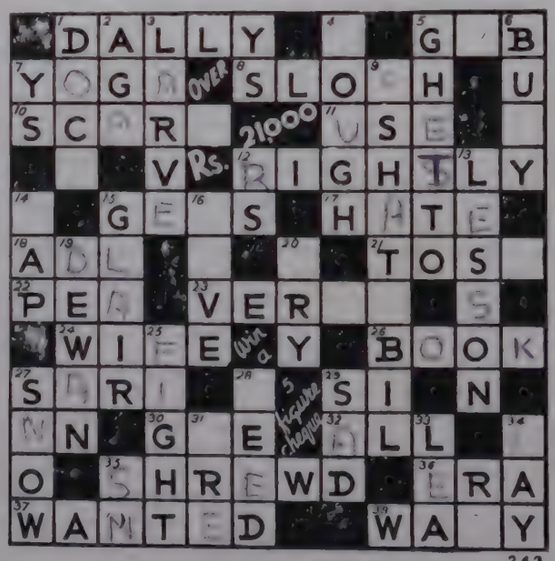
Carve yourself a prosperous future through *Commonsense Crosswords*! It will not be laborious like using a hammer and chisel. A little commonsense thinking and a comparatively few strokes of the pen can suffice—to bring you over Rs. 14,000 at any rate. For that will be your reward in this Competition if yours is the best entry received, unless you prefer Rs. 13,000 cash down. A further Rs. 7,000 is set aside for Runners-up, besides which there are unlimited Extra Prizes in which you will share even if you make as many as four mistakes. But remember that practice makes perfect, and go to it on the Practice Square below!

CLUES ACROSS

1. Close study of the Clues being essential do not this in tackling them
5. Prattle
7. Hindu system of philosophic meditation
8. Watery mess
10. Nervous shock resulting from severe "——" sometimes takes years to eradicate
11. Put to some purpose
12. Men of sympathy and understanding nearly always deal with young offender thus
15. Malicious ones tend quickly to become wearisome
17. Extreme dislike
18. Jumbled spelling of *lad*
21. Often considerably upsetting
22. Edible seed
23. That of a gifted literary craftsman is sometimes highly stimulating
24. Live one is apt to be rather trying to live with!
26. Such a gift is often appreciated all the more when one is lonely
27. Indian garment
30. Colloquial term for a horse
32. Everything
35. Astute
36. Series of years
37. Clearly the talents of many able men are this in war-time
38. Discretion is usually essential in dealing with adversary who is this

CLOSING DATE, MAY 8th.

N.B.—The Entry Fee is Re. 1 per Entry Square.
The Square below is for practice purposes only.



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FOR FULL PARTICULARS
AND ENTRY FORMS SEE

"THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA"

of April 19th or 26th

CLUES DOWN

1. Enclosure in criminal court
2. Turkish commander
3. Insect in first stage after leaving egg
4. It is sometimes difficult to know how best to treat one
5. Jews' quarter in city
6. After spell of enforced idleness energetic man likes to this himself in his work
9. Jumbled spelling of *establish*
13. The more severe this consequence of carelessness the more prudent it is likely to make a person
14. Sometimes proves more formidable opponent than anticipated
15. White of egg
16. Some persons of austere nature seem to this without feeling any real sympathy
19. Prime Minister of Indian State
20. Women seem less able than men to resist the impulse to this
25. Most of us keenly resent losing one
27. This kind of girl often has to rely solely on her looks to attract a man
28. Some forceful characters appear never to this advice from anybody
29. Unhappy
31. Before
33. Meadow
34. The extravagant often this a lot to no purpose

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Editor's Mail

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

D. A. Gandhi (Lahore)

May I know in which studio does the Film Advisory Board produce its films?

So far the F.A.B. films have been produced in different studios of the city. The different producer-members on the Board took their turns at Rs. 10/- per foot and for some time the different distributor-members took their turns in distributing the films. With the arrival of Shantaram this happy family procedure has been terminated and from the 1st of May, Shantaram will be occupying one of the sound stages of the National Studios, which has been exclusively taken on monthly hire of Rs. 3000/-.

Faizul Karim (Calcutta)

What sort of a person is Naseem in private life?

Oh, quite charming and submissive. Calls herself "Bandi" (slave) every minute, smiles coyly, distributes perfume and plays like an overgrown child. And incidentally looks more beautiful.

N. Balakrishna (Hyderabad)

Who is the hero of "Shadi"—Ishwarlal or Motilal?

As Motilal gets the bigger salary, I guess Motilal was the hero.

P. G. Vaidya (Benares)

Ask Vasanti whether she is thinking of marriage or not?

Yes, I heard her thinking. So what?

U. S. Jat (Aligarh)

If beautiful stars like Khursheed, Snehaprabha Pradhan, Leela Chitnis, Leela Desai and Nalini Jaywant can sacrifice their all and go to the war front to sing, dance and entertain those brave soldiers who are fighting there, won't they contribute a lot to our war effort?

I am afraid our soldiers might get more film-minded than war-minded. They will have something more to live for and they may revise their decision of dying. Who will fight the war then? Not you and I!

Mohd. Hasan Zaidi (Aligarh)

"Shadi" would have been a marvellous hit if that absurd lion scene had been omitted. What do you think?

Never mind what I think but director Jayant Desai thinks that the lion scene was a great idea of his. I know the lion was very nice about it otherwise Motilal's wife would have been a widow long before. Even the big brutes connive with Sardar Chandulal Shah to mint money for him.

R. M. K. Sheriff (Bezwada)

Please give me the present address of Miss Sulochana, the star of "Ankh Michowli"?

Miss Ruby Myers, Warden Road, Bombay.

Rama Prasad (Gaya)

What is your contribution to the war?

Two hours of my day—reading the news.

Miss Malini S. Naik (Bombay)

After acting in a couple of successful films, can an actor become a producer in the film world?



Shamim will be seen once more in "Return of Toofan Mail", a Ranjit production.

COUNTRY-WIDE APPRECIATION OF INDIA'S OWN PICTURE !



HERE IS THE PROOF :—

DELHI	12th	week	and	still	running
LAHORE	12th	,,	,,	,,	,,
BENARES	12th	,,	,,	,,	,,
CAWNPORE	12th	,,	,,	,,	,,
MEERUT	12th	,,	,,	,,	,,
ALLAHABAD	12th	,,	,,	,,	,,
LUCKNOW	11th	,,	,,	,,	,,
AGRA	10th	,,	,,	,,	,,
AHMEDABAD	10th	,,	,,	,,	,,
POONA	10th	,,	,,	,,	,,
INDORE	6th	,,	,,	,,	,,
BHAVNAGER	6th	,,	,,	,,	,,
SURAT	11th	,,	,,	,,	,,
JUBBULPORE	6th	,,	,,	,,	,,
NAGPUR	6th	,,	,,	,,	,,
HYDERABAD	6th	,,	,,	,,	,,
KOLHAPUR	9th	,,	,,	,,	,,
BELGAUM	9th	,,	,,	,,	,,
NASIK	9th	,,	,,	,,	,,
DEHRADUN	6th	,,	,,	,,	,,
MORADABAD	6th	,,	,,	,,	,,
LUCKNOW	9th	,,	,,	,,	,,

AND RELEASED SUCCESSFULLY
AT MANY MORE STATIONS

PRAKASH'S

BHARAT MILAP

(HINDI)

BHARAT BHET

(MARATHI)

Starring:
DURGA KHOTE, SHOBHANA SAMARTH, SHAHU MODAK, PREM ADIB, CHANDRAKANT, VIMLA VASISTHA and many others.

Direction
Vijay Bhatt

Art Direction
Kanu Desai

NOW RUNNING IN
14th Glorious Week
At
CINEMA MAJESTIC
GIRGAUM, BOMBAY.

COMING

PRAKASH'S

SMARTLY DIFFERENT SOCIAL

— Novel Theme
— Novel Background
— Novel Treatment
— A Great Feast of Music

Watch For Its Release

STATION MASTER

Direction:
C. M. LUHAR

With an ensemble of mighty cast:—
JAGDISH SETHI, PREM ADIB, RATNAMALA, JEEVAN, UMAKANT, SHAKIR, AMIR KARNATKI, KAUSHALYA, MADHUSUDHAN, BABY SURAIYA, PRATIMA DEVI and others.

AN EVERGREEN RELEASE.

Any one with money or sometimes even without money can become a producer. We have grocers, share brokers, cotton magnates, professional pimps, poster experts, insurance agents and others acting as producers. In comparison with these, film actors, I think, have a better claim.

Moosa Mahomed Jeeva (Klerksdorp)

Please let me know the addresses of Surendra, Motilal and Ashok Kumar. I intend to correspond with them.

Ashok Kumar Ganguli, 96, Ghodbunder Road, Malad, near Bombay;

Motilal Rajvansh, 138, Malabar Hill, Bombay, Telephone 44817;

Surendra Nath, B.A., LL.B., "A" Rockside, Walkeshwar Road, Bombay. Telephone 43421. If you intend to correspond, don't enclose postal stamps. They may use the stamps for replying to their girl fans. Our acting boys become very chivalrous with free postal stamps.

Abdul Wahid (Trichinopoly)

I am a great student of astrology and I am mighty interested in your horoscope. Would you mind giving me your birth details?

I was born on the 4th of April 1904 at 1-14 p.m. in the afternoon in a small obscure village 60 miles from Bombay. The other details I do not know. My mother died before I learnt to speak and understand. I think the effort of bringing me into this world proved too much for her. Don't forget to inform me of the sweet future waiting for me in the midst of our present day producers. And the producers would also like to know when I intend to leave them alone.

Anil Kumar Bannerjee (New Delhi)

Where is Shobhana Samarth nowadays?

Well, it is difficult to give all the addresses of the several studios she is working in at present so here goes her home address: Mrs. Shobhana Samarth, 1st floor, Shah Baug, Pedder Road, Bombay. See that your letter is enclosed in two envelopes. Because by the time her good natured husband tears the first envelope, she arrives on the scene and snatches the letter.

A. M. Malek (Ankleshwar)

Where has Padmadevi disappeared? It seems that she is lost like Subhas Chandra Bose? ,

Oh no! She is not a politician to leave a sinking ship and run away. She is in Calcutta alright and working in "Karnarjun" a Bengali picture. Write to her and make sure if you like at the following address: Padmadevi Bannerjee, 41/52-A Russa Road, P.O. Tollygunj, Calcutta.

Ramkrishna J. A. (Karachi)

After seeing Navayug's "Amrit", I feel like asking you a question: Would it not be advisable for Mr. Winayak to retire from acting in pictures and be content with directing only?

If all the people in the world did what was advisable, the world would stop moving. Times have to move on milestones of mistakes and I don't blame Winayak for what he is doing. At least as long as he continues to get Meenaxi as his acting partner, I am sure, he will continue doing that which is "not advisable".

Ismail Sacoor (Pietermaritzburg)

When did Leela Chitnis divorce her husband?

A little before she secured Mr. Gvalani.

I. M. Sadar (Transvaal)

Why don't the Bombay Talkies produce jungle pictures? ,

They can't get lions who would listen to Devika Rani and sign Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall's thoroughly legal contracts.

E. Kader (Dannhauser)

Why does Charlie always overdo his act?

Overdoing is his act, otherwise he ceases to be a comedian.

Lakshman Prasad Sinha (Gaya)

Sitara and Jyoti, both are voluptuous. Their acting excites brutal passions in film fans?

You are in a bad state. Get married quickly or get a girl friend.



As a station master in Prakash's "Station Master", Jagdish looks kind enough to give a free ticket.

EST RUNNING PICTURE
W ON THE BOMBAY SCREEN
L DRAWING
NEW RELEASE "HOUSES



BOMBAY TALKIES

Fascinating Romance

Starring:

LEELA CHITNIS

and

ASHOK KUMAR

It is breaking Records
All Over as at

ROXY

Heading for a Jubilee Run
of course It is

Jaswant Singh (Agra)

What regular exercise does Prithviraj take?

Reciting Shakespeare at odd hours and in odd company. ..

How many times do you see a picture to write its review for "filmindia"?

I somehow live to tell the story after the very first experience.

What are the duties of the producers in general?

Watching the heroines grow fat and their own purses going thin.

What is your present weight?

15 stones without brains and influence.

A. Y. Loonat (Johannesburg)

Is Director Mehboob one of the best directors in India?

So they say in the National Studios. I wonder whether they believe it or not.

I want the address of Ratan Bai.

"The Shamrock", Club Road, Byculla, Bombay.

Gopi Krishna Prasad (Gaya)

What made Nalini Jaywant choose the film as a career?

I don't know the exact reason. But she seems to have done well. She has earned more in two years than her father during a life time job in the Customs.

R. N. Murthy (Bangalore)

What is the next picture of Surendra after "Garib"?

After "Garib" who would be interested? Poor Surendra!

Who is the best story writer for the screen?

Pandit Indra says he is the best. Pandit Sudarshan says he is the best. Pandit Anand Kumar says he is the best. Pandit Narottam Vyas says he is the best. Mohanlal Dave knows that he has earned the most. These writers are a funny community. They like themselves the best and the rest just don't exist.

What is the idea of producing mythological pictures?

To provide an apology for our present day impotency by showing the manly deeds of our ancestors.

B. P. Jamuar (Gaya)

Why is there a scarcity of new faces on the screen?

The old faces seem to have understood their several functions pretty well and the producers, most of whom are old now, don't like to venture.

Syed N. Raza (Fyzabad)

I wish to become an actor. Will you help me?

No.

Nizamuddin Ahmed (Raigarh)

A girl friend of mine is in love with Shahu Modak. She has lovely curves and a melodious voice. Can you help her in any way?

How can I help her when she is already in love with Shahu Modak? I help only those who love me and luckily there are none. Some, however, make a pretence for their own sake.

Aziz Ahmed (Khurja)

Can I become an assistant to some story-writer?

I am afraid you cannot be that. Story writers don't usually like others to know where they copy their stories from.

Bhagwati Lal (Jodhpur)

What precautions do the film actors take when they act in a romantic scene with an actress?

They wear the company's costumes.

S. N. Sahni (Lahore)

Why didn't you write a review of National's "Garib"?

"Garib" was too poor to deserve any review.

Who is your favourite actor, actress, director and producer?

I am a very unreliable person and I have no favourites. ..

Narendra Kumar (Meerut)

I have not heard about Motilal for a long time?

Nor have I. The last time I saw him was at the Race Course, clinging to Sardar Chandulal Shah for a race tip. The horse was named "Wonderful" and it won and then I saw Motilal clinging to a pseudo film actress. I guess, he must be working somewhere to pay his C.C.I. bills.

Pantulu L. M. E. (Bangalore)

My proprietor is very fond of Khursheed. He dreams of her during the day and dies over her beauty. He also reads "filmindia".

He is the first dead man reading "filmindia".

Avtar Singh (Lahore)

Do you think that the character of a society girl is affected in any way by joining films?

No, her head is affected and often her health.

A. K. Shukla (New Delhi)

In your February issue your photographs appear in three places in the same suit. Have you run short of suits or are you practising war economy? Shall I send you a quarter dozen of mine?

Please do. I require 4¼ yards double width or 9 yards single width. I shall be very obliged to you in addition. If you can remit the tailoring charges i.e. Rs. 30/- per suit, it will be considered an additional favour. It is high time that my readers start sending me some useful presents after all these years of faithful service.

A Picture As Sweet As Its Title

"BASANT"

BOMBAY TALKIES' NEXT



ARRING :

M T A Z

A N T I

&

L H A S

ed by :— Mumtaz Ali,

h, P. F. Pithawala,

nath, and Pramila

Directed by

iya Chakrabarty

Coming Shortly

By the way, regarding that particular case of which you complain all the photos were taken in the same studio and on the same occasion.

How is that you are always inclined towards women (whenever there are any) in all your photographs?

What is there in men which I haven't. People always like to see something different.

V. L. Satyanarayana Rao (Bangalore)

How is that Khursheed's songs thrill one more than Kanan Bala's?

Because Khursheed sings in pictures that succeed at the box-office. It is the success of the picture that makes all the difference to the artiste.

As a businessman don't you think that your severe criticism of pictures will starve you of advertisements?

I have passed that test and now producers believe in overfeeding me so that I may degenerate due to sheer ease and cheap success.

What purpose does the English dance achieve in "Khazanchi"?

It probably helped the director to revive his acquaintance with Anglo-Indian girls and the producer seems to have had some extra money to waste. Well, "Khazanchi" was not produced to succeed. It just hit it for no fault of the producer and you can't look the gift horse in the mouth. "Khazanchi" made Dalsukh Pancholi a great producer of the Punjab and not the other way round.

C. Mruthyunjaya Raju (Pavagada)

Leela Desai is not to be seen on the screen?

Oh, but I saw her at the Metro in a Chinese dress with an old film magnate, an old friend and guardian, and at the Worli Sea Face and at several places. I think, in her spare time, she works with Laxmi Pictures at Andheri, in a picture called "I Can Do It". Well, who objects? Not we.

G. Chandrasekhara Naidu (Gudur)

There are many beautiful ladies that can excel Naseem, the so-called beauty queen, but they have not yet come to light. What do you say gentleman?

The gentleman says: Bring the ladies along and we shall receive them with open arms.

M. Siddique Hussain (Jorhat)

Is there any film star who knows piloting?

Oh yes, almost every beautiful star pilots her producer, often to the rocks of failure.

Is there any film company which owns an aeroplane?

Oh yes, the National Studios have constructed a wooden one in front of which Mr. Y. A. Fazalbhoy poses for press photographs and probably feels like a squadron leader.

Prem Singh (Delhi)

The Bombay Talkies continuously present old wine in old bottles. Are they thinking of changing either the wine or the bottle?

Don't they give a new label every time? Isn't that a big effort?

Jwala Prasad (Hoshangabad)

Why does beauty attract youth?

Because youth is beauty and like attracts like.

Shambu Nath (Lucknow)

By the way, who is the man who acted "Drona" in "Apna Ghar"? How did you like his work?

He is a new boy called Mahesh Kaul and stays at Sagar Tarang, Shivaji Park, Dadar, Bombay. He played a small role in "Naya Sansar" but in "Apna Ghar" where he makes a second appearance, he has a very sympathetic role to play. He has done well in that role and he seems to be a good clean type to me and with a little encouragement, I guess, he will do better in future. If a director like Kardar gives him a lift, the boy's future will be made. Anyway, I wish him all luck and he will need it.

1000th Nosy Parker (All India)

"I have heard that Leela Chitnis was mauled"—"I have heard that Leela Chitnis is dead"—"I have heard that Leela Chitnis is in hospital"—"I have heard that someone did something to Leela Chitnis"—

To hell with what you have heard. No one did anything to Leela Chitnis. She is alive and kicking. Ask her husband Gvalani. And after every family quarrel she changes the flat. She doesn't like to quarrel again in the same place. Dear old girl that she is, you will soon see her in a new picture of her own and of course of her husband.



Neena in "Ek Raat" a Shalimar Picture directed by Mr. W. Z. Ahmed.



SCREEN'S SPRING FLOWER!

DALSUKH M.

KHAN - D

Starring: **NOOR JEHAN** THE NIGHTINGAL OF THE PUNJAB
GHULAM MOHAMMED, MANORAMA
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PRANKRISHNA & DURGA MOTA

Directed by:
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Story & Dialogues:
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Music:
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-THE SCREEN'S
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Leela Chitnis Refuses To Talk

Glamour Girl Is Happy Mother

By: Hyacinth

We arrived at the entrance to the "filmindia" building at the same time. Leela with her husband. I with my note-book. I recognized her immediately and later she admitted that she guessed I was Hyacinth. However, in the usual manner of strangers we pretended we couldn't see each other and she climbed the stairs to "filmindia" while I waited for the lift.

I couldn't get over the fact that she climbed the stairs. I didn't know there were any women, let alone actresses, so energetic, that they would rather climb stairs than use a perfectly good lift. But Leela doesn't behave like an actress. She doesn't even look like one. The morning I met her she looked like any modest and retiring Indian wife who lets her husband do all the talking and always keeps two paces behind him. Anyways I told myself that once Leela and I had got to know each other a bit better she would probably thaw out and act more like the vivacious woman she seems on the screen. I was to be disappointed.

She wasn't stand-offish and she isn't dumb, but she just wouldn't relax and answer my questions fully. I had to practically drag each answer out of her.

This is the result of my efforts: Leela was born on September 30th (she wouldn't give the year) at Dharwar. Her father who was a professor of English literature at Elphinstone College, Bombay, belonged to the Brahmo-Samaj.

LEELA JOINS THE FILMS

Leela is the fourth child in a family of 3 sisters and 2 brothers. She came to Bombay when she was eight years old and was sent to Ram Mohan School and then to Wilson College. Immediately after Leela passed her Matric she got married but she continued with her studies at the College. Here she passed her B.A. with distinction in English. Now Leela never wanted to be a housewife so when her college career was over she really began to feel sorry for herself because she realised she would have to be more domesticated in the future.



Miss Leela Chitnis, B.A.

Fortunately for Leela, Seth Govindas, a friend of her husband's who was the proprietor of Adarsha Chitra, asked her if she would like to become an actress. Now Leela had never in her wildest dreams imagined that she would ever become an actress. Her father who was very orthodox and old-fashioned in his ideas had refused to let his children even go to see films; so Leela knew really very little about the industry.

However she was willing to try anything once; so she agreed to becoming an actress. Her husband (first one) was not a jealous man so he didn't object to this new career his wife had chosen. So Leela made her first picture "Dhunwa Dhar" which proved a flop. She could not act at all and she didn't know the first thing about make-up. She used no eye-shadow for "Dhunwa Dhar," and consequently her eyes looked flat on the screen. When she saw herself on the screen for the first time she was horribly shocked at her own appearance and acting and shrunk into her seat with embarrassment. She was so disheartened that she was even tempted for a short while to go back to housekeeping. But this feel-



The Indian wife who always keeps two paces behind the husband.

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BETWEEN You and Me

LEELA CHITNIS
THE LARK OF BOMBAY

PAHARI SANYAL
THE LOVE BIRD OF BENGAL

with

SUNETRA, KESHAVRAO DATE, HARI SHIVDASANI,
SHAHZADI, GHORY.

CHITRA PRODUCTIONS

LYRICAL ROMANCE





ing of inferiority soon passed and she made some more films.

They were all very ordinary pictures but Leela gained a great deal of experience from them. One thing she learned was that she should get expert advice about her screen make-up. So she went to Max Factor's and learned there how to make the best of her features.

WORKING WITH PRABHAT

Then Leela joined a new company in Karachi called "Sind Film Corporation". They only made one film "Chhoti-si-Dunia" which was a failure. Then Leela joined Huns Pictures and made "Chhaya" which was a moderate success.

So far Leela had been playing the lead in all her films but she was always the coyish sweet type of heroine and was beginning to get a little tired of her roles.

Next Leela made a film with Prabhat's in Poona. It was called "Beyond The Horizon". It was not a great success and ran only for seven weeks. The only thing remarkable about it was that Leela played a secondary role for the first time.

After that she came to Bombay and joined Daryani Productions for whom she made a couple of stunt pictures. They were "Gentleman Daku" and "Insaf". She didn't enjoy making them at all. In case



When Leela passes and you get a delicate whiff of perfume, be sure it is "Khus" or "Mischief".

you have not guessed it already, Leela had a boy double to do the stunts for her. He was made up to look like her, and photographed at a distance.

Next came a picture called "Jailor" with Minerva which was only a moderate success. Then came Leela's first outstanding picture. It was Ranjit's "Tulsidas" and it ran for over a year in Calcutta.

After this Leela stayed in Bombay Talkies making "Kangan", "Azad", "Bandhan", and "Jhoola". In between these films she made "Ardhangi" with Huns and "Kanchan" with Chitra. "Kangan", "Bandhan" and "Jhoola" were great successes.

Leela wrote the story of "Kanchan" herself. When she was in college she used to dream of becoming a journalist and novelist. "Kanchan" gave her her first opportunity to make use of her literary knowledge. She hopes she will get a chance to write more film stories, though Baburao Patel does not advise her to do so again.

ASHOK KUMAR — THE BEST

Leela liked acting for Bombay Talkies best. She says "They overwork their stars, but it is a pleasure to work for them because I like working hard."

She thinks Ashok Kumar the best actor but hastens to say that this is no great flattery because there are very few good male actors.



This seems to be a family affair with Wasti, Maya and others in "Awaz", a social story of Saraswati Cinetone of Poona.

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RACY and
SPICY !



THAT'S A.A.P.'S

KUNWARA BAP

STARRING

PROTIMA DASGUPTA
KISHORE SAHU
WITH ANJALI DEVI

Produced by
N.R.ACHARYA
Music by
RAMCHANDRA PAL

Acharya Art Productions

PRESENTS

INDIAN WOMANHOOD
GLORIOUS & COLOURFUL !



in

ULJHAN

STARRING

SARDAR AKHTAR
MAZHAR KHAN
KRISHNAKANT

Directed by
N.R. ACHARYA
Music by
RAMCHANDRA PAL

Sole Distributors:— **BHARAT PICTURES LIMITED.** Bombay - Akola - Delhi - Lahore



Leela's tears are 100% glycerine.

Leela is tired of the 'sweet' types of roles, which she has to play. She would like more 'meaty' roles in future. She loathes outdoor shooting because she hates reflectors. When you see Leela crying on the screen don't be deceived by those tears. They are 100% glycerine. She says, "If I really cried and produced my own tears it would be a great strain because I have to cry in every film."

Leela lives a quiet life at Sion with her second husband. She has four children of whom she is very proud. They are all boys, the eldest being eleven and the youngest 2½ years old. Leela does not mix much in society and likes only small parties. She prefers to go for drives and picnics rather than to go to clubs and dances.

She is a voracious reader and reads plays particularly.

If you happen to pass Leela in the street and get a delightful whiff of perfume from her, you may be sure its either "Khus" an Indian perfume, or the ever popular "Mischief". She likes to dress well but is not very fond of jewellery.

Leela complains that she can never enjoy a holiday because she is always being followed by fans. She has just returned from Gwalior and Jhansi and at both these places she was mobbed by well-meaning fans. She was a little scared because she had no man to protect her.

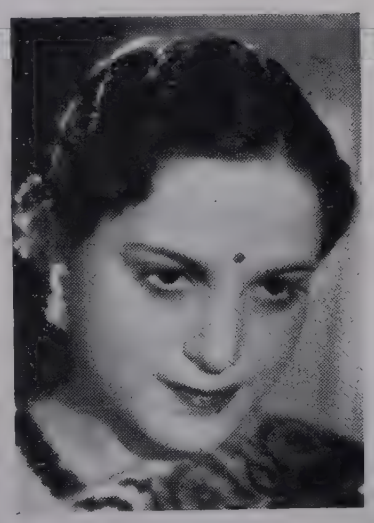
Leela would like to make a film in English but only if she is sure that the whole picture will be good. She would like to visit Hollywood (all our stars say the same) but at present it seems only a pleasant dream.

I asked Leela what she would do if the war came to India and she said she would stay here and do war work. She would like the exciting experience of war because she feels Indian life has become so stagnant!

This is all I could drag out of Leela.

She forgets that a famous actress must sacrifice her privacy and become the public's property. If she has had five husbands she must tell her fans why she got rid of each and I guarantee they will believe anything she tells them. If she refuses to talk about her husbands they will begin to be suspicious and think nasty thoughts.

Leela doesn't realize that it pays to talk about yourself, because if you don't someone else will, and what they say won't always be pleasant.



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FOR NEW HUNS PICTURES
Written & Directed by
VISHRAM BEDEKAR
Photography
PANDURANG NAIK

Starring:
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Hyacinth In A Film Studio

Says: Don't Visit A Studio

I have wanted to visit a film studio for a long time. I have just visited one. I don't want to see another again.

The studio I visited was quite impressively large and new-looking and it had the beginnings of a good lawn and a few plants trying anxiously to flower. The first thing I noticed upon entering the studio was that there were a tremendous number of people just standing around and doing nothing. They weren't extras or actors. They were just sleepy looking individuals who didn't look as though they had the energy to try and look like anything in particular.

Now I had with me Miss Carlyle, the unofficial boss of "filmindia" and a girl who knows practically everything about the film business. She led me behind screens and partitions until we discovered someone called the production manager who in turn found someone who was made to be our guide.

This long suffering personage led us to the back of the building and up a flight of dusty stairs to the first floor. Here we wandered into a room from which loud strains of music were issuing. We stood in the doorway and watched what looked like a dancing lesson. Tired-looking musicians drooped over their instruments while an effeminate dancing master taught an obviously exhausted pupil. The pupil turned out to be quite a well-known actress, only I didn't recognize her at first because she was so well camouflaged with beads of perspiration and wisps of untidy hair. No one took the slightest notice of us in this music room and no one seemed to mind us staring. Anyway, our guide eventually led us away from this room and into another partitioned room which is known as the wardrobe department. Here clothes of all colour and description were laid neatly on shelves. They all smelled mouldy.



We felt we should walk into the "Star's make-up room" on tip-toe.



They were just sleepy looking individuals who didn't look as though they had the energy to try and look like anything in particular.

THE YAWNING PUBLICITY PUP

From here we were taken to the art department which was really very interesting. In fact, I thought it should have been given the best room in the establishment because the obviously poorly paid artists were turning out real works of art. They all said they liked painting posters of Rose's face best.

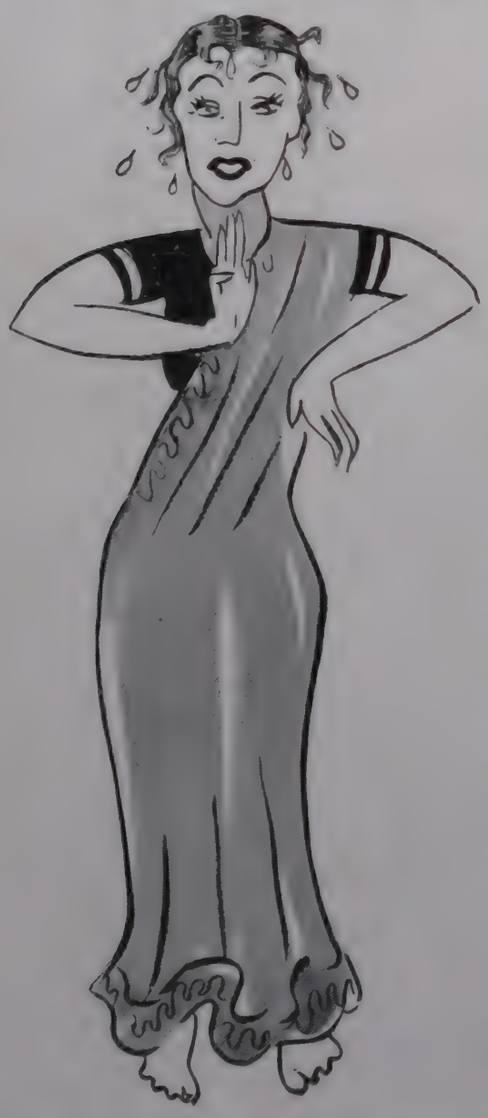
Next we peeped in at someone called a publicity manager who swallowed a yawn and tried to look impressive for our benefit. Miss Carlyle who, as I said before, knows everything about this business asked him some highly technical questions about publicity. His answer

wasn't very audible because I suspect he had a second yawn rising in his throat which made speech very difficult. Not wishing to interfere with anyone's afternoon siesta, we retired hastily and found ourselves in the passage once more.

Then our guide, feeling he should brighten up our tour, pointed to another partitioned room and said in a hushed voice "Star's make-up room". So awed was his voice that we felt we should walk into the room on tip-toe. When we did see it, I for one took no trouble to hide my disappointment. In one corner was a shabby looking dressing table and in front of it stood a still shabbier chair. Otherwise the room was bare. However the floor, table and chair were all covered in a film



Hullo, are we seeing Anis with a baby in "Masoom"? Yes, the baby is as sweet as herself.



She was well camouflaged with beads of perspiration and wisps of untidy hair.

of either dust or face powder. We didn't want to hurt our guide's feelings too much so we mumbled something that sounded like "very nice" and hurried down the dusty stairs I mentioned before.

THE PERSPIRING ACTRESS

Next we were taken to a little theatre where new films are previewed by the press. This was a low modern building. From here we went to yet another building and climbed more stairs until we found ourselves outside the department where the films are developed and the sound films are combined with the picture films. We were not allowed to enter this holy of holies until we had removed our shoes. This was a pleasure since our feet were swollen with all the walking we had done. Looking very flat-footed and undignified we relaxed in this department while we were shown various types of film, without sound tracks and with sound tracks etc. I tried hard to look intelligent but I am afraid I did not succeed because our instructor kept giving me dirty looks while he made long technical speeches.

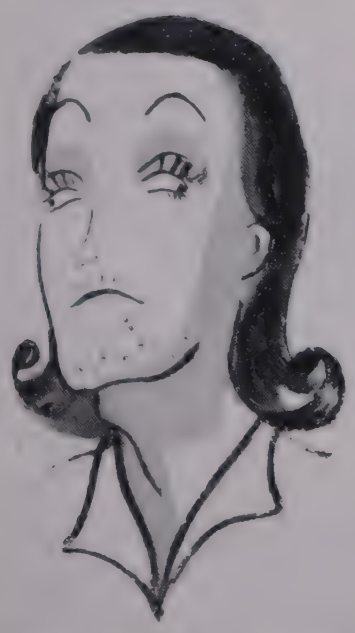
Once again we had our shoes on and were in the main building. Only this time we felt like honoured guests because we had the production manager (or is it managing director) as our guide.

He took us once again to the music room where the jaded star was still doing the same three steps she was doing before. This time however several people rushed forward to greet us and make us comfortable. So different was our reception this time that we almost began to wonder if this was really the room we had visited before.

Anyway this second visit of ours must have been welcomed by the perspiring actress because she was permitted to sit down with us, but not for long because soon the musicians came to life and began to play and she was asked to sing for us. This she did in a small but sweet voice.

THE WHISTLING DIRECTOR

After this pleasant interlude we were taken to the actual studio where scenes for a war propaganda film were being shot. We sat in the shelter of the cameras and went



The man looked like a poor imitation of Garbo in "Queen Christina".

through a slow process of suffocation and melting. Every door had to be closed and no fans are allowed to work, so the room was like an oven. To add to this the room was crowded with extras and artificial trees and huge lights played down on the scene. The scene was a village one. The soldier son of an old villager returns to his village covered with glory after the war and the village is rejoicing. Dancers dressed in rather attractive blue costumes pranced wildly about brandishing obviously make-believe swords. Around the dancers sat what looked like a hungry group of unemployed mill workers. Those were supposed to be the villagers.

Actually they were film extras and are paid the tremendous sum of as. 12/- a day for sitting around and looking unintelligent. Girl extras, I was told, are paid Rs. 2-8 a day.

At one end of the scene was a dais on which sat two bearded old men whose grease-paint was melting and running into their mouths.

One of them was probably supposed to be the father of the soldier hero. I was afraid to ask all the questions I would have liked to because every little while someone would shout "silence" and bang two wooden sticks together.

The man who seemed to have the most to say about the shooting of this scene was a long haired individual who looked like a poor imitation of Garbo in "Queen Christina". He was a dancing master. He kept one eye on the dancers and one on us to see if we were impressed by his masterful handling of the scene. The actual director was nowhere to be seen, until the end when he hurried in, said a few words to the dancing master and then lapsed into an impressive silence. He came out of his trance once to blow a whistle, which blast no one took the slightest notice of.

By this time Miss Carlyle and I were little more than grease spots on the floor so we took the first opportunity to slither out of the studio.

I don't think I shall visit a film studio again. Maybe I went to the wrong studio or maybe I went on the wrong day. Maybe there's something wrong with me. Anyway take my advice and don't be a Paul Pry. Enjoy the films you see at your local cinema but don't try to see them in the making or they'll lose their glamour.



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OUR REVIEW

Bedekar Makes "Pahila Palna" Successful

Baburao Pendharkar's Slick Performance

Indu Natu's Dismal Failure

Here is some orthodox stuff presented as a sophisticated comedy which entertains one every foot of its 13000 feet of film.

The picture is clever work seeing that it propagates the traditional home-making instinct by creating a conflict between old fashioned beliefs and the present day "progressive" fads such as: birth control, equality of sexes, emancipation of women etc.

Vishram Bedekar, the writer and director of this picture, keeps the promise he had given in "Padosi" by producing a brilliant picture which appeals both to the masses and to the intellectuals.

"Pahila Palna" is just a beginning of Bedekar, the author, thinker and traveller. We expect many more brilliant things from him and we hope he harnesses his opportunities in the field of films for a better purpose than mere entertainment.

We have very few directors in this country who have realized the overwhelming power of the film for social uplift and used it with good advantage. In Bedekar, we have a practical idealist who ought to excel Shantaram some day if he does not let himself loose.

It is a film of incidents—small and big—which are cleverly woven into the general plan for entertainment.

STORY FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

Dhananjaya a young son of an old fashioned family, meets an ultra modern educated girl in Chitra during his visit to the city.

Their acquaintance is very humorously worked out till it leads to a civil marriage. Chitra has a married sister in Banu. Both the husband and the wife are zealots in birth control and impose themselves on others with missionary annoyance.

Incidentally these characters remind one of some living parallels in the present day Maharashtrian society.

Dhananjaya and Chitra return to the native village of the old Inamdar, the father of our hero.

There, after an initial outburst, the newly wedded couple settle down to a comfortable but eventful life. The clash between simple old fashioned ways of living and the modern concept of life expresses itself in numerous little bursts till life becomes intolerable to Chitra.

PAHILA PALNA

Producers: *New Huns Pictures*
Language: *Marathi*
Production Chief: *Baburao Pendharkar*
Story & Scenario: *Vishram Bedekar*
Photography: *Pandurang Naik*
Recording: *Ganpat Molc*
Music: *C. Balaji*
Cast: *Baburao Pendharkar, Shanta Hublikar, Indu Natu, Balabai, Kusum Deshpande, Dinkar etc.*
Released at: *Central, Bombay.*
Date of Release: *4th April* 1942
Director:
VISHRAM BEDEKAR

While showing these incidents the director has cleverly painted a colourful canvas of ideal village life complete with its rainbow of hopes and dark clouds of little disappointments.

Constantly fretting and boiling within, Chitra continues to endure her life till one day when her birth-controlled sister arrives with her booby husband. Chitra agrees to preside over a birth control meeting against the wishes of her family. A quarrel ensues and Chitra leaves her husband's home for good.

Time passes and Chitra is now established, as a school teacher, in a house of her own.



Dinkar Kamanna tells when a woman will get a child in "Pahila Palna". And he knows having eight of his own.

One day, Dhananjaya joins his wife and lives with her as an unemployed husband.

The screen now becomes a medium of downright sarcasm with punctuations of scintillating humour in showing the intimate relations between the husband and the wife with social and economic values reversed.

Chitra becomes pregnant despite her birth-controlled sister and soon gives birth to a baby boy. The birth-control sister now takes up after-birth control of the child and wants to bring it up her own way inspite of protests from Dhananjaya and his family maid, Jaai. The tussle between the two elements yields many humorous gags with a pathetic design.

The illness of Dhananjaya's old father and his desire to see his newly born grandson persuade Dhananjaya to kidnap his own child and take it to his family home leaving the mother behind.

Chitra becomes desperate with grief at the separation. Very soon Chitra is also brought home, face to face with her little one. The mother melts and in the process disappears her phony dogmas of life and she is reconciled to her married life.

GOOD PERFORMANCES

Baburao Pendharkar as "Dhananjaya" presents an ideal portrayal, cool and clever throughout. Perfect to the fingernail, he overwhelms every one with his slick performance and makes the others look like a crowd of amateurs.

Kusum Deshpande has a very sympathetic role to play as "Jaai", the family maid. She does it to complete satisfaction.

Shanta Hublikar is good but not good enough as "Chitra", the heroine of the story. She seems to have become too fat for the screen and presents a Chinese appearance with her bloated face and small eyes. Her singing voice also seems to have deteriorated.

One wonders what induced Indu Natu to come to the screen. She makes her debut as the "birth-controlled Banu" and in her very first nod to the fans she creates a queer revulsion in the mind of the spectators with her badly stitched manly shirt and shorts showing a body with very little pictorial appeal. When figures, like the one Indu Natu has, are to be presented on the screen, the director should be discreet enough to cover them to the toe. Indu Natu's performance is a dismal failure as at no stage in the picture does she appeal either to the eye or the ear. If her role was intended to caricature a woman, the cartoon was perfect.



Ramzan Sheriff Lakhani—the enterprising producer of Eastern Pictures, whose first, "Badal", will soon be on the screen

Dinkar Kamanna takes a lot of sympathy in the affectionate little role of Jagannath, a cousin of the hero.

The picture is thoughtfully photographed throughout, but the processing work is far from satisfactory. The sound has been recorded rather low, especially the songs.

The dialogues are sharp and witty. The song composition is poor and so is the music. The direction is clever and enterprising.

Yes, it is a really clever picture, cleverly written by a clever man and one that must be seen by all Marathi knowing people.





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Girl-but a triangle of thre
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JAGDISH SET

RATANB

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TRILOKE, GOP
M. MUSHARA
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DIRECTED BY
S. M. YUSOO

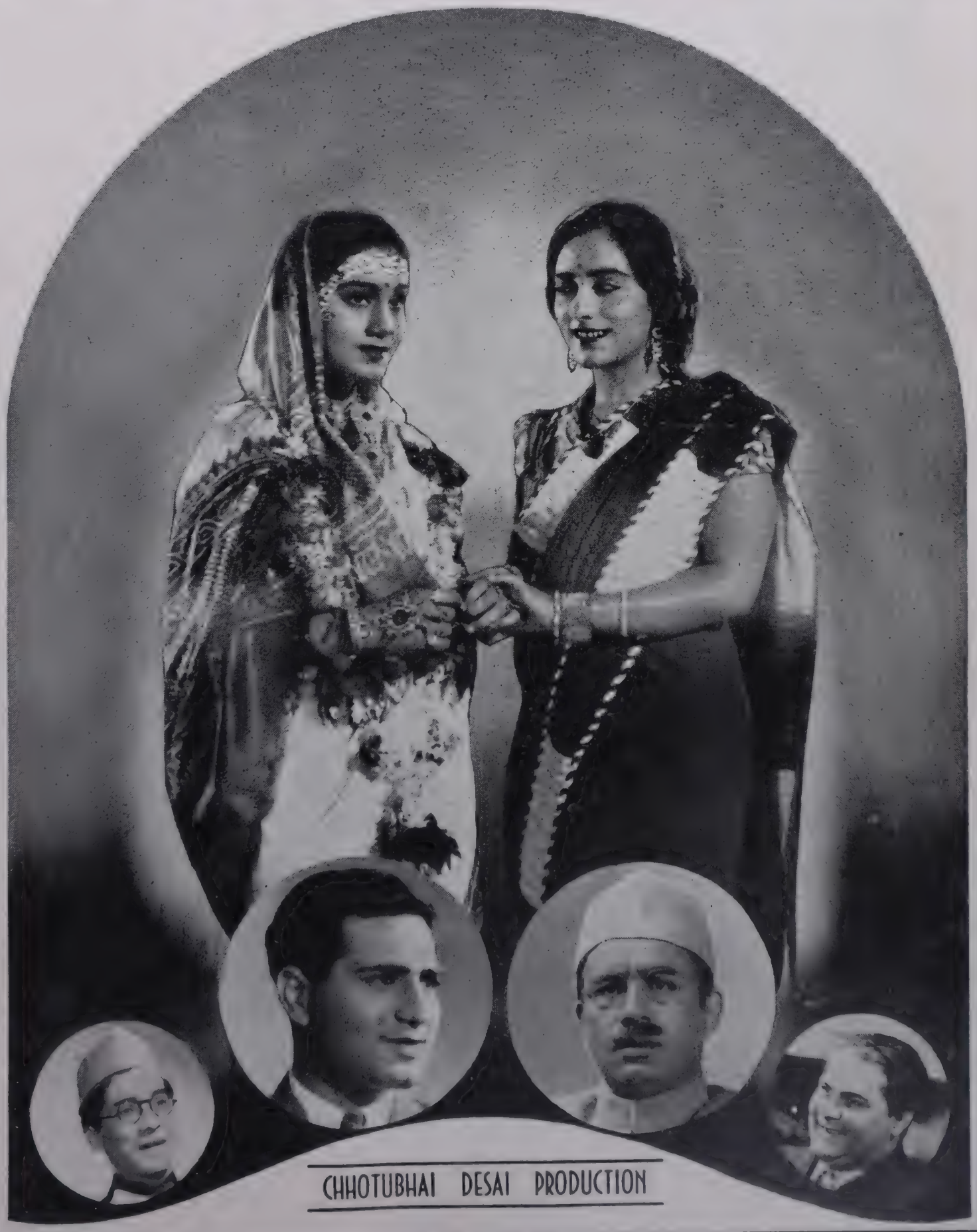
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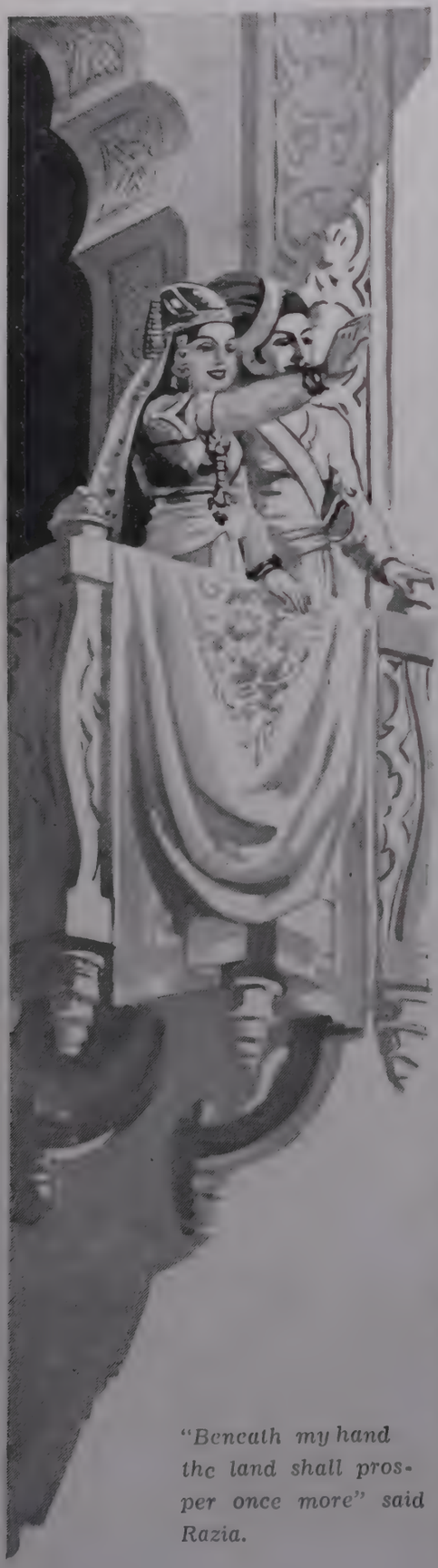
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THE NOBLE SLAVE ★ ★ ★ ★

BY: DEWAN SHARAR

"Fidelity's A Virtue That Ennobles Even Servitude Itself" ..... (Mason)



"Beneath my hand the land shall prosper once more" said Razia.

Because the founder of their line was a Turkish slave whom his royal master raised to honour, and who proved worthy of it, soaring from one high post to another until at length he came to inherit the throne itself, men called his dynasty the Slave Kings, and by that name it is known in the history of India to this day. Because they were brave men—even the worst of them was brave—they wore the name proudly, effectually disposing of such mockery as it may once have held in the mouths of the jealous. They were slaves in nothing save that name.

Those were stormy times; kingdoms needed a strong hand and a sheathless sword to guard their frontiers, and the gift of clever rulership to keep them whole within. Aibak, first of his line, ruled well and wisely, and passed that good tradition on to his son-in-law Shamsuddin, who succeeded him; and Shamsuddin trained not only his sons, but also his one daughter Razia Begum the high art of statecraft. The boys learned their lesson but ill; the girl took to it royally. "She is better than twenty sons," her father declared, and spared no pains to make her as he would have had his sons to be.

She grew up a princess worthy of the name, gallant, fearless, quick of wit and measured of speech, very wise in the tortuous ways of government. Also she was most beautiful. Her father allowed her a liberty rare among women of that day; veiled but unaccompanied save for her bodyguard—an Abyssinian slave called Jafar, who was tall and strong and utterly devoted to her—she rode abroad as freely as a man. By the time her father died there were not wanting those among the people who said, covertly or openly, "Would that Razia Begum were to inherit the throne! Not one of the King's sons is fit to compare with her. Prince Ruknuddin will reign over India now; he has an ill name; what will come to us beneath his hand?"

They soon found out. Ruknuddin, third of the Slave Kings, was everything that a king ought not to be. He was idle, dissolute, greedy and with an ingenious turn for cruelty. So that before long the people began to murmur against him, and the murmuring grew; and heading it always was one Altunia, Governor of Bhatinda, a Turk by birth, and a man strong, warlike, and farseeing. Some called him cunning. "This must be stopped", they said. "Why should we suffer under such a king? Better far that the Princess should reign. She is a girl of spirit and her father taught her all he failed to teach his worthless sons. Let us wait our chance; and, when the time is ripe, place her upon the throne."

"And what then"? asked his fellow-conspirators. The most powerful ministers in the land were of their number, for all despised and hated Ruknuddin.

"She will rule wisely and well. Have we not known Razia from her birth? Is she not a pearl among women, fearless as a man, and utterly honourable?" said Altunia; but in his heart he thought, "And one day, if Allah wills and my wits are what I believe them to be, I shall sit upon the throne by her side."

FACE TO FACE WITH RAZIA

They laid their plans, that growing band of plotters; they added steadily to their numbers; and presently judged the time ripe. They waited until Ruknuddin was away since for their own sakes, not his—emphatically not his—they did not want his blood upon their hands; then with half the troops whole-

heartedly on their side, and the other half wavering, they marched upon the palace.

In her own apartments, her frightened ladies clinging together behind her, and the mutter of the gathering crowds outside, Razia Begum faced Altunia, her eyes bright and unafraid over her veil.

"What do you want of me, Altunia?" she asked.

Altunia—tall and fierce and still young, a warrior every inch of him—looked at her with admiration. He had expected her to stand up to him, and he was not disappointed.

"Lady," he said, "I ask much; but not for myself; for the sake of your father's kingdom."

"It is my brother's kingdom now," said Razia Begum.

"To the sorrow of its people, that is so," Altunia agreed gravely. "Would that your father were still alive! But since that was not Allah's will, and since the land is fallen into the wrong hands, a few of us who are strong enough to dare have taken it upon ourselves to set matters right."

"Do you propose to mount the throne, Altunia?" asked Razia Begum, and her eyes flared scorn at him.

"No Lady," said Altunia. "We your loyal subjects, desire that you should do so."

She stared at him, for a moment too surprised for speech.

"Lady, your father trained you to be a queen, and trained you well. He was wise, and it may be that he foresaw this day. Be that as it may, Begum, your people are resolved that they will suffer Ruknuddin's evil rule no longer, and they call upon you to take his place. The throne awaits you; the army will defend you; everything is ready; come!"

Razia Begum looked him deeply and steadily in the eyes. He met that searching gaze unflinchingly.

"What do you gain by this, Altunia?" she said forthright.

"The welfare of the land I love and serve," said Altunia.

Razia Begum thought, still regarding him keenly, "You seek more than that. You are strong and you are clever; but you are also cunning. I admire you; for India's sake it is best that I obey you now; but I doubt your motive. You will be your country's saviour; but what lies behind that good deed? But she did not say it aloud.

"Do not be afraid, Begum," said Altunia gently.

"I am not afraid. I have never been afraid in my life," said Razia Begum. "I will do as you say."

"Come then, Sultana Razia Begum, and address your army," said Altunia.

He led her out upon one of the balconies. Below, the great courtyard was packed with troops, and beyond them the people surged, and all looked up at her slim veiled figure, and her name rose in a crashing shout of acclamation.

"Speak to them, Lady," said Altunia by her side.

She spoke without hesitation; briefly, concisely, but with a zeal and fervour which stormed her hearers' hearts. She made no pretence of loyalty to her worthless brother.

"I know well what you have suffered, my people; but that is at an end now," she said with passionate intensity. "I am with you utterly; beneath my hand the land shall prosper once more, and honest men have no more need to talk in fear of their lives. As it was in the good days, so it shall be again. I swear it in Allah's name!"

They cheered her to the echo.

SHE BECOMES SULTANA RAZIA

Thereafter, aided and guarded by her growing band of partisans, Altunia at their head, she, defeating her deposed brother, took up the Sceptre of Hindustan and wielded



She permitted Jafar to lift her on and off her mount with his own hands.

it well. She held audience daily in the Diwan-e-Aam, she revoked the cruel laws inspired by Ruknuddin's greed; she restored her father's justice in the land. In person she rode about her capital, inspecting defences, investigating conditions, seeing for herself how her people fared; and Jafar, the Abyssinian slave, was ever her constant attendant. Him she promoted to be her Master of the Horse. There were those among her nobles who resented this—Altunia was one of them—but there was no gainsaying her. "You are very faithful Jafar", she said to him once, when a creature of her enemies, seeking to bribe him had met his death, instantly and irresistibly, at the dispassionate hands of Jafar, who wasted no time and made no fuss about it.

Jafar looked at her with all his unquestioning adoration in his face.

"My sovereign" he said simply, "you are my goddess. There is nothing in this world I would not do for you."

"Nothing, Jaffar?" said Razia Sultana gently.

"Nothing, my lady, were it to slay or be slain; to wipe out your enemies one by one till all be gone; or even—the hardest of all—to spare them at your bidding. Ask what you will of me; I am your slave not only in body but in soul."

"I wish there were more as faithful as you, Jafar," said Razia Sultana. "Also I wish that I could reward you for your loyalty."

"I ask nothing more than to serve you to the last moment of my life, most dear lady," said Jafar.

Before long, inevitably, the news reached Ruknuddin that he had been deposed behind his back and that his sister was reigning in his stead. He promptly marched upon Delhi, furious and swearing high vengeance. He did not get it. Razia Sultana mustered her troops and herself rode out with them, the faithful Jafar at her right hand. She was fully prepared for battle; but there was no battle; Ruknuddin had only a handful of troops with him, and seeing the futility of fighting he fled leaving her triumphant. "It was never meant that my people should suffer under him again," said thus Razia Sultana exultantly. She went back to Delhi and to the business of ruling her huge unwieldy realm beneath the watchful eyes of all men.

THE NOBLE SLAVE

Of these, none were more vigilant than the keen-sighted ones of Altunia, patiently biding his time in his province of Bhatinda. Too soon as yet to fulfil his intention of sharing the throne; it was still unstable and he had many enemies. He waited, observing the young Queen's progress approvingly; until presently it came to his ears that she was making altogether too much of her slave Jafar, now her Master of Horse. She had lately, Altunia learned, raised the Abyssinian to the rank of Noble of Nobles; he was her constant companion within doors as well as out; she had given him rich presents; it was even told of her that when she went riding she permitted him to lift her on and off her mount with his own hands—a liberty whereof the news made Altunia's blood rise hotly. He said little and the fate of the tale-bearer is not recorded; forthwith he went in person to Delhi, demanding audience of the Queen; and faced her, when they were alone, with wrath thunderous in his eyes. She confronted him unflinchingly.



"What more do you want of me, Altunia" asked Razia, "you have taken everything from me—my throne, my kingdom, my honour as a queen."

"You are here in anger, Altunia," she said straightway. "It is written upon your countenance. Why?"

"Begum", said Altunia, "strange tales have been brought to me of late, and I am come to ask you to refute them."

"Tales concerning us?" said Razia Sultana.

"Concerning your Majesty personally. It is said, Lady, that your slave Jafar—"

"My Master of the Horse," Razia Sultana corrected him.

"This slave, I say, whom it has pleased your Majesty to ennoble over the heads of better men—it is said that you have lately made him free of your friendship to an unprecedented extent. That he is admitted to your fullest confidence in all things. That the ruby ring he flaunts on his right hand is of your bestowing. That you even allow him to lay hands upon you, lifting you to and from your saddle. Lady, this will not do. Even if the stories be exaggerated, they cannot have sprung up wholly without cause."

"Wait!" Razia Sultana broke in sternly. "Do you call me to account for my actions? You forget whom you address."

"I do not," said Altunia. "You, I think, Lady, forget that it was I who created you Queen, and set you on the throne; have a care lest I who made you be minded to unmake."

"No man shall speak thus to me," said Razia Sultana. "I do as I will, obeying no man's bidding."

"Have a care, I say. I have been a good friend to you, and am still but I make a bad enemy."

"Better an open foe than an uncertain friend," said Razia Sultana.

He was a fierce-tempered man; nevertheless, with an effort, he controlled himself.

"Lady," he said, "you are unwise. Think over my words; I do not threaten lightly."

"And I do not forgive lightly," said Razia Sultana, at white heat.

"Nor I. Better, therefore, that we should not quarrel."

He went from her presence, and she summoned her counsellors, Jafar among them. Altunia she knew to be a man of his word, and quick to strike. So she strengthened her defences, and had her army ready; and when without delay he marched upon Delhi she was well prepared. Armour-clad, at the head of her troops, she herself rode forth not waiting for him to attack.

WAR OF JEALOUSY

They met outside the city walls, and joined battle on the instant. Hers was the greater force, but his came near to equalling it, for he had long been quietly gathering power to himself, and many chieftains who resented a woman's rule had rallied to his banner. So the battle raged long and terribly, and both sides suffered heavy losses; and Altunia's men pressed Razia Sultana's troops back, though with difficulty; for Razia Sultana, moving among them as fearlessly as a man, heartened them with her dauntless courage and the fact that she literally seemed to bear a charmed life. Her very immunity inspired them to fresh endurance. They did not know, nor she, that Altunia, being no fool, had given strict orders that she was to remain unharmed at all costs. It was not until her faithful Jafar, bleeding from a dozen wounds, fell at last, that her heart failed her—only for a moment, but that was enough. Altunia and his men, seeing their opportunity, charged forward, a surging, irresistible wave, and drove the defenders back to the very walls of the Palace and slew and captured as they would, and made Razia Sultana, fighting desperately to the last, their prisoner. Victory, as Altunia knew it, was his.

He marched into the city at the head of his men. It was a barren triumph; the streets were almost empty; no crowds acclaimed him; upon the faces of such as watched his entry was sullenness and no welcome.

"To-morrow," said Altunia, "I will have speech with Razia Sultana.

On that morrow he went in state to the Diwan-e-Aam and he took his seat upon the throne that had been hers, and had her summoned to his presence before all his crowded court. She came, defiant still, her proud head high; she still wore the dinted armour that had served her well in that fierce battle. She was weary and most unhappy, but her eyes challenged him.

"What more do you want of me, Altunia?" she asked him without fear. "You have taken everything from me—my throne, my kingdom, my honour as a queen; have I then, still something left that you desire?"

Altunia frowned; he would not admit how her scorn hurt him, and yet how his heart went out to her in admiration of her stark courage. He said instead, quietly, "Begum, yes. I hold the kingdom by capture, but that is all. If I have half the people on my side, the rest are on yours; it is a land divided against itself, and as much a prey to any robber chieftain who covets it or to your brothers should they be minded to tear in pieces among them. But were you and I united we could save it yet. Razia Sultana, here in all men's hearing I ask you to become my wife."

The scorn did not leave her face.

"Is that your ultimatum?" she asked bitterly. "Will not my friendship content you, if I acknowledge you as king and promise not to oppose you in return for my freedom?"

"No", said Altunia. "I should still have half the people hating me for your sake. I ask your hand in marriage; I will make no lesser terms. That I swear by Allah himself!"

"It is this marriage or the loss of my freedom?" said Razia Sultana. "A bitter choice. Give me, I beg you, one moment to consider."

He waited, smiling a little; and she faced him with deep, inscrutable eyes, while all the court watched her, but did not look at

him. Her gaze went above and beyond him; it was fixed upon the thick gold-embroidered curtains that hung behind the throne. It did not betray her by so much as a flicker; no one—Altunia least of all—guessed what she saw. A faint, almost imperceptible movement behind the curtain; a hand grasping a dagger, that stole forth between them and slowly rose over Altunia's head—a hand wearing a ruby ring of her own bestowing...Jafar invincibly faithful; not yet dead despite his mortal wounds, but returned to serve and save her yet.

Just for an instant her heart leapt high. But for no more than that. Her mind worked lightning-fast. Of what avail his loyalty, of what avail Altunia's death, since the cleavage in the land which Altunia had made, he alone could mend? Only in his life, and in her own alliance with him, lay the hope of her kingdom's salvation. Too late for her to be rescued now; the falling blade could but plunge Hindustan into chaos and disaster.

She spoke, looking at the poised dagger that gauged its aim with unsteady, wavering care. It went through her mind, even in that fraction of time that Jafar was strangely slow.

"Let no hand be raised against my lord Altunia!" deliberately and saw the dagger halt, and knew that her words had gone home. "He has spoken well; in our union lies the only hope for our land. My lord, I consent. For the kingdom's sake—and for that reason alone—I will become your wife."

There was a stir round the crowded court; and a sudden shout of acclamation. Altunia's eyes lit up; triumph blazed in his face. He rose quickly and came down the steps, and took her hands, and led her upto the throne.

She went unresisting, still not looking at him, but at the gold curtains whence the hand with the dagger had been quietly withdrawn. In dead silence she took her place at Altunia's side.

She alone heard the soft thud of a body that sank to the ground behind the curtains that backed the throne; and the tinkle of a dagger falling gently from the failing hand of him who had served her, as he had desired, to the last moment of his life.

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OUR REVIEW

"Khilauna" Draws Well At Opera House

Snehaprabha's Smart Performance

Here was good story material which with better direction could have become an excellent picture, But producers, as is usual, when they get hold of a good story fail to find suitable directors.

"Khilauna" has this fundamental defect in the picture,—poor direction. Barring that, the picture has a wealth of music and theme, which inspite of lack of correct development, appeals to the audience.

AN ARTIST'S YARN

We are introduced to a poor struggling artist whose art in painting is still unrecognized by the world. He is an easy victim of drinks and has an understanding friend in Vijay who helps him. This young artist, Amar, in an unusual way meets Asha, an educated but poor girl with a bit of fire and enterprise in her.

She falls in love with Amar and gets interested in his art and for a time acts his sales girl for the paintings. Amar reciprocates her feelings in the modern silent way which prescribes passive resistance for the man as against the aggressive love of the woman. Strangely enough, of all authors, Chowdhary has presented these attitudes for his respective roles.

Asha's sales-tours always lead to the other characters in the story. It seems as if she had dreamt of the particular customers waiting to buy Amar's paintings.

However, in her first selling campaign she meets Maya, the sex-starved young and beautiful wife of a rich old gambler called Seth who is on the wrong side of the sex-conscious years and whose passion is his speculative business.

Maya meets Amar and almost throws herself at his feet goaded by her sex-obsession. Amar again takes the passive defense, while Asha becomes jealous.

In the triangle now enters Kishore a rich young man who, due to his motor accident injuries, fancies Asha to be his recently dead wife come to life.

The muddle of jealousies and counter-jealousies continues through some clever situations till it all comes to a happy end in Amar and Asha getting married and being adopted by a rich widow, the mother of Kishore.

In the development of several emotional moments, the director has shown poor intellectual understanding with the result that many an excellent situation goes crying for vigorous handling.

The director also shows poor imagination in fixing up the interiors of the artist's living quarters. The artist who is supposed to be living in poor tenements and is not even able to pay his rent, always enters a well furnished, smart flat with a bathroom attached. We would like to see in the city poor tenements with such conveniences.

KHILAUNA

Producers: *Amar Pictures*
Language: *Hindusthani*
Story: *Vaju Kotak*
Scenario & Dialogues: *R. Chowdhari*
Songs: *Pandit Indra*
Cinematography: *Dronacharya*
Audiography: *Thakorbhai*
Music: *Khemchand Prakash*
Cast: *Snehaprabha, Jairaj, Prabha, Satish, Kanaihyalal, Mukerjee, Nagendra Mujumdar etc.*
Released at: *Royal Opera House*
Date of Release: *21st Mar.* 1942

Director:
SARVOTTAM BADAMI

SNEHAPRABHA'S SMART BIT

Among the players, the smart little Snehaprabha once again comes to the top of others. Singing, dancing and throwing her eyes all round she supports the picture excellently all throughout.

Jairaj is quite good as the quiet vegetarian type of artist with a stray Bohemian streak. Prabha looks sweet enough as the sex-starved Maya and obtains all the sympathy of the audience. Kanaihyalal is excellent as usual.

The dialogues of the picture are bold in places while the songs are beautifully composed and more beautifully sung.

With the exception of the first reel, the photography is easy on the eye. Sound recording calls for a little more care.

Well, "Khilauna" is a very entertaining film with its snappy music and an excellent story idea.



Nagendra Mujumdar and Motilal are arriving at an understanding in "Arman", a social picture of Ranjit.



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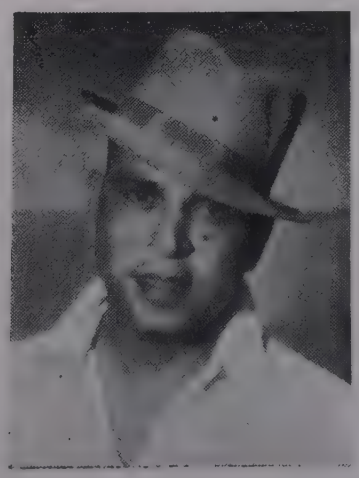
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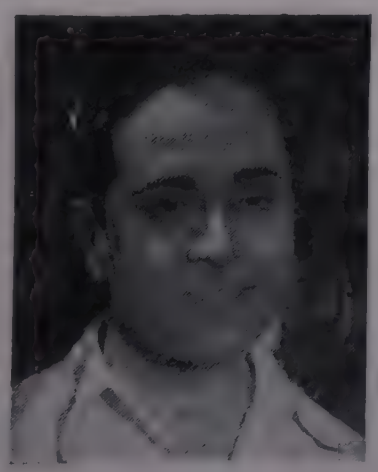
YAKUB IN "ADHAR"



YAKUB IN "ADHAR"

ITS A GATE-CRASHER OF 1942

ITS CERTAINLY AN ALL STAR CAST



UMAKANT

IN

GITA PICTURES GREAT SOCIAL PHOTO-PLAY.

"ADHAR"

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KANEEZ BEGUM — KOKILA
A. R. PAHELWAN — RAMESH — AHMAD
LILA PAWAR — BABY SAROJ
and a brilliant supporting cast.

DIRECTION: M. N. HASHRI.
MUSIC: SHANTI KUMAR



KOKILA

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"Follow Russia" Says Sir Stafford Cripps

Film People As Human As Others

Exclusive Interview For "filmindia"

"You are on a fool's errand!"

* * *

"It is a wild goose chase!"

* * *

"How dared you come all the way to Delhi on such a commission?"

* * *

"I tell you, frankly, if I were you. I would quietly get back to Bombay."

* * *

"I am very sorry to disappoint you but I am afraid I cannot persuade myself to give you an introductory note on Sir Stafford Cripps, because I consider it highly improper. In the midst of his present preoccupation, I am unable to ask him to give you a few minutes to talk on a subject like films. Don't you think it must be done when he has some leisure?" said one of our nation's prominent leaders, whose personal friendship with Sir Stafford was well known.

* * *

"Without meaning any offence to your judgment, I must say you are trying something very very difficult at this peculiar juncture." That was a pressman's verdict.

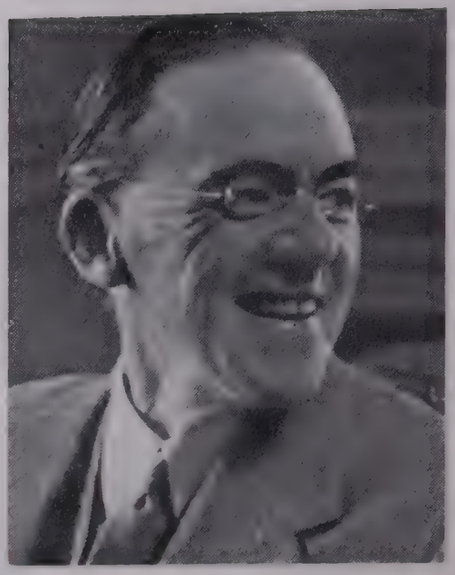
* * *

So that was that. The long and short of all the advice I got meant discouragement—uniform discouragement, once couched in suave, persuasive words, another time, blunt, reprimanding. I do not blame anyone. In their place, I would talk similarly to anyone who thought of playing my role. I even cursed the hefty editor of "filmindia" for sending me on a mission which he had avoided taking up himself through sheer laziness. With his social connections in New Delhi, his undoubted pre-eminence in the film world and go-ahead methods, he would have done much better than I can ever expect to.

I also thought, were films after all such an unimportant topic, that every one should brush it aside. Why it would at least provide some relaxation to Sir Stafford, perhaps much needed relaxation to the architect of India's immediate future.

Did I say relaxation! Yes, that is the bright idea. Why not send him a letter, some questions and a couple of issues of "filmindia" and await his response! I sent all this to his office and waited for a response for full two days, hours on end, in one of the tents in the compound of Sir Stafford's temporary residence at Victoria Road, New Delhi. As I discovered later, his guard of secretaries had sat tight on all my papers including the two issues of "filmindia" in which the interviews of Drs. Radhakrishnan and Jayakar had appeared. I also learnt that hundreds of similar communications had received the same fate.

Sir Stafford was undoubtedly very busy. But for a few hours' sleep every night, he was always closeted with someone or other of India's leaders or officials. He couldn't call one minute his own. His residence was a quiet place; the incoming and outgoing expensive cars only making some little buzz. There was none of that pomp and pageantry, usually associated with representatives of His Majesty's Government. But entrance to his camp was very strictly regulated and equally strictly enforced. My problem was how to get near him. Who would take my card to him, even for getting a "no" from him.



The Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford Cripps, K.C., M.P., member of the British War Cabinet, gave an exclusive interview to "filmindia" during his recent visit to India.



Lalita Pawar returns to the screen after a long time in "Kirti" a social picture of Venus Pictures.

I planned gate-crashing for a while, but it didn't become quite necessary as I pushed myself in with the other 150 and odd pressmen representing the Indian and the world press at the next press conference. All questions at the Conference itself had to be, of course about the draft declaration of his Majesty's Government, about the future of India and films had scarcely any relevence there.

Sir Stafford finished all his questions, made his goodbye, full of smiles, to everybody present and accompanied by one of his secretaries, he was walking towards the lift. I followed him closely, almost touched his sleeve and asked him if he was proceeding directly to his place of residence. He was. I entered the lift with him and handed a note to him in which I wrote one brief paragraph "I have nothing political to ask you. But I hope to provide some relaxation to you by my questions if you would lend your ear to them for a couple of minutes. Let me go with you in your car to your residence. Whatever time the drive takes would be quite enough for me."

Apparently he was in a mood to play with the idea. As we got out of the lift and were walking in the direction of his car he asked me what it was all about. I told him I wanted to ask him some questions about films in India and abroad and whatever he might say would be of great value to me. He warned me that he was making an exception in my case. He had never met anyone like that during his stay and did not intend to. I was therefore warned to get down as soon as the car entered the porch of his residence. It was an agreement and the next minute I was sitting by his side asking the first question:—

A TELEGRAM WASTED

"Did you see any Indian film during your last or present sojourn in India?"

"No. I could have seen some last time but the idea never occurred to me nor did anybody make a suggestion of that kind. This time, I have not a moment at my disposal for such a pleasure."

"Haven't you received a pressing telegraphic request to see "Bharat Milap" an Indian film, now showing in Delhi? It is around the story of the hero of the Ramayana."



Kaushalya looks grown up and charming in "Rai Saheb" a Janak picture.

"No, I have not and even if I get one I am not in a position to respond to such an invitation."

I knew that the Prakash Pictures had sent him a telegram from Bombay to see "Bharat Milap", but obviously his guard of secretaries did not think it suitable to place the telegram before him,

"Did you have any occasion to study the effect of the average love and sex films on the juvenile mind in Great Britain or anywhere else?"

"I have had no such opportunity. I have heard of certain American studies which plead for control of the present day film production and exhibition in national and social interest."

"Do films as they are being made now, particularly the American ones, contribute to increase in crime?"

"Possibly. But I cannot hazard an opinion without adequate study."

"Since the Russian way of Life has been materially different from the rest of the world, since the Revolution, how did you find it reflected in Russian films?"

"I do not claim to be a very devoted student of how Russian life is reflected in films, but it is obvious that they have done a tremendous lot to exploit the film medium for popular instruction. Any book on present day Russia will testify to this."

NOT EVEN AN ACTRESS.

"Have you at any time come in contact with film producers, directors, scenario-writers, actors and others in any country and if so what has been your reaction to them?"

"No, I have not come in contact with film people but I should expect them to be as human as any other set of people."

"Any actresses, at least?"

Sir Stafford stared and in a moment his face was lit up with a broad smile.

"Will you say something about the Russian effort to achieve adult education through films with particular reference to Lenin's work in this behalf?"

"My view is not different from the one you get in sympathetic books about Russia and her achievement in this field. I do think that the film

is a powerful medium of popular instruction and in any rational scheme of national planning for a people's socio-economic prosperity and well being, the place of films would be of paramount importance."

"Do you agree, therefore with what Sydney and Beatrice Webb have said in their books on Russia with special reference to the potentialities and achievements of Cinema?

"I do. I regard those books as a very sympathetic and understanding study of post-revolutionary Russia. It does not say enough about the part cinema has played in the reconstruction programme, but its tribute to it is unmistakable. The cinema is part of the Soviet Commissariat of education.

The following is a relevant extract from "Soviet Communism—A New Civilisation" by the Webbs:—

"It is significant that the theatre, the opera, the ballet and the cinema are in every republic of the U.S.S.R. as much within the sphere of the Commissariat of education as the school itself. The theatre was of outstanding excellence in Czarist Russia but any educative influence it had was confined to a small class. To-day in the U.S.S.R. they appeal literally to millions. They are not limited to the great cities but exist in every town. Lenin said what we think of art is not important but what the millions say about art is important for Art commences only when its roots are spread broadly through the masses."

FOLLOW RUSSIA

"Will you mention some American or British films that you have particularly liked during the last few years with reference to the anti-Nazi character of a good many of them?"

"American studios have made some very good films like "The Mortal Storm", "Confessions of a Nazi Spy", "Four Sons" and others exposing Hitlerite methods of suppressing all civil liberties and making machines of men but I cannot think of more names off hand."

"Will not an organisation, like the Films Division of the British Ministry of Information to control the cinema industry, contribute to its healthy growth under a national government?

"A government can do anything it likes, provided it knows its own mind and has a well-defined policy."

"Cannot the film be harnessed to cultural and educational purposes in a scheme of National planning to diffuse knowledge and information of social utility, to the illiterate millions of India?"

"Most certainly. Follow Russia".

Sir Stafford was quite right. To-day in Russia the cinema is as much a part of any locality as a grocer's shop, a laundry or a church formerly used to be. A block of few buildings has a club and a cinema of its own as Pat Sloan writes in his "Russia Without Illusions".

Describing thus a square in Gigant, a small town, Pat Sloan says "On one side several blocks of modern flats, on the other the administrative offices, a large department store and a great club, cinema and theatre for the entertainment of the workers. In the evening I attended the cinema with the youth of Gigant, and saw an amusing soviet comedy about a young worker with an invention, a bureaucrat determined to steal from him all credit and financial gain from the invention, a love interest that did not, as in a capitalist film, end happily ever after, and a good deal of happy knockabout fun."

CINEMA IN A CHURCH

In another place he says "the church today is a club for visitors, with a library, cinema stage and a grand piano". In a third place this author's services were demanded to play the part of a young Armenian peasant leader in a film of the civil war. He was required to play the role of an Indian soldier in a scene about the British intervention during the Russian civil war.

Lastly I asked Sir Stafford:

"The army in India has cornered all raw positive film and the Indian film industry is about to close its door in a few days if fresh supplies are not available. Cannot something be done to import Russian supplies across the North-West Frontier or Kashmere, to replace the British or American?"

"Obviously it is for those concerned to take up the matter with the Government of India. It is a Government's duty to see that a prosperous and important industry is not allowed to die and is given adequate encouragement to hold its own in these troublous times."



Motilal seems to be getting a lot of natural situations nowadays. Here is one in "Arman" in which the "glass" seems to help him to make up his mind about the other.

Mazhar Khan Hits Our National Leaders

Says: "Padosi" Did More Than Leaders

(By: *Our Special Representative*)

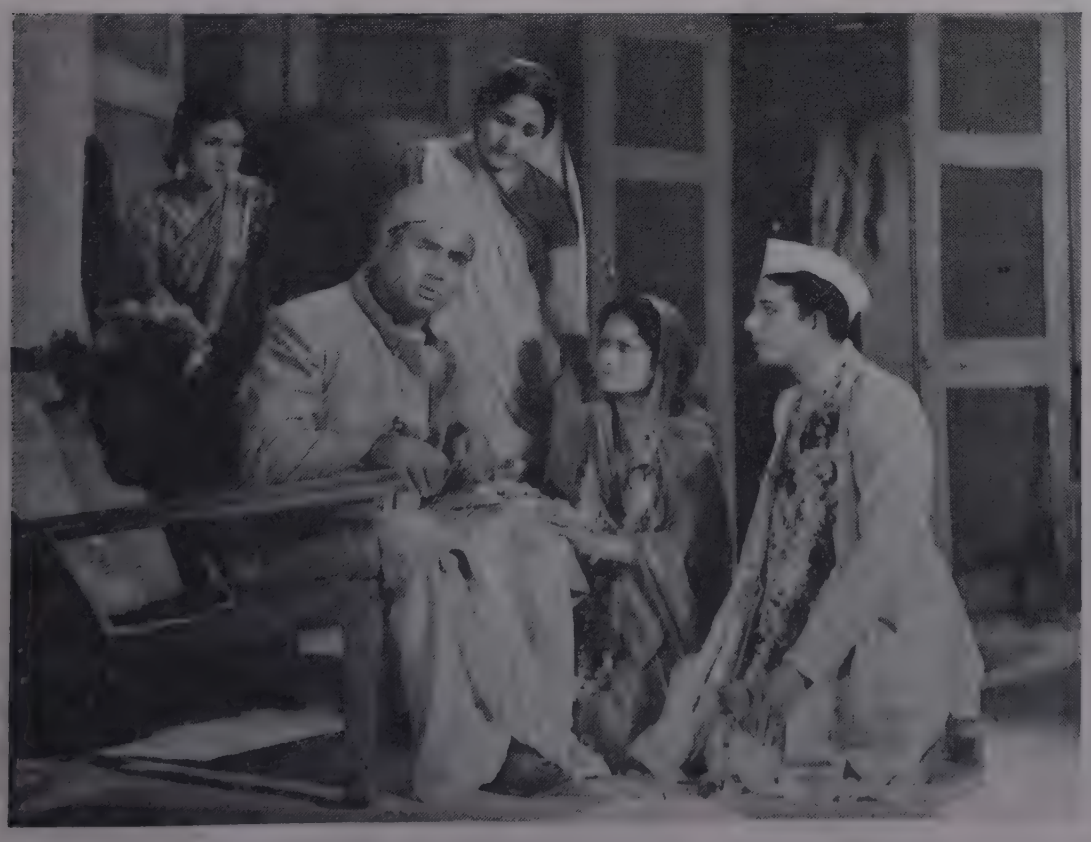
It is a real job to make Mazhar Khan speak out because he is unassuming to the core and believes more in doing things rather than merely talking about them. However, the other day it was quite a pleasant surprise to me to find the veteran character-actor a vociferous and vehement speaker, bubbling with patriotic sentiments and deeply concerned with the fate of his motherland in this hour of ordeal.

"How does the war affect your activities?", I asked him. Mazhar Khan lifted up his burly head, cocked the eye at me and said, "In spite of all the restrictions imposed upon the film industry by the exigencies of the war situation, we and our film industry are doing splendidly well."

"Then, you are quite optimistic about the fate of our industry in these uncertain times," I interrupted him. Mazhar Khan looked grave. I clearly saw the Thakur of "Padosi" in him. Heaving a deep sigh, he almost burst out, "The fate of the film industry depends on the fate of our motherland. And that is what makes our future outlook gloomy. At this critical juncture, when we ought to have been united and ready to bear the brunt of the danger looming over our heads we are cutting a sorry figure before the world, divided and sub-divided into petty sectional groups, and all this to the utter shame of our political leaders who keep on juggling with the situation."

Mazhar Khan paused for a while and looked at me. "You see, I am no political animal," said he slowly, "But I can say from the doings of our leaders, quite a number of them, seem to be more concerned with the question of keeping alive their self-adulation and vainglorious leadership than the good of their people and country."

Mazhar Khan was again lost in his own thoughts. I interrupted him again by asking him another question. "How do you account for this situation?"



Here is a tense situation with Jagdish and Leela Desai in "I can do it", a Laxmi picture.



Mazhar Khan is, in addition to being a film star, an all-round sportsman, polo being his favourite game.

He retorted. "Yes, I shall tell you in my blunt way. Quite often, we blame others for our doings. We have been told oft and on about 'the divide-and-rule policy'. Let us agree for a moment that the seed of this apple of discord was sown by our alien rulers. Why did we not nip it in the bud? Who carefully nourished it, letting it grow into a plant that keeps on spreading its roots and undermining the very foundations of our national integrity? Without any hesitation, I can say that it is our misguided leaders who have perpetuated this question of communalism. It suits them for it ensures their leadership. Indians doped with ideas of religion, can be very well exploited in the name of religion. No wonder the gulf between the sectional and communal interests is widening day by day, thanks to our self-adulating and vainglorious leaders.

"In the midst of this discouraging darkness films throw a beacon light. Inspite of the great prejudice of our 'great' leaders, we, can hold our own with feelings of pride for our record is not so miserable as that of some of our leaders."

AZADS, NEHRUS AND GANDHIS

Mazhar Khan was getting autobiographical and I had no desire to interrupt him. I straightened up in my seat and began to listen more

intently to what was developing into a nice political speech of the first rank. For Mazhar Khan continued:

"I tell you, we film people have a right to boast of our achievements. And I refuse to be modest. I dare say 'Padosi' in which I had the good fortune to work, has done more for Hindu-Muslim unity than several conferences and hundreds of articles of our Azads, Nehrus, and Gandhis. The film "Sandesa" also did its bit. What did we find in the Cripps Conference? Every leader spoke for his section, party, community; barring some honourable exceptions. 'Padosi' has taught millions of Indians as to how to live as human beings bound by common ties of brotherhood. It is a glorious picture, preaching in unequivocal terms that while remaining Hindu and Muslim, in our homes, we can still live and die for each other. How many of our leaders can claim to have taught the Indian masses something of this kind?"

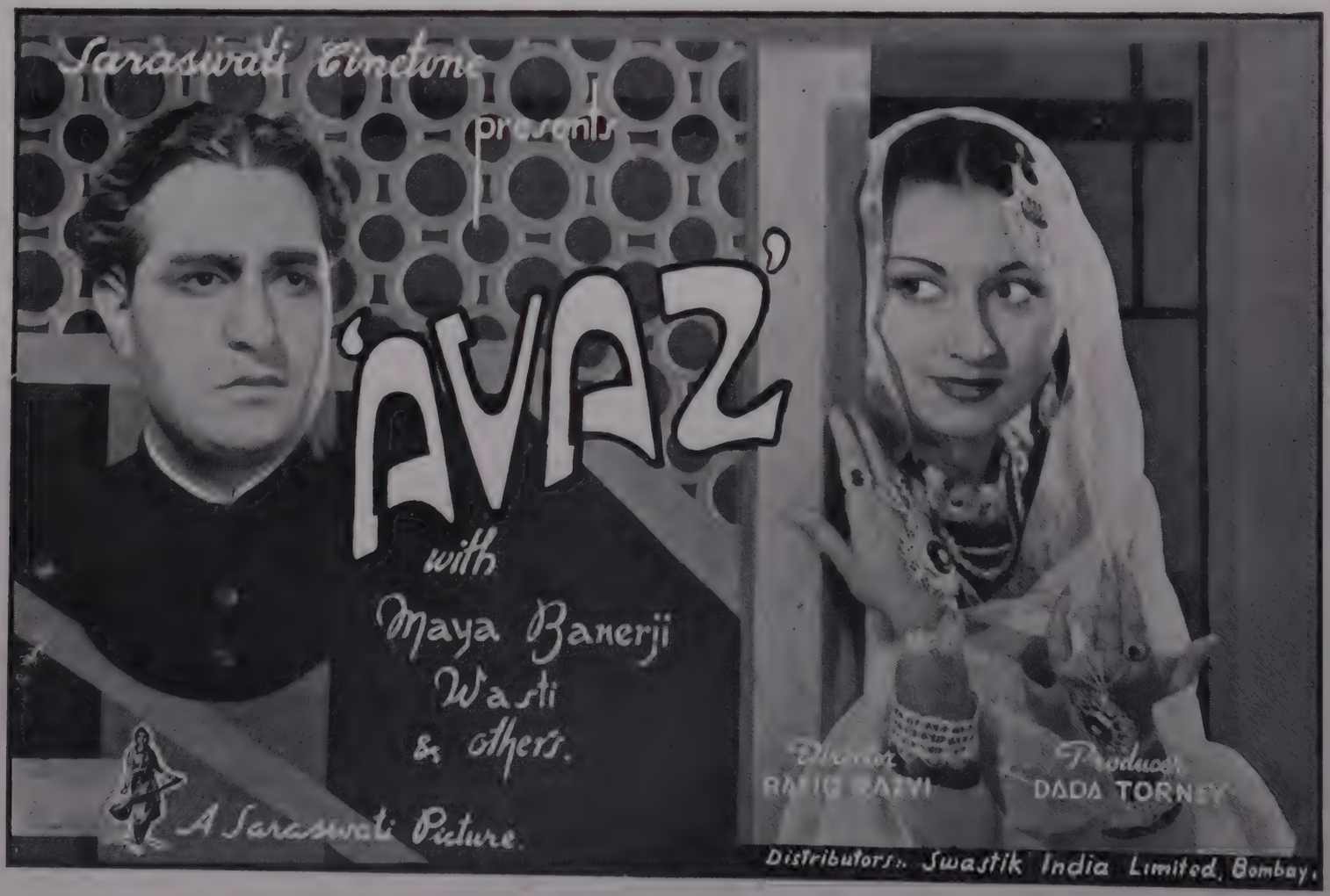
NO RECOGNITION FROM MAHATMA

Mazhar Khan was in no mood to stop to-day. He was relentless against leaders of India. He pounced upon Gandhiji himself. He said: "This revered Mahatma of ours is straining every nerve to popularise Hindustani, the real language of the common people shorn of all unnecessary Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian. Has he ever realised that we film people have for years popularised his mission among millions? Thousands of people have picked up their Hindustani from our films. Perhaps the All India Radio will stand some competition with us, but its place is easily second in this national service. Gandhiji's Hindustani Prachar Sabhas are still struggling when we have marched ahead."

Mazhar Khan stood up in his seat and staring at me exclaimed:

"But not a word of recognition from the great Mahatma for this service."

As he shook hands with me and said good-bye, I wonder whether the Mahatma was not really an ostrich burying his head in the sands. Will not somebody make him see a film like 'Padosi' and extract an admission from him about what filmdom has actually done for Hindu-Muslim Unity and the national language?"



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OUR REVIEW

"Nirdosh" Fails To Be Popular

Director Virendra's Disappointing Picture

Waste Of Money And Energy

After seeing "Nirdosh" carefully, I feel that it would, indeed, be a concession to the film industry if directors like Virendra Desai are not given future assignments for some time to come to conserve our resources in raw stock in these war times.

In normal times no one would object to a few expensive experiments indulged in by producers' sons but during the present times expensive experiments like "Nirdosh" constitute a stupid waste of money, raw materials and energy.

The National Studios Ltd. which is a public limited company is expected to be more careful with its production programmes than a privately owned concern, for the simple reason that the directors of the National Studios are trustees of public funds invested in good faith and with complete faith in the people who manage the affairs.

"Nirdosh" hardly provides any evidence of good management in production, as, right from the beginning, the picture becomes a senseless mess of wrong presentation, poor direction, technical imperfection and incorrect casting.

NIRDOSH

Producers: *National Studios*
Language: *Hindusthani*
Story: *M. Bhavnani*
Dialogues: *Kanaiyalal*
Songs: *Kanaiyalal and Nilkanth Tiwari*
Photography: *Faredoon Irani and Keki Mistry*
Music: *Ashok Ghosh*
Cast: *Nalini Jaywant, Mukesh, Satish, Kanaiyalal, Mrs. Marathe, Tiwari, Sankatha*
Released at: *Swastik Talkies, Bombay*
Date of Release: 21*st Mar.* 1942
Director:
VIRENDRA C. DESAI

CINDRELLA STUFF

The story, which is written by Mohan Bhavnani, looks silly as a picture. It has the usual Cindrella theme in which a poor persecuted step-daughter of a family has pleasant escapades which ultimately result in her landing the proverbial prince charming.

To provide pathos to the life-story of the Cindrella in the picture a couple of unconvincing hussies are added as step-sisters and between them and the formidable step-mother several stupid situations have been concocted to impress the audience. All the situations, however, fail miserably for one reason or other.

The direction of the picture is utterly unimaginative and disgustingly poor. Even the costume continuity is not maintained.

Nalini Jaywant as the Cindrella-heroine gives a trained dance at the very first opportunity. One would like to know where this girl had learnt that if she was leading a Cindrella life in the midst of step-sisters who made her do all the house-hold work. The director has not made even an attempt to train her. He has taken things for granted.



Anjali Devi in "Kunwara Baap" an Acharya Art production.



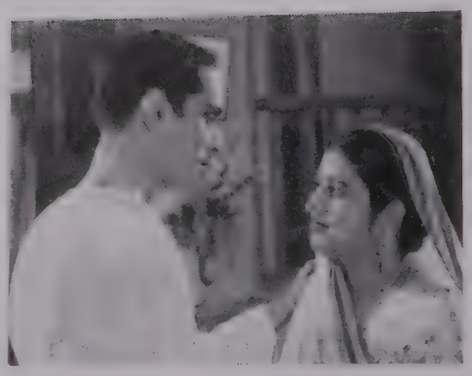
Yakub is up to his tricks again in "Lalaji", a social comedy of National Studios. Sunalini Devi, that splendid mother of our screen, knows what Yakub is up to, but pretends not to.

Scene after scene, the director has failed to provide even the slightest intellectual relief and therefore the picture becomes an utterly stupid affair.

The photography of the picture is good in parts, particularly the outdoors, while the sound recording of the songs is utterly amateurish. Music is unenterprising, both sung and background, and does not please at any stage, while the song compositions while betraying a lack of phonetic words, provide poor evidence of poetry.

HOPELESS PERFORMANCES

Among the artistes, the only other person, besides Kanaiyalal who could be said to have given a tolerably good performance, is Satish in the role of Gopal, the pal of the hero. In a light-hearted portrayal, he excites some laughter which partially compensates for the utter boredom which the picture inflicts on the audience.



Kaniz and Umakant in "Adhar" a social story of Gita Pictures.

Nalini Jaywant as the Cindrella heroine shows a very slight improvement on her previous failures. But her romantic interludes with the hero remain unconvincing throughout.

Mukesh, a new youngster, makes his bow before the public as Narendra, the hero. After seeing what he has done throughout the picture, one wishes he had not come to the screen. I would advise the young man to go back to the college.

Mrs. Marathe as "Chanchala", a society butterfly in love with the hero, is another rank failure. What is she doing on the Indian screen? She is another one who should go back to home-keeping.

Nilkanth Tewari, the song writer, acts a poet in the picture and in doing so gives some disgusting farce. Had he acted the madman, his present performance could have been more suitable.

That leaves Kanaiyalal in the role of Shadilal, the Government pensioner. Whatever Kanaiyalal does has "excellent" stamped on it and so is his performance in "Nirdosh". The inclusion of Kanaiyalal in an useless story like this constitutes an insult not only to that incomparable artiste but also to his fans.

That is "Nirdosh" in short, a picture not worth the trouble of production or for that matter of seeing.

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What Russia Does With Films

The Film As A Bullet Of War

BY D. G. TENDULKAR

"Cinema is for us the most important of arts" said Lenin. How this is true in Soviet Russia today is the theme of my article.

In 1939, V. Pudovkin, one of the ace-regisseurs of Soviet Russia, undertook the production of "Minin and Pozharsky", a historical film. Its theme was the invasion of Russia by the Poles and the subsequent Polish defeat. Another historical film, "Schor" was simultaneously being produced by Dovzhenko, also a wellknown regisseur. It is the story of Nikolai Schors, Bolshevik captain of the Ukranian people, who fought successfully against the German invasion of 1919. These films were being produced when Europe was expecting war at any moment. The Soviets were arming themselves against invasion and were preparing the minds of the people for such contingency, through films, literature etc.

Modern warfare is exceedingly complex. It demands preparedness during peace time too. Efficient heavy industry, scientific agriculture, excellent transport, national fitness, scientific education, research and many other things must exist if a nation has to live today. This can be achieved only through universal education and can best be done through cinema is well illustrated in the Soviet Union.

The accessibility of the cinema, its accuracy in depicting life and scientific facts has long since turned it into an active aid in the work of Soviet scientific institutions and factory laboratories, as well as in various fields of education, from the elementary schools to the mass technical circles.

Ten years ago the All Union Trust for the production of scientific, educational and instructive films was established. The major branches of this trust—which is a large organisation producing many films—are located in Moscow, Leningrad and Novosibirsk.

The Technical Film Trust is closely linked up with industry and scientific research institutes. In order to draw the cinema closer to the needs of the factories and also to the work of the leading scientific institutions, film producing units are established in them.

Scores of scientific institutions now have their own cinema units: the Moscow Mechanical Engineering Institute, the Leningrad Industrial and Power Institutes, as well as the educational departments of the leading factories such as the Stalin Auto-Plant in Moscow etc. All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine and the Institute of Biology, the Neuro-Surgical Institute produce their own films. Eminent Soviet scientists participate in the production of scientific and educational films.

A FILM FOR EVERY PURPOSE

To popularise radio, driving, aviation, astronomy, geography, natural sciences, appropriate films on such subjects are shown in schools, factories and the people's clubs.

The interest of the public in scientific-educational films is so great that a number of leading State Departments (the People's Commissariats for Education, Heavy Industry, Agriculture, etc.) are carrying on methodical work within their own organisations with a view to produce new films on topics of interest to them.

The development of scientific propaganda requires not only the utilisation of all available skilled technicians, but also the systematic training of new people. At the State Institute of Cinematography there is a special department of scientific educational films for training both of the directors and organisers of this work. School teachers are given systematic training in the use of cinematographic methods of instruction.

Naturally during the present war period, the film activities are double with a view to galvanize life in the prosecution of the war. Film workers have renounced their working hour restrictions. Most of the famous



Jagdish and Kaushalya score a hit in "Rai Saheb", a Janak picture.

film writers are doing double work, on their own schedules and on short propaganda films. Some of their highly ingenious favourite characters from well-known films stepping from the screen to address the audience, show them new and old scenes mixed by trickwork and draw morals from them etc. Pudovkin is turning out war shorts and Dovzhenko was doing the same in Kiev to the last moment. There are series of newsreel cameramen at the front.

FIDDLING NEROS OF INDIA

Modern warfare is exceedingly complex and implies the intensive and efficient training of the men engaged therein. These methods have long implied full use of illustrative material which of late years have been more adequately supplied through the film. Moving pictures have given a reality and a vitality to the work of illustration in schools and they have obvious application to the problem of training the youth for efficiency in the fighting forces. In Soviet Russia map-reading (animated maps illustrating tactics, the geographical control of strategy are obviously far superior to any still diagram however well described), weapon training, naval fights, air-raid precautions, guerilla warfare etc. are taught to the citizens through the medium of cinema.

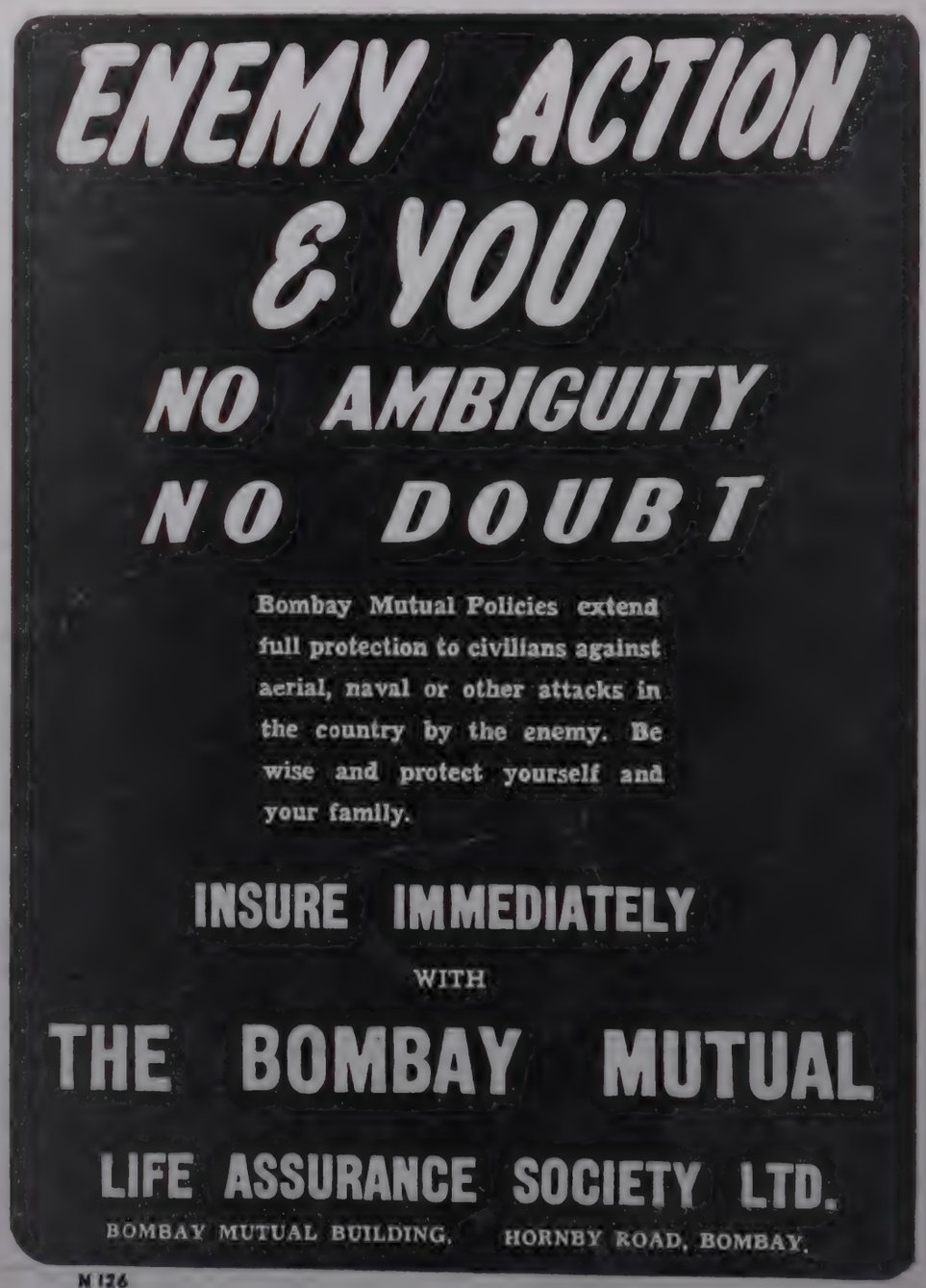
In contrast to the magnificent cinema work done in Soviet Union, India did nothing to educate its masses during peace time, and is doing practically nothing to face the invasion when the enemy is at its doors. We are having here film shows which have no value beyond simple entertainment. We are not having even enough newsreels depicting the war which could give us some idea as to what the modern war means.

In America, in Great Britain, in U.S.S.R., there are special theatres devoted to newsreels and educational films, but here in India we have not even suitable side programmes to prepare us to face the enemy. We are like Neros fiddling when India is burning. Our specially appointed Film Advisory Board wastes its time and celluloid in the production of pictures depicting the life of society women. Why not produce films on A.R.P.—civil defence etc.

I do realise that I am expecting something that cannot happen in the present atmosphere of complacency.

The crux of the problem is the need for a real national government wherein the people must feel that it is their war.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has rightly declared that the top ruling classes in England and in India complacently think a mighty lot of whatever little they concede to India. The real situation in India can best be put in Jawaharlal's words—"Those who in Delhi were having their tea at a regular hour, disposed of files and dressed for dinner and attend dances would not win the war. If a National Government came all that complacency would disappear and there would be hell for the indolent and for the one who dressed for dinner."



Agents:—All over India, Burma, Ceylon and Br. East Africa.

The Influence Of Our Films

Our Stars Don't Even Kiss

The other day I met an abnoxious old fogey of the type who thinks anything pertaining to the 20th century is immoral and he said to me "you know my child, I'm very worried about the youth of to-day. Boys and girls are not what they used to be in my day. It makes me sad when I see how our modest home-loving Indian maidens are being demoralised. There is an evil force at work, my child, and that force is the Indian film industry". Here he leered at me as only an ancient of seventy-odd can and dug me in my sparsely covered and therefore ultra-sensitive ribs. This latter action was meant as an invitation for me to agree with what he had said; I refused to do so, firstly, because I didnt' agree with what he had said, secondly, because I don't like being spoken to as though I'm a drooling infant and lastly, because I don't like being dug in the ribs.

I don't agree with what he said because I am a member of the 20th century cinema-going youth and I definitely have not been demoralised. Indian films are mild compared with some of the blood and thunder American films I have seen and which have not affected my morals in the least.



....the villain always dies a repentant man.

When my old friend said "Boys and girls are not what they used to be in my day" he wasn't honest enough to admit that the boys in his day were all stuffed shirts and crashing bores and the girls had less backbone than an undersized flea has.



....he dug me in my sparsely covered and therefore ultra-sensitive ribs.

If Indian films are responsible for the change in the youth of to-day, then we should all stand up and cheer because it is a change for the better.

The more prehistoric among Indian parents feel that when their son and heir goes to see a film in which villainous men shoot at each other he immediately comes home and starts planning murders. Now if their son is a normally good and fairly intelligent boy, a gangster film will not affect his morals in the least. On the other hand if he is inclined to have criminal tendencies a film about criminals will help to cure this because in an Indian film, Good is always made to triumph over Evil in the end. The villain may kill dozens of good and innocent people but he is invariably killed in the end and dies a repentant man. A bad boy seeing these films will learn a 'crime does not pay' lesson from them.

LOVE AND GIRLS

There are some parents who fear that their sons will begin to think too much of love, romance and the opposite sex if they go to the cinema. However cloistered a life a boy may have led, when he reaches his late teens it is only natural that he should begin to think about love and girls. If thoughts like this are taboo in his parent's home then he will begin to feel that there is



We never thought Jairaj was good at this. Shobhana and Azurie seem to have taught him in "Nai Duniya", a Circo picture.

something dreadfully wrong about being in love. This is a very unnatural and unhealthy outlook for a boy to have. When he goes to the cinema he will see nice, clean, censored love-stories which will show him that love is a very natural emotion and will give him balanced ideas about the subject. No one can deny that love is depicted in a very elementary and innocent way on the Indian screen. Heroes and heroines never kiss each other or even rub noses. They just touch hands and look at each other with emotion shining out of their eyes.

There are many elderly people who feel that the Indian maiden has lost her sense of modesty and is on her way to becoming a hussy.



they look at each other with emotion shining out of their eyes.

This, because modern Indian films are teaching her to be more aggressive and to use rouge and lipstick. After generations of being submissive and repressed, it is high time Indian women broke loose and did a little swaggering. But it is foolish to blame the film industry for their new ideas.

Indian girls nowadays are going in for higher education and because of this have stopped feeling inferior to their menfolk. They read books which tell them how women of other nations behave and they feel they have a right to be as progressive as these other women.

BAD BOYS AND GOOD GIRLS

If they decide to use rouge and lipstick it is not only because their favourite actress loads her face with cosmetics, but also because every newspaper and magazine they pick up tells them that these beauty aids will make them doubly attractive.

Some feel that the Indian films are giving their daughters revolutionary ideas about marriage and their future marriage partners.

If the film industry teaches the young Indian maiden that she has a right to marry that fine young man she is in love with rather than that elderly, grumpy, but oh-so-rich man her parents have chosen for her, then the film industry teaches a very good lesson.

My old rib-digging friend and all who think as he does, need not waste another minute worrying over the youth of today.

There will always be bad boys just as there will always be good girls and to think that Indian films will influence them for the worse is to credit the industry with more power than it has!



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PRABHAT FILM CO. (Poona)

The partnership quarrel which had been going on among the partners for the last eight or nine months has been determined at last, and Mr. V. Shantaram has severed his connection with the Prabhat Film Co. That leaves four partners now conducting the future business for this famous studio.

At the studios, Messrs. Damle and Fatehlal have taken up two subjects for simultaneous production: one is a social story called "Ten O'clock", while the other is a semi-historical picture called "Ram Shastri".

JANAK PICTURES (Bombay)

Producer Chhotubhai Desai reports to us that he has completed the shooting of his first picture, "Rai Saheb", featuring Kaushalya, Trilok Kapoor and Jagdish Sethi. Those who had the good fortune of seeing one of the early trials of this picture are very enthusiastic about its quality and box-office appeal.

BOMBAY TALKIES (Bombay)

"Basant", a social story, featuring Mumtaz, Shanti and Ulhas is nearing completion under the jealous care of Mrs. Devika Rani. This picture is again expected to be a terrific box-office hit, especially due to the slick direction of Amiya Chakrabarty and snappy tunes of the songs.

SHALIMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

Believe it or not, Producer-Director W. Z. Ahmed has really completed "Ek Raat", his maiden social story featuring Neena and Prithviraj.

It has taken Mr. Ahmed a long time getting through this picture but, seeing the quality of the same, one must admit that it was worth while waiting for.

NATIONAL STUDIOS (Bombay)

"Nirdosh", a social story directed by Virendra C. Desai, could not click well at the Swastik Talkies, in Bombay.

At the studios, they have "Lalaji", a social comedy ready for release while "Apna Paraya", another social story, is now in the editing room.

"Roti", the studio's ambitious picture directed by Mr. Mehboob, is now awaiting some jungle outdoors.

PRAKASH PICTURES (Andheri)

"Bharat Milap" is making new records in box-office history all over the country. Encouraged by its success, the producers will be soon launching a picture called "Lav-Kush" in keeping with their new traditions of spectacle and grandeur.

In the meanwhile, they have a social picture in making called "Station Master" featuring Jagdish and others, and this picture is now fast nearing completion.

FAZLI BROTHERS (Calcutta)

"Masoom" has been ready for a long time, awaiting release in Bombay at the Imperial immediately after "Pyas". At their studios in Calcutta, the producers have on the sets a social story called "Chowranghee" in two versions, viz: Hindi and Bengali.



They are once again together in "Khilouna" the second Amar picture. Jairaj getting more and more popular every day gives an excellent performance opposite Snchaprabha.

RANJIT MOVIETONE (Bombay)

"The Guest", a social story, will be the next release of this company in Bombay. This picture is directed by Chaturbhuj Doshi.

Director Kedar Sharma has completed "Arman", a social story featuring Motilal and Shamim, and he has already taken up another story for direction.

Director Ram Daryani is busy with a social subject called "Sukh-Dukh".

There are umpteen other pictures under production at the Ranjit Studio and the most prominent one which is now being produced between two studios, Ranjit and Wadia, is called "The Return of Toofan Mail".

WADIA MOVIETONE (Bombay)

This is a very busy studio, not so much with its own production but with the productions of others. The company, however, is producing its own picture called "Muqabila" which is expected to be completed early next month.

ACHARYA PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

"Kunwara Bap", the maiden production of this company, featuring Protima Das-Gupta and others is ready for release. Another social story called "Uljhan" is now on the sets under the personal direction of Mr. Acharya. This story features the famous stars Sardar Akhtar and Mazharkhan.

KARDAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Director Kardar is one of those persons who would not let the grass grow under his feet. He is already up and doing, and he has finished the script work of nearly three pictures.

The first one is called "Sharda" which is a social story written by Mr. M. Nazir. The second one is "Bindiya", a Hindi social subject written by Pandit Indra. Still a third one is called "Munshiji" the story of which has been written by Mr. Sadiq. In between this ambitious social programme, Director Kardar will also be producing "Shah Jehan," an historical romance written by the international writer Dewan Sharar.

Altogether Director Kardar's, we beg your pardon, Producer Kardar's programme seems to be very ambitious.

NEW HUNS PICTURES (Kolhapur)

Produced under the supervision of Baburao Pendharkar, the very first picture of New Huns "Pahila Palna" has become a terrific box-office success. It is a streamlined comedy with all the best points accentuated and it keeps the audience spell-bound during two-and-a-half hours.

The success of this picture gives us a new hope and we expect the reorganised Huns to be more successful and purposeful in future.

CHITRA PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer Gvalani's "Between You And Me" featuring Leela Chitnis and Pahari Sanyal is already under production. Every possible care that is needed to make a picture successful is being taken by the company. This picture is expected to be ready in a couple of months, but it is already taken up by different provinces for distribution.

NAVYUG CHITRAPAT (Poona)

"State Guests", their comedy with Damuanna Malvankar and Jog in the lead, and directed by Winayak will take sometime before it is ready for the screen. It is expected to be a big roar for our audiences.

AMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

"Khilauna" featuring Snehaprabha Pradhan has been drawing well at the Royal Opera House in Bombay. The picture is also reported to be doing well in Calcutta.

The second production of this company is called "Ankh Michowli" and it features Sulochana and Nalini Jaywant. By the time this is in print this picture will also be ready for the screen.

SOUBHAGYA PICTURES (Bombay)

Their maiden production "Tamasha" is a social story with an unusual theme, and it will be on the screen as soon as possible.

VENUS PICTURES (Bombay)

"Kirti" has been released at the Minerva Talkies in Bombay. It is a social story directed by Mr. Gunjal and it features Lalita Pawar who leads a very useful cast.

SARASWATI CINETONE (Poona)

Producer Dadasaheb Torney's latest social story "Awaz" has now been completed and is awaiting a good theatre for release. It is likely to be on the screen any of these days, and thereafter Dadasaheb Torney will concentrate on his new social story called "Quanoon".

ASIATIC PICTURES (Bombay)

This is a new company floated by our leading character actor, Mazharkhan. Now that Mazharkhan has tasted the fun of production, he is likely to remain a producer for a long time. The first picture of this new company is called "Bare-log" (Big Guns), and it will go into production almost immediately.

PANCHOLI ART PICTURES (Lahore)

By the time this is in hand "Khan-Daan", a social story produced by Dalsukn Pancholi, will be drawing crowds at the Excelsior and at the West End simultaneously in Bombay. This picture has had a tremendous reception in the Punjab and Bengal, and it is expected to score a huge success all over India.

At the studios, Director Moti Gidwani is shooting the indoors of "Zamindar" with Shanta Apte in the leading role. Altogether, Producer Dalsukh Pancholi seems to be the prize man in the news.

GITA PICTURES (Bombay)

With Yakub our famous lovable villain of the screen, in the leading role these people have launched a social picture called "Adhar". Already a lot of shooting has ben done and, in a month or so, the maiden production of this company will be ready.

The whole nation will roar with laughter



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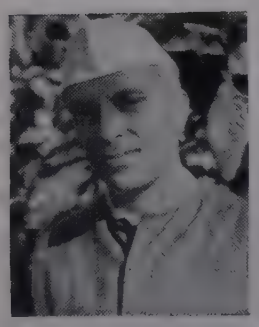
A Nation's Headache

— FILMINDIA —

In a letter to Miss Rita Carlyle, Secretary to the Editor, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has tried to confuse the issue of his discourtesy to Newsreelman Hirlekar by suggesting that the Editor should have inquired about the incident from him before commenting.

Pandit Jawaharlal would not be surprised to know that we had written a letter to him previous to our criticism, but as yet no reply has been received to that letter. Perhaps, this silence is to be attributed to Jawaharlal's usual lofty indifference.

However, in the present letter to Miss Carlyle, Jawaharlal seems to be hurt and objects to "the kind of language and comments" which we have used in criticising the great Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mahatma Gandhi's heir.



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

Jawaharlal's anger amuses us. Of all politicians in our country Jawaharlal Nehru should be the last man to complain about strong language. He is perhaps the only public leader who uses the strongest language possible without even the pretence of hiding his annoyance and anger. He expects people to swallow all that he says about them, but when it is his turn to hear, it seems, he just can't take it.

Here is an example of his latest political wisdom. In a press statement discussing the ban on "Pratap", a Lahore paper, Pandit Jawaharlal writes:

"This is a very remarkable order and only the clogged and panicky brain of the Punjab Government could have devised it——

"We have got bored and tired with the incompetence in every respect of our provincial and Central Governments. It is trying to be ruled by persons who do not even possess a minimum of intelligence and efficiency."



Look at Motilal with an ear-ring. He acts the prince charming in "Arman", a Ranjit picture.

In this outburst, Jawaharlal seems to be taking the entire monopoly of intelligence and efficiency. Let us see what the principal victim of Jawaharlal's outburst thinks of Jawaharlal.

Replying to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, The Hon. Sir Sikander Hayat Khan, the Premier of the Punjab says:

"I was pained but not surprised at Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's astounding statement regarding the imposition of pre-censorship on the "Pratap". The statement bristles with mis-statements of facts and seems to have been based, obviously, on tainted or biased information.

"I do not propose to comment on the language used by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in his statement except to say this, that such conceited arrogance ill becomes the son of that great gentleman and patriot who was an outstanding example of Indian culture, and who won the esteem of his countrymen irrespective of caste and creed by his unfailing courtesy and generous hospitality."

We do not wish to take sides in this controversy. We are merely pointing out the language used by our politicians.

The Hon. Sir Sikander Hayat Khan gets unexpected support in his appreciation of Pandit Jawaharlal from no less a person than Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramiah, veteran Congressman and Andhra leader and a colleague of the great Pandit.

Writes Dr. Pattabhi:

"Jawaharlal's intense excitability and unbalanced emotionalism account for his rapid decisions....seldom does he take a suggestion from others and not seldom does he brush them aside with contempt.

"He is supremely conscious of his talents....and therefore evinces the superiority complex which springs natural to him....but there lurks somewhere in him an inferiority complex as well—he would not like to be considered inferior even to Gandhi.

"Jawaharlal begins his discussions with a thunder, abuses everybody about him, curses the temperament of his countrymen, criticises Gandhi's religio-ethical rhodomontade, speaks about Russia, Spain and China, and creates the disturbance that a crocodile causes in thigh-deep waters when its prey, on whom it has a firm hold, makes a gentle attempt to escape from its grip.

"It is all slush, mud, eddies and whirlpool splashing and beating. Presently Jawaharlal calms down, and chooses a concrete victim for his vehement diatribes.

"If any biographer has recorded his exploits at public meetings from Tinnevelly to Peshawar and from Karachi to Sylhet, the list would make one feel aghast. The wonder is that people have suffered them all—not



Maya Bannerjee thunders through "Avaz" a Saraswati picture now at Swastik Talkies, Bombay.

without secret resentment or open retaliation on occasions.

"Why should I not lose my temper?" asks Jawaharlal boyishly.

"Because you must look elegant and not put on a funeral face or a castor oil countenance", I answer.

"Why should I be humble—I don't understand humility" he adds.

"Because humility irradiates character" is my answer. "All sacrifice shines to greater advantage and all service bears better fruit when anger is subdued and humility is cultivated.

"Jawahar is fifty-two. It is time he grew sober like most men who reach that age. He is aware of his shortcoming and that is the surest guarantee that one day he will turn a new leaf in his book of character."

But Jawaharlal does not seem to be turning a new leaf in his book of character. He only gives a new apology.

Very recently, he misbehaved, as usual, at the Allahabad Station but luckily realized his mistake in good time.

In a letter of apology to Mr. Moolchand Malaviya, Secretary of the Hindu Sabha, Allahabad, Pandit Jawaharlal writes:

"Now I am writing to you to apologise to you. At night when I met you at the station I treated you very badly and used improper language towards you. I am sorry for this. I was of the opinion that a black flag demonstration by the Hindu Sabha was an improper thing. Those who came to our city did not come for propaganda in the city; they came for a sitting of the Working Committee and were our guests. I felt very much hurt my guest should have been insulted. But even in this condition, I should not have uttered improper words that I uttered and used towards you."

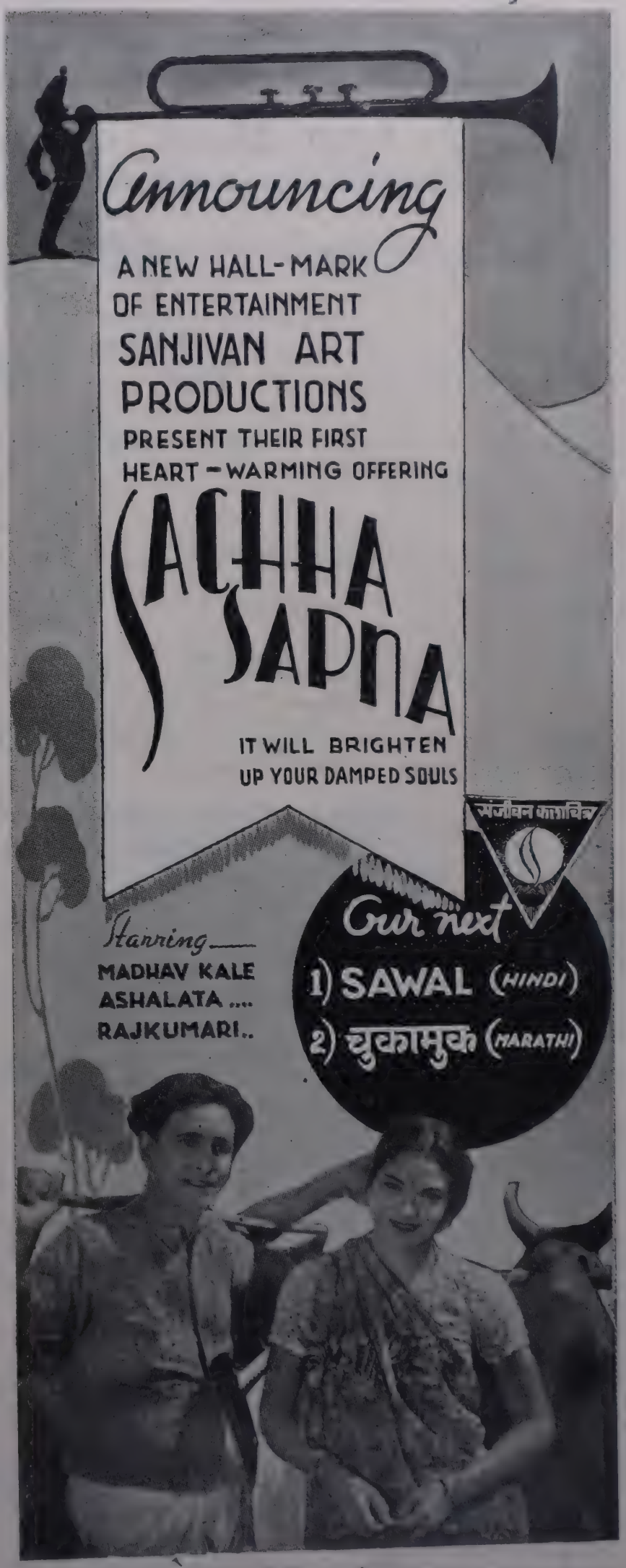
Didn't we say before that of all people Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mahatma Gandhi's heir, should be the last man to complain about the strong language we used in our comment.

We do not, at least, abuse and use improper language towards guests which the non-violent Mahatma's violent heir seems to do so frequently.

We are afraid Jawaharlal Nehru has started thinking a bit too much of himself lately as he has been giving frequent performances of his good breeding and social education which he seems to have taken in England.

It is high time that Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru should learn some good manners; till he does so he will remain a headache to the nation.

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues We write in water". (Shakespeare).



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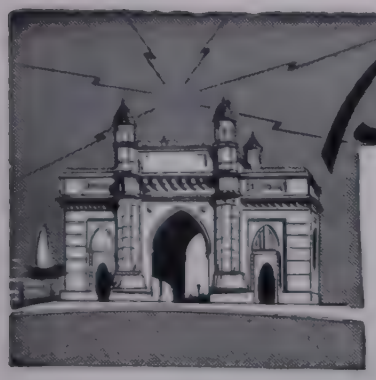
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Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

REALLY A GALLANT EFFORT

At last after two years of struggle to produce something sensible, the Film Advisory Board has produced its first really worth-the-trouble short film called "Our Gallant Effort".

In the hands of any other man except Shantaram, this clever assemblage of historical shots would have become just one more vehicle for further imperialist propaganda. In a documentary picture like "Our Gallant Effort" the commentary is of vital importance. An unsympathetic commentary will change the story and twist the purpose.

Strangely enough, for the first time in India, a Government short film is carrying a commentary which the Nationalist element in the country would gladly endorse.

The credit for the popularity of this short film must therefore be given to Shantaram, because the work of getting a suitable commentary written, using and editing the necessary material and in other ways giving a popular and sympathetic colour to a film, is all done by Shantaram.

Director Ezra Mir, who collected the topical material has, no doubt, done a good job of it, seeing the variety of shots obtained by him. But in a documentary like "Our Gallant Effort", the story is built in the editing rooms and expression given to it in the commentary. And that is exactly where we need a man of nationalist ideals to look after the traditions of our country.

"Our Gallant Effort" is quite a unique film and though it frames in celluloid the failure of Sir Stafford Cripps' mission in India, the film will prove a great document of historical importance in years to come. Almost every public leader of importance from Mahatma Gandhi down to Fazlul Huq of Calcutta takes his turn before the camera and the film, inspite of its apologetic message, claims the personal interest of almost every person in the audience, whatever the colour and shade of his politics.

Again for the first time for F.A.B., the commentary work was suitably handled. Not only was the commentary well written but it was also spoken in a sympathetic way and in a tone which Indians are used to understand. It was a job well done by Professor N. S. Phadke.

In short, "Our Gallant Effort" is perhaps the first F.A.B. film worth paying to see.

INEFFICIENT DISTRIBUTION

Writing of the Film Advisory Board, we are reminded of a lot of things which could well be reorganized in the light of present times.

While the production department under Shantaram seems to be gradually organizing itself for a total effort, we cannot say the same of the distribution side.

The distribution department is controlled by one Mr. L. T. Shivdasani who, as is usual with Government post holders, had no previous experience of film distribution, nor had he any personal contacts with the exhibitors.

And though the F.A.B. films are given free to exhibitors, we do not find them at several cinemas in the city and the suburbs.

During our recent visit to Poona, we saw "Our Gallant Effort" being shown at two obscure cinemas



She is coming on fast. Nalini Jaywant in "Ankh Michowli", an Amar picture.



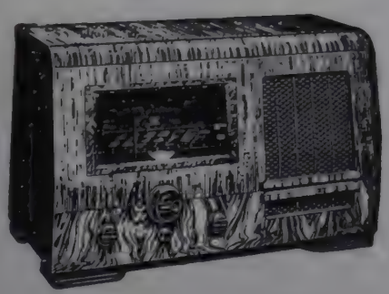
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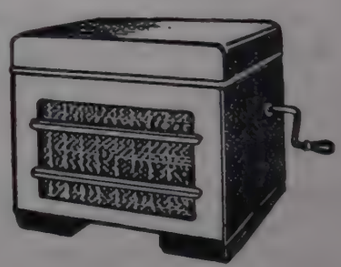


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If you would have the unquestioned best-whether in RECORDS, GRAMOPHONES, RADIO or REFRIGERATORS you must have "H.M.V."



HIS MASTER'S VOICE

RECORDS • GRAMOPHONES • RADIO • REFRIGERATORS



Urmilla in "Tamasha" a social picture of Soubhagya Pictures.

in the city, while the important cinemas, which usually draw the crowds were as usual, showing "Mickey Mouse" and "Donald Duck".

When the story of distribution is so dismal within range of Mr. Shivdasani's personal supervision, we wonder what it must be like with cinemas in the interior of the country. We presume that over 75 per cent of the cinemas in the country have had no chance of showing any F.A.B. shorts seeing that Mr. Shivdasani can not effect proper distribution in towns under his very nose.

We understand that there is a great demand, due to Shantaram's personal popularity for Shantaram productions of the F.A.B. And yet, a splendid film like "Our Gallant Effort" had to be shown at obscure cinemas in Poona.

What is this fellow Shivdasani doing?

We would like to have some statistical information about the distribution of the F.A.B. films. May we know the number of copies shown at different cinemas with names of the towns and the approximate coverage and also the number of people who have seen the F.A.B. shorts, so far?

We do not think, the F.A.B. distribution department has kept any statistics of its work. Usually Government departments do not keep evidence of their inefficiency.

Another aspect of this distribution which has come to our notice is the utter indifference of some of the more prominent exhibitors in the city. We understand that some of the leading exhibitors refuse to exhibit the F.A.B. shorts on one pretext or other. Mr. Shivdasani can, hardly, be expected to induce such people to exhibit the films. He lacks personal contacts which are so essential in a work of this nature.

Why can't the Government however, make the exhibition of F.A.B. shorts a compulsory affair? It is only a matter of one communique under the Defence of India Rules.

Now that the F.A.B. has become an inevitable item of public expenditure, let the people see at least what is being done with the money paid in taxes every year.

We want to know from Sir Frederick Puckle, the big noise in Delhi, whether we are fighting or fooling through this war.

If this is a total war, as we are told hundred times a day, why the hell don't we put in a total effort in every direction?

Yes, Sir Frederick, we need one more Defence of India regulation to make our exhibitors show our war shorts for which our tax payers are footing the bill. And we also need a change in the distribution department of the Film Advisory Board. Give us someone less soft and more efficient than L. T. Shivdasani.

Why not place this department also under Shantaram and turn it into a beehive of regular work?

UNIMAGINATIVE PUBLICITY

There is another small matter to which we should like to draw the attention of the Film Advisory Board people.

Recently, newspapers all over the country have been receiving press circulars about the work of the F.A.B.

In one of the circulars, some G. A. Thakur, Publicity officer of the Board describes Shantaram as "master film-craftsman" and we are told that he is an "optimist of the first order", "whose useful messages are echoing into the hearts of millions."

Now who should blush: Shantaram, Sir Federick Puckle or Thakur?



This purely feminine situation in "Arman" is intended to rivet male attention in this Ranjit picture.

FASTEST NEWS REEL IN THE WORLD

ENGLISH · HINDI · BENGALI · TAMIL · TELUGU

Today, when the world is, more than ever before, news-hungry, MOVIETONE NEWS satisfies the demand of millions by rushing red-hot newsreels, by the quickest routes to all the four corners of the world! Indian Exhibitors have added facilities with FIVE distinctive newsreels every week to suit their respective requirements!

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FAMOUS CINE LABORATORY

Telegrams:—FAMOUSCINE **160, TARDEO, BOMBAY.** **Telephones:—42350 & 42**

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To leave healing to chance is to invite trouble. Practice SAFETY FIRST by keeping a tin of Cuticura Ointment handy and using it promptly on all Cuts, Scratches and Abrasions, however trifling. Cuticura Ointment kills septic germs and repels them. No germ can get into a cut once Cuticura is applied. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It gives you the protection of the finest antiseptic, PLUS great healing power.

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PRAISED - PRIZED & PATRONISED!

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REMOVES THE MAKE-UP COMPLETELY...CLEARS THE PORES...REFRESHES THE SKIN...AND MAKES THE SKIN SILKY SMOOTH. IT IS A BEAUTIFIER

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RAI

WINS THE
HONOUR IN

POPULARIT



JANAK'S MAIDEN SOCIAL PRODUCTION 'RAI SAHEB' is getting popular at Lamington, Bombay w after week. It is directed by S. M. YUSOOF and features JAGDISH Sethi, Ratanbai, Kaushalya, Tri Gope, M. MUSHARAF & OTHERS. PRIOR to the release it was shown to over six hundred guests all of them found the picture "surprisingly good".

SAHEB

MOST COVETTED
FILM INDUSTRY

FOR JANAK



Distributors of 'Rai Saheb' in various provinces are:—DAWLAT CORPORATION, SAHEB BUILDING, ARNBY ROAD, BOMBAY — JAMNADAS LTD.; SATARA ROAD; BHUSAWAL — GOOD LUCK PICTURES; BUNDER ROAD, KARACHI — WADIA PARAMOUNT PICTURES, CHANDNI CHOWK, DELHI THE MALL, LAHORE — GOODWIN PICTURES CORPORATION, SHIVANAND THEATRE, BANGALORE CITY.

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THOROUGH PROTECTION
FULL SECURITY

That is what the "**Oriental**" has given its lakhs and lakhs of Policyholders during the sixty-eight years of its existence, **THROUGH TIMES OF PEACE AS WELL AS WAR**, by following the best principles of sound Life Assurance business. The "**ORIENTAL**" can do for you what it has done for them.

Claims already paid exceed	**Rs.**	**26**	Crores.
Policies in force assure over	**Rs.**	**85½**	,,
Annual Income for 1941 about	**Rs.**	**5**	,,
Funds amount to nearly	**Rs.**	**30**	,,

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THE MOST REVERED WORD IN THE WORLD IS "**MOTHER**"

The Ace-Director of

"**MOTHER INDIA**" *Now Gives You a Picture on the most Revered Word in the World!*

a "**KIRTI**" PICTURE

"MOTHER"

— "माता" —

Directed by **GUNJAL**

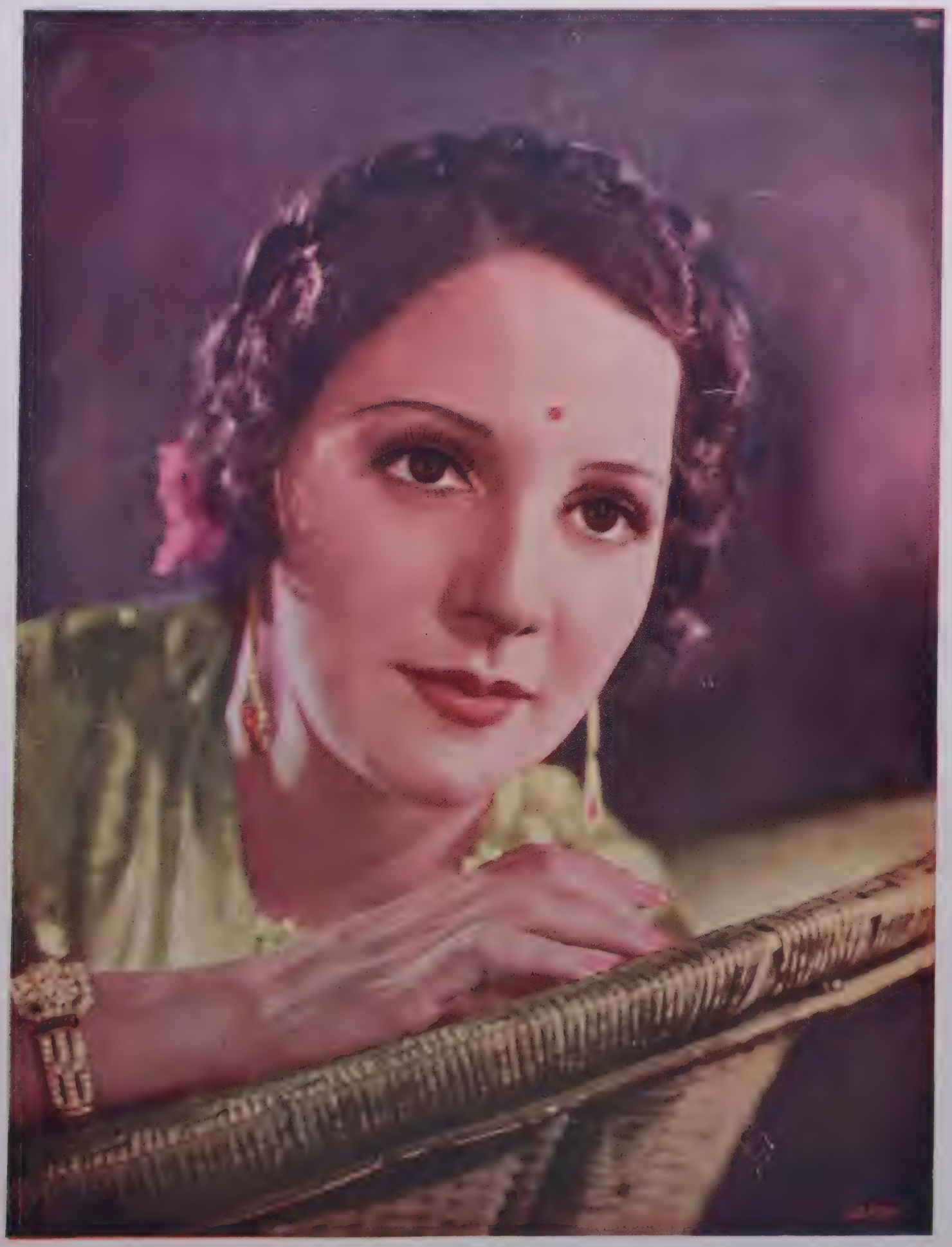
Starring **Shobhana Samarth** • **Chandrakant** (Hero of Shantaram's "Padosi") • **Moti** • **Mubarak.**



You Will Thrill To See This Saga Of Mother-Love!

Distributors: **SWASTIK—INDIA, LTD.**

CHOWPATTY CHAMBERS, **BOMBAY-7**



MADHURI—

Popular as ever, Madhuri plays another leading role in "The Guest" (Mehman) the latest Ranjit release at the Royal Opera House.

SUPREME TRIBUTE TO "MASOOM"

A PICTURE YOU DARE NOT FORGET!

"KARAMVIR", Lahore, writes,—

"We strongly urge the public to see a film like "Masoom", because to see it is to foster Hindu-Muslim unity. Through films Muslims have known enough of Hindu life, but Hindus are still in dark about their neighbours' life. They should see this picture. For mutual understanding it is essential that both the communities should know each other well."

"CINEMA SHOW", Lahore, writes,—

'"Masoom" is an achievement greater than the greatest.'

"MOVIE FLASH", Lahore, writes,—

'"Masoom" provides the biggest fan fare. Hindu families are coming to the picture in large numbers, as for them, it is quite a novel picture.'

"CINEMA", Lahore, writes,—

'"Masoom" is a feast for eyes, ears and mind.'

"RUP-BANI", Delhi, writes,—

"The direction of the picture is so masterly, novel and artistic that I cannot help calling Mr. Hasnain a genius."

"PICTURE-GOER", Delhi, writes,—

"The direction of the film is superb and speaks volumes of Mr. Hasnain's directorial genius."

"MOVIES", Delhi, writes,—

"The film is remarkable for brilliant directorial touches and acting of a very high order."

"VISHWAMITRA" Daily, Calcutta, writes,—

'"Masoom" is a very good picture in all respects."

"LOKMANYA" Daily, Calcutta, writes,

'"Masoom" secures a special place in Indian films."

"JAGRITI" Daily, Howrah, writes,—

"Even the most strict critic has appreciated "Masoom" whole-heartedly."

"CHITRA", Lahore, writes,—

'"Masoom" appeals to Hindus and Muslims with equal force.'

"DIN O DUNIYA" writes,—

'"Masoom" is ten times better than 'Qaidi'.'

"ADAKAR" writes,—

"The most psychological and suggestive picture of the year."

"TEJ", Delhi, writes,—

'"Masoom" is a picture which gloriously brings a message of culture and civilization for all the communities.'

NEXT CHANGE AT

IMPERIAL CINEMA

BOMBAY

Distributors:

Bombay, C.P., C.I. & South: Supreme Film Distributors, Bombay.

Bengal: Empire Talkie Distributors, Calcutta.

North: Bharat Pictures Ltd., Akola.

Africa: Bombay Pictures Corporation, Bombay.



Editor's Mail

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

G. P. Kejriwal (Benares)

Why are the artistes from Calcutta flying to Bombay?

Some male artistes seem to have come because whisky is still available in Bombay. One of them, whom I know, has not opened his eyes since he arrived in Bombay. He has already rolled down six staircases within a short time. Some of the girls seem to have come to rejuvenate our distributors and rekindle in them the flame of romance.

Miss R. Reed (Karachi)

Who is Khursheed's husband?

He is a big hefty fellow. They call him Lala Yakub. He has been a film actor but he is more popular as Khursheed's husband.

Why do we have the same story in nearly all the pictures: love between a rich girl and a poor boy or vice versa? Don't these pictures become boring?

Yes, sometimes, when they overdo it. But, riches always add thrill to love while poverty lends purpose to a romance. It has always been so. Somehow the two extreme ends of life seem to flirt with each other too often in an attempt to bridge the gulf. The flirting only widens the distance and leaves the poor more poor.

Bhuvaneshwari Devi Malaviya (Gorakhpore)

I want to join the films. May I know whom to see? And how to proceed?

There is only one chance for the new comers at present and that is with Producer-director A. R. Kardar who has only recently floated a big producing company under the name of Kardar Productions. His production programme is very ambitious with three social pictures: "Sharda", "Bindiya", and "Namasthe" and two costume pictures: "Shah Jehan" and "Omar Khayyam". For these pictures he needs a number of good looking girls and boys knowing Hindusthani and with face and talent for acting. Write to him at: Zaver Mahal, Marine Drive, Bombay, sending him all the details, with a couple of your photos and if you are any good, you will be taken. But be quick, Kardar won't wait for you.

Narayana Murthy (Madras)

How many women graduates are working in our films?

Only a couple of them who have hit it well. There are many more in our universities who should take up the screen as a career but I guess they get too exhausted through sheer sex starvation parrying the boys, to have any energy left for hard work which the screen demands. They are, however, welcome if they care to come. We do want educated talent. And the girls won't be lacking in bold and chivalrous lovers who are far better than the college variety which throws merely paper darts.

Jaswant Singh (Agra)

Does Sohrab Mody know that he keeps a majority of people in the dark about his activities by not informing them through "filmindia"?



Ulhas comes to the screen after a long time in "Basant", a picture of Bombay Talkies.



DEVOTEES OF MUSIC
WILL FIND THEIR
PRAYERS ANSWERED IN

"ZAMINDAR"

A SHANTA APTE — PANCHOLI ART PICTURE

STARRING: **SHANTA APTE ★ GHULAM MOHAMMAD**
M. ESMAIL, MANORAMA, NARANG, BABY AKHTARI,
AJMAL & DURGA MOTA

DIRECTED BY
MOTI B. GIDWANI ★

MUSIC BY
GHULAM HAIDER

STORY & DIALOGUES
SYED IMTIAZ ALI TAJ

A Dalsukh M. Pancholi Production

A "FAMOUS PICTURES LIMITED." RELEASE

The dispute has been settled and Shantaram has been paid off. Shantaram is now no longer in Prabhat. The other partners have now seriously gone into production and two pictures "Ten O'clock", a social and "Ram Shastri", a historical are already on the sets. Ahmed Abbas also tells people that he has sold a story to Prabhat. That makes a third one to be produced.

Kokila N. Lognathan (Kolar)

I find the theatres in Kolar Gold Fields are awful?

What do they do with all the gold they dig out every year. Can't they spend some of it on the theatres? I think they have turned the theatres also into gold mines.

Dosso S. Couchman (Surat)

Where shall I write to get an autographed photo of P. Jairaj?

College Road, Matunga, Bombay.

Who is Mumtaz Shanti?

A new sales argument for Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall, otherwise a new pet of Devika Rani.

T. V. Subramaniam (Poona)

Would you mind giving me the private life of Ashok Kumar?

He has no private life. Do you want mine?



Nur Jehan and Ibrahim wring the screen of its last drop of emotion in "Khan Daan", a Pancholi picture.

M. K. Shirazi (Vizianagram)

Why has Motilal left Ranjit?

To work with Sabita Devi, to be directed by Badami, and to pay off his debts. That is the sum total of his present activities.

C. C. Bodiwalla (Ahmedabad)

After "Hamlet", why don't our producers try to produce other plays of Shakespeare?

Wasn't "Hamlet" enough? Poor Shakespeare! Why not let him lie in peace! Hadn't he enough trouble when he lived?

Jamshed S. Gotla (Dharampore)

I am knee-deep in love with Leela Desai?

You are still at a safe depth and careful girls also prefer it that way. Don't let the love rise higher or you will be lost.

S. C. Rao (Nagpur)

What do you think of the future of the Indian film industry?

Inspite of Mahatma Gandhi calling the cinema an evil, inspite of Jawaharlal Nehru snubbing our cameramen, inspite of some financiers being sharpers and a large number of producers being useless, inspite of our having several boot-licking journalists, inefficient directors and technicians and a hundred other obstacles, not to mention the keen foreign competition and the shortage of raw films, our film industry will still thrive and continue to play its part in the life of our nation.

A. S. P. Bhimji (Nairobi)

Where is that music director Timmir Barren nowadays?

His name is "Timir Baran". I don't know in which wilderness he is at present as I have not heard of him recentlty.

Sushil K. Ghosh (Margherita)

I want the address of Miss Protima Das Gupta?

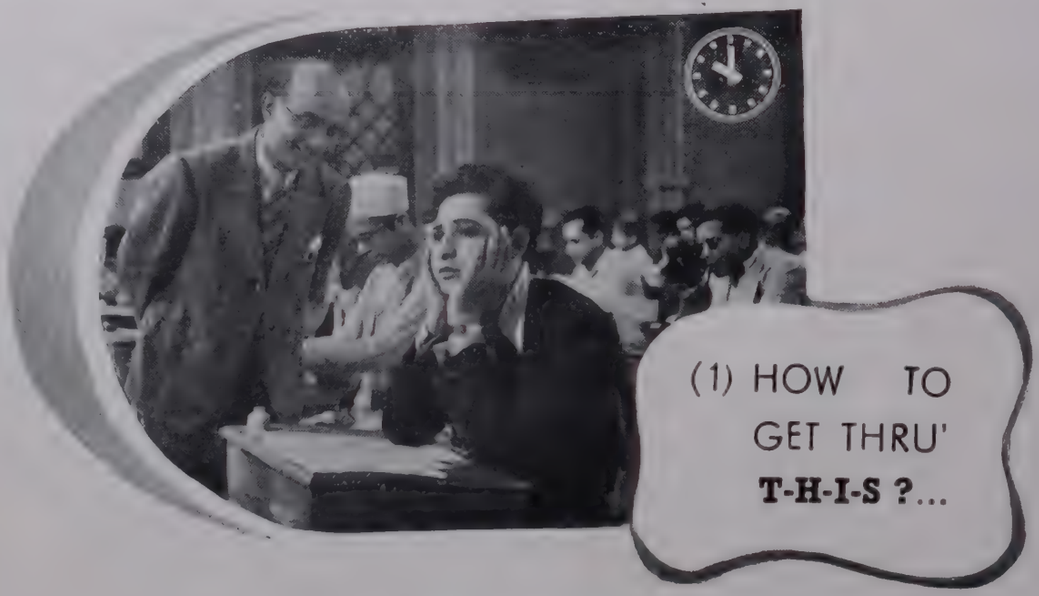
Worli Sea Face, New Worli, Bombay.

Massand J. B. (Rohri)

Why don't you answer the questions asked by Sindhis?

Because some of the questions asked can only be replied to in private and not in print. When these Sindhis learn to ask the right questions in the right way the right replies would be given. Besides, the Sindhi language which I have heard from my Sindhi friends so far does not help to grace the human tongue. I am sure there are many people in Sindh who do not misuse the language thus, but many of those who come to Bombay often prove themselves a bad advertisement for the province.

EVERYTHING'S FINE AT COLLEGE EXCEPT FOR THESE 2 PROBLEMS !



And, Still More Difficult,



Our Hats Off To The Gallant Guy Who Can "Q.E.D." Both Without A Blink Or A Bruise ! You Will Meet The Blinking, Bruised Gallant Guy In

HINDI
"दस बजे"

Prabhat's
TEN O'CLOCK

MARATHI
"दहा वाजतां"

DIRECTED BY: **RAJA NENE**

A "FAMOUS PICTURES LTD." RELEASE!



Maya Bannerji in "Preetam", a social picture of Jayant Films distributed by Select Serial Supply.

Tirath Ram Chadha (Rawalpindi)

"Filmindia" is being sold here for a rupee a copy? Is it right?

It is absolutely wrong. Get me the proof and I shall discontinue to send copies to the agent.

R. N. Murthy (Bangalore)

What is the fate of an artiste after he or she retires from the screen?

Once a film man always a film man. . Producers when they fail become door keepers in theatres, if necessary, but remain in the industry. Artistes when they retire either become producers if they can induce someone to invest or become motor drivers. The girls are lost in the slums. This is the general rule. Exceptions are, of course, there.

Miss Tara (Chikmagalur)

What was your profession before editing "filmindia"?

I have been in the film business pretty long. Before that I was a pharmaceutical chemist. Nothing wrong, I suppose!

G. Kishin (Hyderabad Sind)

Though Surendra fails to satisfy me in that rotten picture "Garib", yet don't you agree with me that an educated actor like him with a pleasant personality and a sweet voice should be encouraged? One worthless director after another has made this artiste look poorer and poorer every day by casting him in bad pictures.

It is Surendra's misfortune. I agree with you that he deserves better success, but how can he expect it unless he steps out of the present rut and takes up work under some clever director. He will, ofcourse, have to make sacrifices.

A. S. Sangha (Jhudo)

Now that Shantaram has left Prabhat, will he start his own concern? And if so, when and where?

I really do not know Shantaram's plans nowadays. I knew everything about him when he was slaving as an artist and struggling for a name and money in addition. But now he doesn't talk to me as frankly as he used to. People with money become cautious and secretive and Shantaram is no exception. Somehow, I am used to associate poverty with art and it will take me some time to get used to Shantaram's big money seeing that I have always looked upon him as an artist and therefore a friend. I make a bad friend to the rich but I don't wish Shantaram to be poor because of that. I only wish he wouldn't be so money conscious. Money is one argument, I can't win with people. I am so dreadfully poor.

How is that you never criticise the pictures of Minerva Movietone? Are you afraid of Sohrab Mody?

Yes. Afraid that he would not be able to survive through my criticism. And I want a good modest man like Sohrab to live.



Leela Chitnis seems to be thinking in "Between You And Me", a Chitra picture.



....Picking off the Thorns on the Path of True Love....The screen's latest lovely pair of lovers....

BOMBAY TALKIES'

Musical Comedy Miracle.

JHOOLA

The Picture that h
boys dance onway to scho

Giving al

'Producer:
S. MUKERJI

The **ROX**

Song, Dance and Drama in one great breeze of entertainment !

A BOMBAY TALKIES' PRODUCTION. • *Director:* Amiya Chakrabarthy.

MUMTAZ SHANTI

the dainty dance-artiste; and

ULLHAS

the daring, dashing young hero . . . .

with

MUMTAZ ALI, SURESH, PITHAWALA, PRAMILA.

Watch the Newspapers for the Premiere Date !

BASANT

made old men whistle at work, school housewives sing in the parlour !

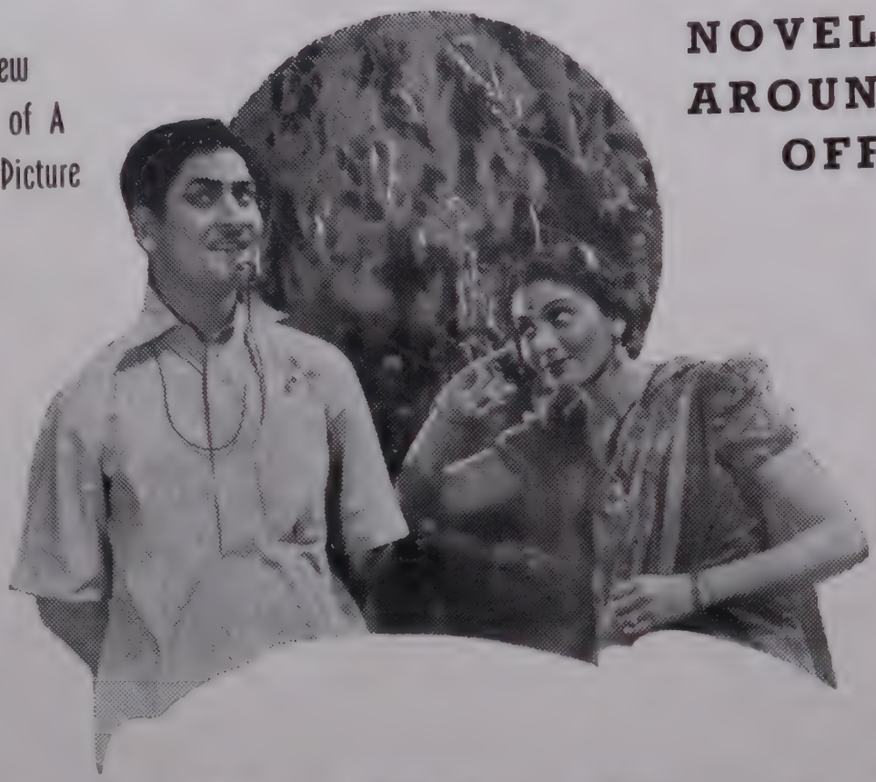
good time yet at

Talkies, Bombay, and all over India !



Hitting A Century of Public Votes
Prakash's Most Outstanding Social

New Type of A Social Picture



NOVEL STORY WOVEN AROUND THE RAILWAY OFFICIAL'S LIFE

STATION MASTER

WHICH HAS CAUGHT THE PUBLIC IMAGINATION SINCE ITS RELEASE

Starring: **Prem Adib • Jagdish • Ratnamala Umakant • Jeeven • Amirbai • Shakir Kaushalya • Pratimadevi** and others.

Story: **Pt. SANTOSHI & V. AUNDHKER**

Direction: **C. M. LUHAR** • *Music:* **NAUSHADALI**

5TH WEEK AT **MINERVA** TALKIES (Combay)

SATURDAY, SUNDAY & HOLIDAY MATINEE AT 12-45
DAILY: 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30



Directed By **VIJAY BHATT**

Prakash"s Glorious Epic

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MARATHI 'BHARAT-BHET'
(Marathi)

Now Enters in
19TH WEEK
at **MAJESTIC**

Prakash's Next Social

'CHUDIYA' **Now Under Production**

Chief Agents —
EVERGREEN PICTURES
15, Queens Road, BOMBAY

In Prison With 'Filmindia'

Creates A Dream World Of Glamour

By: D. G. Tendulkar

One fine morning, just when I was thinking of calling on Baburao Patel to sell him some photographs, His Majesty's Government thought it wise to take me under its protection as a political detenue.

For full nineteen months, the Government took the load of worry from my mind and I had not to sell articles or photographs to the different papers to keep the home fires burning.

Nineteen months in the Nasik Central prison, in the sympathetic company of comrades in distress, we all had a lonely time except when "filmindia" came on with its monthly regularity bringing to us a dream world of glamour, painted lips, often unpolished humour, but always entertainment.

THE SOLE AGENT

Joachim Alva, the advocate Satyagrahi detenue, was the "sole agent" of the "filmindia" in the Nasik Central Prison. As a shrewd lawyer he knew its exchange value to create goodwill. Within the grey, monotonous walls of the prison, anything that relieves one of monotony of jail life, even worse than that of a soldier—the same food, the same faces, whether of the fellow prisoners or of the jail officials and the warders—anything that brings in news in the broadest sense of the term, is a heaven-sent gift to the prisoners. In this respect "filmindia" played an interesting role in our jail-life. It is well-printed, full of pictures, news and views, given with a kick in them.

"filmindia" had a good exchange value in jail—say that of tobacco in the life of a convict.

Alva got it regularly because he had asked his wife to remind Baburao Patel at regular intervals. His wife conscientiously carried out her duties seeing that her husband and his fellow prisoners must get a magazine of that sort to solace them where they had no chance to visit a theatre to which most of us are addicts. Alva in return received from us other magazines to read and due to the simple possession of "filmindia"' he exercised a prior claim on our mags. I must give here the devil his due. I had nothing to exchange. On the contrary, I smoked his *bidis* sometime, (Mr. Alva himself never smokes) ate his cheese once, and, was even promised a chicken treat and a "lovely pudding" which I never got. Still I must say that I could have his "filmindia" for the asking. I had a preference, because I have been a regular contributor to "filmindia" for a long time.



Mr. D. G. Tendulkar.

FRAGRANCE OF "FILMINDIA"

There were over 150 detenues and therefore circulating of "filmindia" needed ingenious methods to save it from a crowd of inquisitive young men always on the alert. The surest way to lose it was to carry it openly. A passer-by might ask for a glimpse of it. Well, you might think that this procedure was justified. But that was a dangerous step. Once you expose it to A, you can't say no to B. And remember that we were not 26, as you might be persuaded to believe because I mention alphabets and not names. We were over 150 and there was none who would not have liked to have a glance at "filmindia." And the glance meant one hour or even a week.

Therefore it was always advisable to conceal it under one's shirt and still better under one's trousers or dhoti. Inspite of these precautions to loiter about with the magazine was dangerous, howsoever, well concealed it was. A prisoner due to various restraints develops a keen sense of observation and smell. And fresh art paper with pictures of young and charming young actresses carries a smell of its own. Never imagine that rouge, lavender, eau-de-cologne and



Here is a tense situation from "Swaminath" a Bharat Pictures release to be shortly shown in Bombay.



Distributors :

BOMBAY PICTURES CORPORATION NISHAT THEATRES LTD. NEW CENTRAL

what not vanish when they go into print. They haunt you with vengeance especially in jail. Therefore a magazine like "filmindia" one must carry straight to one's cell. But the danger of losing it is not over if one carelessly exposes it in one's cell. Taking away a magazine or a book without the owner's permit is no theft in jail. Like water a magazine is meant for all. Therefore it was necessary to conceal "filmindia" under a pillow or a bed and to open it when no one was within a hundred yards—you know that smell.

The safest time was naturally after the lock-up, that is after 8 p.m. for the detenues. If an illustrated magazine like "filmindia" is discovered under your bed, you start a scandal and risk your character, but don't imagine for a moment that under the same circumstances the other person would behave differently if he possessed "filmindia."

THE EDITOR'S MAIL

"filmindia" was glanced at by all and read by many. In jail nothing is read uncritically and therefore frank discussions and criticism became an essential part of jail life. The recent attack on Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was condemned by all. This film mag therefore was discussed by different people from different angles. Everyone was impressed by its swanky get-up and readable matter. Its "Editor's Mail" was read by all for its sparkling humour; some stupid questions in it and the editor's replies in such cases led certain readers to believe that the editor's notice of them encouraged further stupidity. Scandals are always popular as the war news is and therefore "Editor's Mail" which was nicknamed as the scandal corner of the magazine attracted everyone's attention. The young lawyers scratched their heads and wondered whether the editor did not risk a libel in every line. Film enthusiasts enjoyed the digs at inactive producers. Anyway the "Mail" was read for pleasure and sometimes repeated over a cup of tea. The editor's unique and refreshing style of writing is a treat in itself and repeating the juicy replies made up for the items lacking in our breakfast menu.

Editorials in "filmindia" were read for frank exposures and information of current film-industry which one does not find anywhere else. They were written with a purpose and force and one could clearly see in them the ever watchfulness of a fearless editor.

The controversy over the work of the Film Advisory Board interested me most because of Mr. Shaw, who was once a member of the G.P.O unit which had done excellent work in documentary films in England, and who was declared a failure by "filmindia." Though I didn't believe "filmindia" then, later when I saw Mr. Shaw's work, I thought "filmindia's" attitude to be correct. It is still a mystery to me why Shaw should have failed. We were very eager to see technical articles, which would throw more light on the subject of the editorials. We attributed this defect to the lack of writers. Some of us keenly desired to fill in the gap by contributing articles which would further support the editorials which had already prepared the ground to attract readers to important subjects such as the documentary films. But we were not in a position to do so as it required special permission from the Government to continue journalistic activity for which some of us were detained without trial. The editorials were nicknamed "I accuse." The editorials were read by those who were specially interested in films and had to do with it one way or the other. To such readers it gave a mine of information. It was always a sort of "close-up" of our film industry.



***What** is Prithviraj worried about with a beautiful girl like Neena loving him in "Ek-Raat", a Shalimar picture?*

THE WALKING "FILMINDIA"

General articles were read by many by way of entertainment and study of the mind of amateur film enthusiast. And every intelligent film-fan does believe that he has something original to say. Its purpose lies in creating more interest in films and prospective readers of serious film articles. As a result of reading these articles I would not be surprised if the Editor of "filmindia" is pestered by many ex-prisoners to give them opportunity to inflict their views and experiences in the magazine.

Film reviews were read with pleasure and regret. Regret was there because we had no opportunity to see any of the pictures described so vividly with their faults and merits in "filmindia." Copious stills tickled one's imagination more intensively. One read these reviews with pleasure because they were in a way, substitutes for the films. They were also a guide to those who were expecting release in the near future. And in jail who does not believe in release?

I remember a professor detenue tearing picture pages to decorate his cell. He read and remembered and narrated the juicy stuff often adding his own spicy comments and therefore he was nicknamed the walking "filmindia".

Thus the torn pages of the illustrated "filmindia" decorated the cells of several mirth loving romantic detenues. They were used also to scandalise saintly politicians, who also, once in a while, looked closely, though slyly, at some of the colour plates.

The one criticism of the critical readers and students of films against "filmindia" was that it did not contain sufficient serious articles. And this criticism was often bitter because they fully realized the popularity and big circulation of this magazine which could be harnessed by its resourceful editor to impart real film education. Say, something in nature of the now defunct cine-magazine "Close-up".

There should be articles on the elements of cinema technique, on music in films, acting which is so badly done in most of our Indian pictures, on the importance of realism in films, study of history, costume, architecture, and recent political developments. Film is a synthesis of arts and it should be studied in that light.

We expect "filmindia" to educate the producers and the film fans in realizing the importance of films as the people's university where education never ceases.

And still we all congratulated "filmindia" and its restless, imaginative editor for giving us original and readable material on Indian films.



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OUR REVIEW

Excellent Story Makes "Khan Daan" A Success

Ibrahim Gives A Thrilling Performance

Dalsukh Pancholi Scores Again

This is another picture of Dalsukh Pancholi, the producer of "Khazanchi". And though it may not bring in a big gold mine like "Khazanchi", in many respects, it is a far better picture than "Khazanchi", except perhaps in presenting popular music.

"Khan Daan" marks an all-round improvement in production values in the Pancholi pictures and we hope the future pictures will be even better than "Khan Daan".

"Khan Daan" has a story remarkably suitable for the screen, having suspense, pathos, entertainment, instruction and many other elements that contribute to a powerful drama.

After the first half hour, the picture starts moving fast to a climax through a variety of intensely dramatic situations till it reaches the grand climax, through the tears of the audience, in which Akbar, the central character of the story, dies in the arms of his son.

AN EMOTIONAL STORY

The story of "Khan Daan" is intensely human and at no stage improbable. Years before, Akbar, a respectable young citizen, goaded by a rivalry in a love affair, kills the bad girl and her paramour. For this, he is sentenced to a penal servitude. He leaves behind a young son who is brought up by the mother through precarious circumstances. His name is Amjad.

When the story opens 28 years have passed and Amjad has settled down in life, a well-to-do respectable man with a son and family of his own. He knows about his

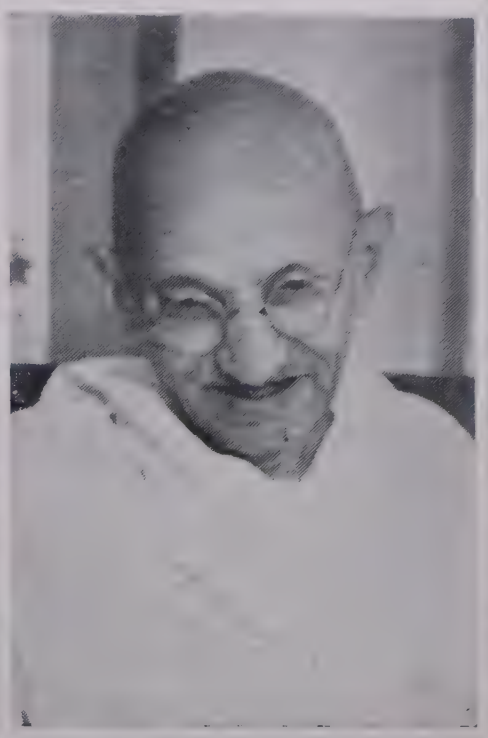
KHAN DAAN	
Producers:	*Pancholi Art Pictures*
Language:	*Urdu*
Screenplay:	*Imtiaz Ali Taj*
Music:	*Gulam Haidar*
Photography:	*M. N. Malhotra*
Recording:	*Ishan Ghosh*
Cast:	*Nur Jehan, Gulam Md. Manorama, Ajmal, Ibrahim etc.*
Released At:	*Excelsior and West End*
Date of Release:	*25th Apr.* 1942

Director: S. H. RIZVI



At the exclusive press show of "Rai Saheb". Right to left: Miss Clare Mendonca of 'Times of India', Mr. Baburao Patel, Mr. Chotubhai Desai and Ratan Bai, the star of "Rai Saheb".

TELL US ANOTHER



In "Harijan" of the 3rd May 1942 an interview between Mahatma Gandhi and a press correspondent is reproduced.

In reply to one of the questions Mahatmaji said, "you will be surprised to hear that I have never listened in to a radio, nor have I ever been to a cinema."

The young correspondent was really amazed. "Do you think," he asked, "these things are bad?"

"I will not say so", replied Mahatmaji, "I may say that cinema films are often bad. About the radio, I do not know."

We dare not say that this votary of truth is telling a white lie, but we wonder how the old Saint of Sevagram can call a thing often bad when he has never seen it.

father's crime and has therefore nursed a grievance against his own father for deserting the family thus.

Assisted by a Hindu friend, Amjad had left his home town so that the shadow of his father's crime may not darken his own life.

Amjad is thus leading a quiet, peaceful life, in the knowledge that his father Akbar has been dead since long.

As the story proceeds, we see Akbar, now an old tired man, coming out of jail and going to his only friend Babu Ram Saran.

Babu Ram Saran knows about Amjad, but when Akbar expresses a desire to meet his son, Babu Ram Saran advises against the idea, telling him that the son thinks the father to be dead.

TOYS OF FATE

But inspired by fate, Babu Ramsaran takes Akbar to Amjad's house and there without the father knowing the son, Akbar is employed as a gardener in Amjad's household.

And now begins an emotional drama with terrific pathos. Amjad's son, Anwar, is betrothed to Zeenat a cousin of his. They are in addition in love with each other.

At this stage, Anwar meets Nargis a stage actress, who, under payment of Iqbal, a rival of Anwar for Zeenat's hand, lures Anwar sufficiently to imagine himself in love with Nargis.

Anwar's late nights, drinking bouts and strange behaviour make Zeenat miserable and cause considerable pain to Akbar who is seeing the drama of his own life being re-enacted. He is afraid of the tragedy repeating.

Unable to see it any longer, he informs Amjad and Amjad like a wise father tries to persuade Anwar. But to no avail. Amjad also tries to buy off Nargis, but she quotes too nigh a price.

However, through accident, Anwar finds out the game of Nargis and in fury goes out to kill her and her paramour. Just then, Akbar comes on the scene with the very revolver, with which he had once committed two murders, and shoots Nargis, the stage actress.

Having delivered Anwar to Zeenat, Akbar shoots himself. Lying on the lap of Amjad, both father and son recognise each other and Akbar dies with tears of joy in his fast closing eyes.

The last three reels of the story are intensely emotional and the audience is moved to tears as the drama takes one pathetic turn after another.

This picture is a story writer's triumph. The story writer keeps the spectators so busy throughout with thrilling human incidents that one misses to notice the technical defects of the picture. After all, the purpose of the screen is to tell the story well and effectively and in "Khan Daan", that purpose has been fulfilled admirably.

IBRAHIM'S STERLING PERFORMANCE

The general technical work of the picture is a decided improvement on "Khazanchi", though it falls short of the high standard attained in other Indian films.

Music is quite good, though not as popular as that of "Khazanchi".

Ibrahim's performance provides the highlight of the drama. In the role of Akbar, the old father of Amjad, Ibrahim lives his role with feeling and pathos. That superb actor Gulam Mahomed is not far behind and acquits himself admirably as "Amjad".

Nur Jehan had a very sympathetic role to play as Zeenat the girl in a cloister. She makes a tardy beginning but ends as a favourite. Manorama shows experience in the vamping role of Nargis, which seems to suit her too well.

Well, "Khan Daan" presents sensible entertainment with a drama that leaves a lesson behind without actual preaching and therefore it is a picture worth seeing by all.



Jeewan and Ratnamala create new drama in "Station Master", a Prakash picture, now running at the Minerva Cinema.



KAUSHALYA—
In "Rai Saheb", a Janak picture, this clever little starlet plays her first big role and comes out with flying colours.

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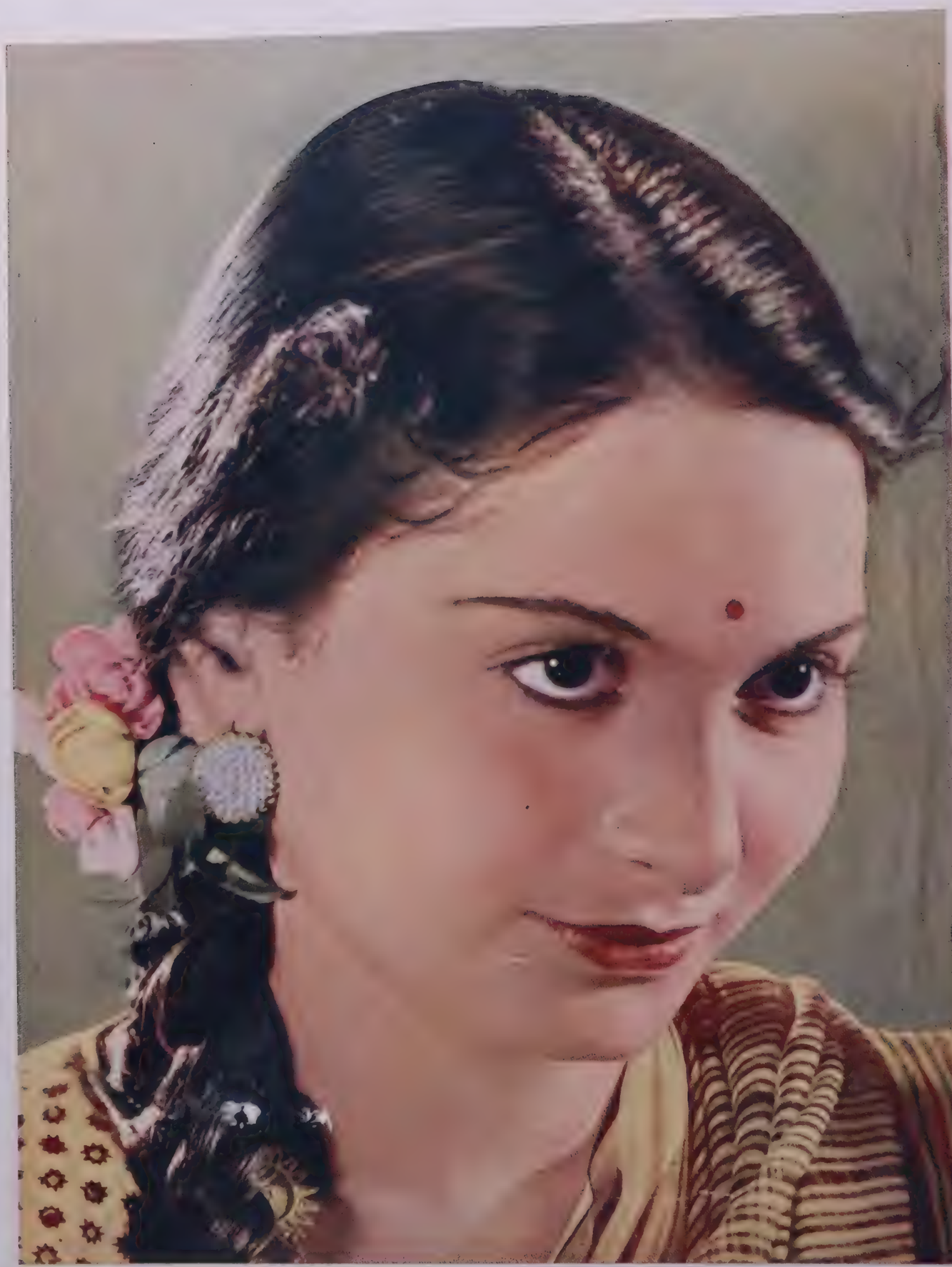
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RATNAMALA—

Here is a pair of sweet eyes which a million eyes will ache to see in "The Station Master", a social picture of Prakash Pictures, now running at the Minerva Talkies, Bombay.



FAZLI BROTHERS (Calcutta)

"Masoom", their social picture, featuring Ramola, Anis Khatoon and Mazhar Khan, will be on the screen in Bombay at the Imperial Cinema very shortly. Another picture of theirs called "Chowranghee", in two versions Hindi and Bengali, has been completed at Calcutta, and by the time this is in print it is likely to be released there.

In his recent visit to Bombay, Mr. S. F. Hasnain, the Managing Director of the Company, signed down Motilal and Chandramohan, two prominent stars of Bombay for a social picture called "The College" which will be produced in Bombay at the Famous Cine Studios.

PRABHAT FILM CO. (Poona)

Under the direction of Raja Nene shooting is going on consistently of "Ten O'clock", a social story which the newly organized Prabhat Studios have taken up for production. Directors Damle and Fatehlal are also busy with a socio-historical subject called "Ram Shastri".

Still another picture which is likely to go into production almost immediately is a story written by Khwaja Ahmed Abbas, critic and journalist.

PANCHOLI ART PICTURES (Lahore)

"Khan-Daan" is drawing huge crowds at the West End Cinema, and incidentally it is a confirmed box-office success. It is a worthy successor to "Khazanchi" and is an improvement on the previous picture in all-round production values.

Director Moti Gidwani has almost finished the shooting of "Zamindar" in which Shanta Apte is featuring. This picture is likely to be completed by the middle of this month and will probably be released in the North immediately.

BOMBAY TALKIES (Bombay)

"Basant", the next social story of this studio, is now in the editing room and we are told that Ulhas and Mumtaz Shanti have given beautiful performances under the able direction of Mr. Amiya Chakrabarty.

The story of this picture has been very carefully prepared and it is expected to maintain the incomparable traditions of successes already established by this studio.

SHALIMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

News comes to us from Karachi, Plaza Talkies, that "Ek Raat", the maiden production of this company directed by Mr. W. Z. Ahmed, received a tremendous ovation when it was released at the city theatre.

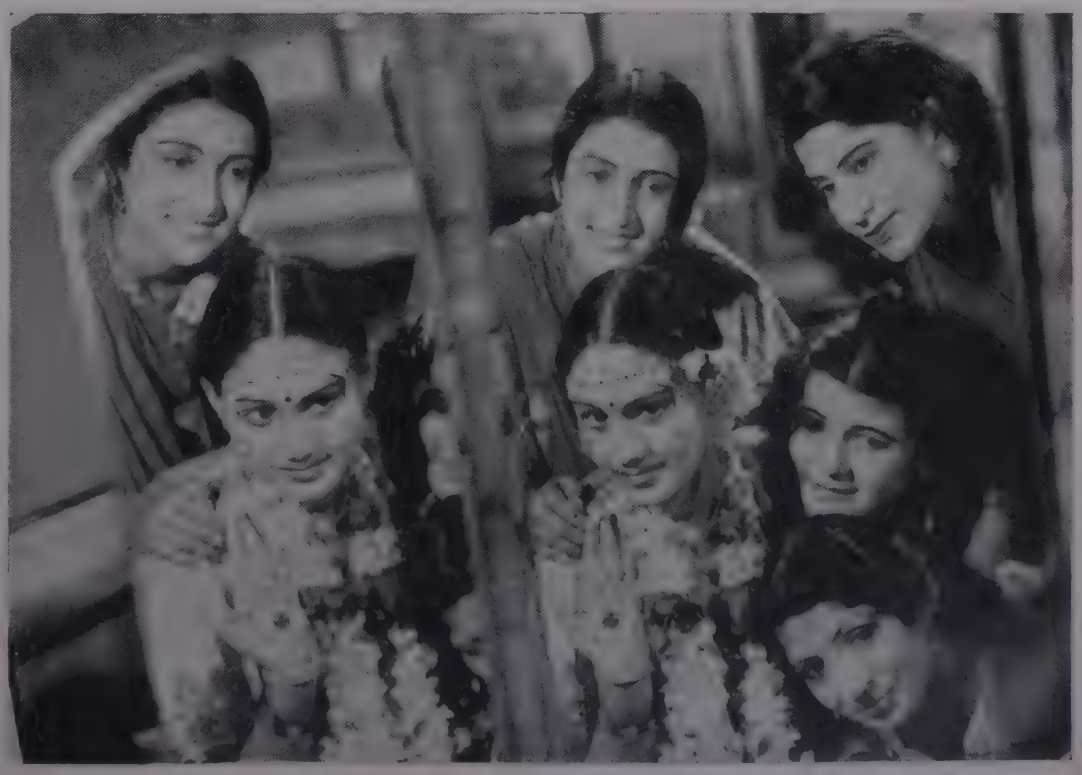
It is reported that Producer-Director W. Z. Ahmed travelled with the star Neena to Karachi on the occasion of the premiere of the picture. Reports confirm that Neena is a terrific success and it is said that never before has such beautiful Urdu been spoken on the screen as Neena has done.

JANAK PICTURES (Bombay)

"Rai Saheb" was very well received at the Lamington Talkies and not only do the people seem to like it, but even the critics seem to have appreciated the picture very much. The success of this first social story of Janak Pictures provides enough encouragement for Producer Chhotubhai Desai to launch another production.

NATIONAL STUDIOS (Bombay)

"Vijay", the social story directed by Mohan Sinha, will shortly come to the Swastik Talkies in Bombay.



A bridal scene with Kaushalya as the bride attracts many people to see "Rai Saheb" at the Lamington Talkies, Bombay.

At the studios they have got a number of pictures under production, some of them being "Apna Paraya" a social story, "Lalaji" a social comedy and "Roti" the spectacular production under the direction of Mr. Mehboob.

PRAKASH PICTURES (Bombay)

"Station Master", a social story featuring Jagdish Sethi and others has had a splendid reception at the Minerva Talkies in Bombay. The picture is steadily gaining ground and the producers expect a pretty long run for the picture at the said cinema.

At the studios, they are preparing for another social story which will go into production immediately.

RANJIT MOVIETONE (Dadar)

"The Guest" or "Mehman", a social story directed by Mr. Chaturbhuj Doshi, is released in Bombay at the Royal Opera House.

It is really difficult to count the number of pictures that are actually under production at the Ranjit Studios under the different directors. But some of them which come to my mind immediately are "Arman", a social story featuring Motilal and Shamim directed by Kedar Sharma, "Sukh-Dukh", another social subject directed by Ram Daryani and "Bhakta Surdas", a new production featuring Saigal and Khurshid under the direction of Chaturbhuj Doshi.

KARDAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-Director A. R. Kardar is busy making arrangements for his very first picture "Sharda", a social subject of which he has completed the paper work.

Director Kardar has planned a number of pictures and they are named "Bindiya", "Namaste" and "Shah Jehan".

AMAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

"Khilauna" has been well received all over the country, and now the second picture of the company "Ankh Michowli", directed by Mr. Chowdhary, is ready for the screen. This picture features Nalini Jaywant and Sulochana, and is expected to obtain a very nice response at the box-offices.

SARASWATI CINETONE (Poona)

"Avaz", a social story featuring Maya Banerji has been liked by the critics and is now running at the Swastik Talkies, Bombay. Producer Dada Saheb Torney is at present in Bombay, making fresh production arrangements for new social pictures which he has planned on an ambitious scale.

BHARAT PICTURES (Bombay)

This important distributing office has got a number of pictures ready for release. One of them is "Swaminath" featuring Shobhana Samarth which will be shortly released at the Lamington Talkies, Bombay.

CHITRA PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer C. R. Gvalani has made rapid progress in shooting "Between You And Me", a social picture featuring Leela Chitnis and Pahari Sanyal. The way Producer Gvalani looks satisfied with himself, we presume the picture is going to turn out a good box-office hit.

EASTERN PICTURES (Bombay)

"Badal", a social story featuring Zahur Raja and directed by the hero himself has at last been completed and confidential reports confirm that the picture has not only a good story, but is likely to be a good box-office success.

Already they are making preparations for the 2nd production and Producer R. S. Lakhani is busy making his own arrangements.

SELECT SERIAL SUPPLY CO. (Bombay)

Mr. Bachhubhai Raval, the boss of this distributing company, is securing new pictures for his circuit every day. Some of the latest pictures with him are "Gora Kumbhar" and "Malan".

SWASTIK INDIA LTD. (Bombay)

This influential distributing office in Bombay has secured another picture called "Mata" which is a social story and which is likely to be on the screen very shortly.

NEW HUNS PICTURES (Kolhapur)

"Pahila Palna", a social story in Marathi produced by Baburao Pendharkar is drawing large audiences at the Central Cinema in Bombay.

Mr. Baburao Pendharkar is now busy with another social comedy which will go into production in the beginning of the next month.



Lalita Pawar and Baburao Mahindrakar in "Gora Kumbhar".

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A SON
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A BLACKMAILER
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Filmindia Interviews The City Mayor

Pull Down Old Theatres Soon

Mr. Meherally's Dream Theatre

(By: Our Special Representative)

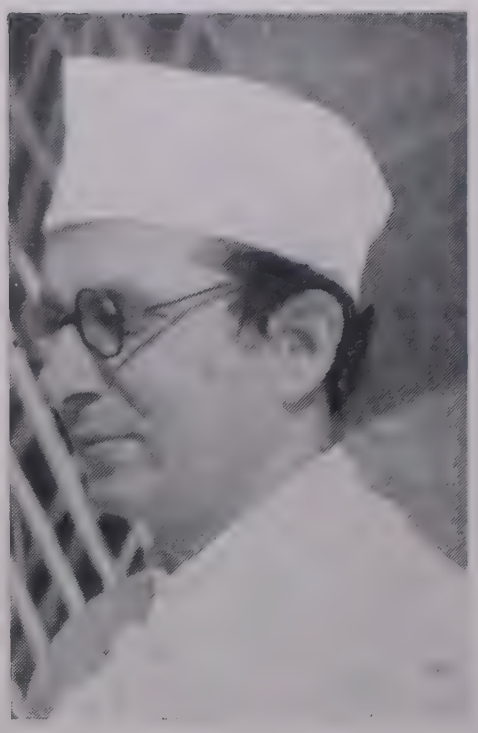
"Usually municipalities in India think that their job is to have an efficient system of water-supply, drainage, roads and street-lighting. The more progressive amongst them also have facilities for medical relief and primary education. But so far as art is concerned they think it is a luxury, with which municipalities are not concerned. The bigger municipalities provide music at their band-stands—But these are bare necessities, important as they are. Cultural education should be a responsibility of municipal organization. In Europe and America, municipalities provide so many cultural amenities," observed Mr. Yusuf J. Meherally, the Mayor of Bombay, in an interview for Filmindia.

Mr. Meherally is known to many as one of the most important and earnest young politicians in India. He is just thirty-six. He has already been seven times in jail. His name was suggested for Mayoralty when he was in the Lahore Central Jail. And not very long ago he was a detenue with me for a year. His political life is full of events, and responsibilities. He has been a member of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee since 1929, and a member of A.I.C.C. for many years. He is a socialist as every intelligent young Indian is. He is at present the General Secretary of the Congress Socialist Party. At the time of the Congress Session in Bombay and during the C.D. movement he was the G.O.C. He was the founder and the inspirer of the Youth Movement in India. There must be thousands of youths throughout India today who owe their sincere gratitude to Mr. Meherally for guiding them in selection of political literary and art books and actually providing them with the same. His astonishingly rich collection of varied books is known throughout the country.

I have said much but not enough. The youngest Mayor of Bombay is a student of art and sincere lover of Indian sculpture, painting, literature and music. There are very few politicians in India of such varied taste and understanding. His political activities are punctuated with study tours on Indian Art.

Four years ago he covered Europe and America. To study European art and politics he toured through Italy, Germany, France, England, Switzerland etc. He was in Mexico and U.S.A. and was invited to give talks on India by important organizations. He was given reception by League of Authors and Artists in America and England. He was invited by people like Bertrand Russel, John Strachy. Lord Lothian, Cardenas, The Mexican President and many world-known people. He visited and studied Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Iraq and Syria.

I am afraid I have still not said enough about our Mayor. If I stop here and allow the readers to complete the picture of the Mayor for themselves I shall have put them on a wrong track. His artistic inclinations have not made him a Bohemian as one would be led to believe. He is a teetotaller, non-smoker and bachelor. In this respect he is an ideal follower of the Mahatma. Don't ask me how he reconciles it with his love for art and artistic temperament. Have I damped your natural curiosity to know what the Mayor of Bombay thinks of art-life of the city? Well, then you are completely mistaken. There are not many persons who have given so much thought to the artistic demand of life as our Mayor has done.



Mr. Yusuf J. Meherally, Mayor of Bombay.

MUNICIPAL THEATRE

Just a mention of a Municipal Theatre from me, inspired Mr. Meherally to pour out his ideas as to what Bombay needs in her artistic life.

His idea of a municipal theatre is a grand conception for any intelligent citizen. He naturally regrets that the life of a Mayor is generally too short for executing uncommon and new plans for a city. "Oh! A municipal theatre," Mr. Meherally said, "I would like to have a beautiful and suitably decorated building, specially constructed for a city like Bombay. To be more exact I would like to have a couple of buildings scattered in different parts of Bombay. Such an institution should be in the heart of Bombay and not in the swell part of the city. One in a locality like Dhobi Talao or Girgaum and another in the mill-area, say, in Parel."

His conception of a municipal theatre is something on the line of Caxton Hall in London. "The main municipal theatre, must be added on to a first class reading room, where one could get all the newspapers and magazines available in India and first class European and American journals. Also a library with books on art, music and literature, Indian as well as foreign."

A GLORIOUS SAGA OF
A SAINT WHO CREATED
GOD OUT OF CLAY!!!

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FILMS'
Devotional
Hit!!!

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Starring:
LALITA PAWAR
Baburao Mahindrakar, Ratna-Mala, Nandrekar etc.,

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Direction:
ANAND KUMAR
Music:
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Direction: **MOHAN...SINHA**

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Starring: KUMAR, KAJJAN, MIRZA, MUSHARAF, BHUDO, ADVANI, ZILLOO etc.

Direction: **J. P. Advani.**
Story: **M. G. Dave.**

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"In the municipal theatre itself there should be a provision of staging a good drama, exhibition of cultural, educational and documentary films. The fees for such should be nominal. The hall itself must be most comfortable and tastefully decorated with murals. There should be also an accommodation for first-class concerts and classical dances With the existence of such a Hall, a Mayor could invite world famous Indian and foreign artistes, such as Uday Shankar and Paul Robson, for a couple of performances for the benefit of the citizens. I would even like to make it compulsory that the big artistes should give a couple of free performances in a municipal theatre at the end of their posh performances in the city, to the citizens who can't afford to visit expensive shows.

"A municipal theatre must serve as a people's university for the artistic development of the masses. I firmly believe that art will appeal to all, if not at once, gradually. Classical singers and musicians like Aladiakhan and Heifitz might not appeal to the audience in Parel, but surely there is a mass of audience elsewhere who would be too glad to avail themselves of such opportunities if the charges are kept suitably low and the performances are given in a locality, not far from the heart of the city. Artistes like Uday Shankar would not only benefit the masses, but their art itself will grow and deepen by coming in contact with the toiling masses."

"I would like to have also an art gallery, where the local artistes, as well as the artiste-guests, should be able to hold their art exhibitions. In such cases the rent should be nominal, just to cover light facilities, etc. The theatre also should be available for enterprising amateurs and experimentists, at very low rents. There should also be a hall for public lectures on different topics, such as art, science, hygiene, literature, politics, etc."

"I would like to have a cosy and tasteful cafe and milk dairy attached to it, where pure and cheap milk and excellent pastry and confectionery should be procured from a municipal dairy and a municipal bakery."

A MUNICIPAL FILM

As a lover of art, the Mayor realises that the artistic talents in the city and the country are not given any scope to work and develop. He continued "I would like to have something like Works' Projects Administration in America. I would like to see our youthful and imaginative painters do murals for municipal buildings, the corporation halls, the schools etc. I would like all artistes to be given an opportunity and not allowed to rot. But unfortunately there are not *even few* who would agree with me in such projects."

I drew his attention to the fact that the citizens know so little of the varied functions of the municipal corporation and possibilities of improvements and suggested that the municipality should make a film to convey to the public its various important activities so that there will be intelligent co-operation between the citizens and the corporation. The Mayor considered it as an excellent idea.

When I asked him as to why the aid of the films was not taken to educate children and adults, the Mayor replied that in a poor country like India this is feasible only if there is a municipal theatre at the disposal of a municipality. But he agreed that suitable films are an essential part of modern education.

To my question whether he had seen any of the films made by the Labour Welfare Department of the Government of Bombay and by the Film Advisory Board, he replied that he had heard about these institutions but owing to lack of time he had not seen their films and added that though he is fond of films rarely does he get time to visit a theatre. But whenever there is an excellent picture, recommended to him by his friends, on whose opinion he can rely, he tries to see it. The pictures that have appealed to him most, just to mention a few, are: "Emil Zola", "Good Earth", "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington,', "Ninotchka" "Lincoln", "Grapes of Wrath", "Life of Beethoven". Of Indian pictures he has seen a few and the ones he liked were "Devdas," "Chandidas," "President" and a couple more. He said that several Indian pictures he had seen were splendid, but others were disappointing. No doubt there is a tremendous improvement dur-



After seeing "Basant" many fans would willingly run to do that, but by the time Ulhas will have removed the thorn and only the delicate foot may be used, though Mumtaz Shanti is known for her sweet nature.

Eastern Pictures
PRESENT



ing last few years in the standard of production and technique and that was very gratifying but still he would say that generally they are too long, the subject matter is not fully exploited and sometimes, the treatment is conventional without a proper background of realism.

When I asked him as to what sort of themes Indian picture should depict he replied, "I would like to see life of an Indian peasant in his social and political setting—rural indebtedness, tragedies from addiction to drink, antiquated social customs etc. Then films on the evils of child marriage and unequal marriages and so many other problems of India today." In short he said, a film should educate the masses—make the issues clearer. He believes that a film with purpose could entertain the public more and serve the national ideals better than those which are built in air. Entertainment and education must go hand in hand and that has been achieved in all great works of art.

CONDEMNS DISHONEST PUBLICITY

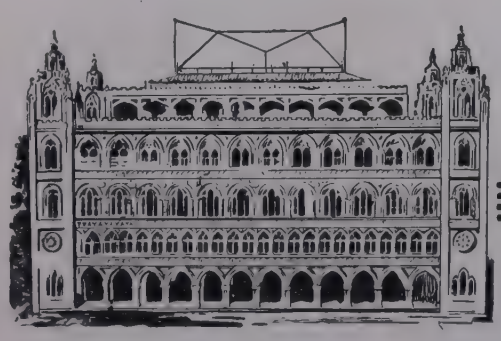
The Mayor did not approve of dishonest publicity methods of certain producers and exhibitors which misguide the public and snatch from them their hard-earned money and their hour of leisure. A wrong publicity deserves severest condemnation.

He considers the film industry should be a part of the national planning. There should be no political censorship but it is essential in case of films which create perverted interest in vices and crimes. A film of real artistic merit should never suffer from censor's scissors.

As regards entertainment tax, he opines that lower seats should not be taxed. But expensive seats should be taxed and this is done in every country.

When I drew his attention to the unhygenic conditions of certain theatres in Bombay, such as lack of ventilation etc., he said that this should not be tolerated and some drastic action must be taken. As a matter of fact old typed, unsuitable theatres should be either pulled down or they should be used for some other purpose. The municipality might pay a small subsidy to liquidate old rotten theatres. Sooner they are scrapped the better. A place of entertainment should not be a place for breeding diseases. They must be cosy and clean.

Let us hope that our energetic and unique Mayor gets co-operation from his colleagues, subordinates and the public to realise his worthy plans.



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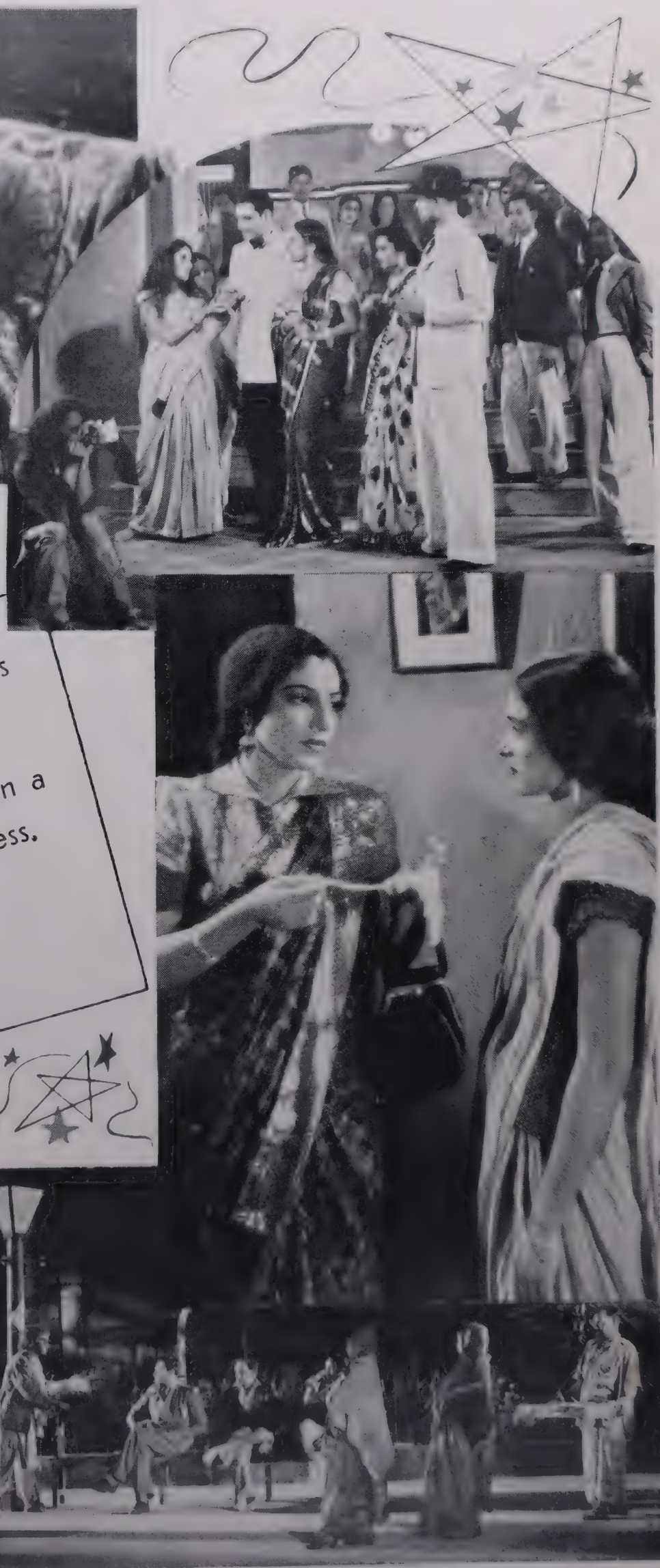
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Oh "This Wretched Hindustan" Says Dr. Ambedkar!

Condemns Deification Of Men In Films!

Shatter Idols Of Rama And Other Gods

By our Special Representative)

To talk to Dr. B. R. Ambedkakr is to get an opportunity of loading one's brain with useful information of various kinds and listening to some curious views on men and things. When you get going with him, he is ready to let you talk but you prefer to let him lead, because it is to your own benefit. He is such a talking encyclopaedia.

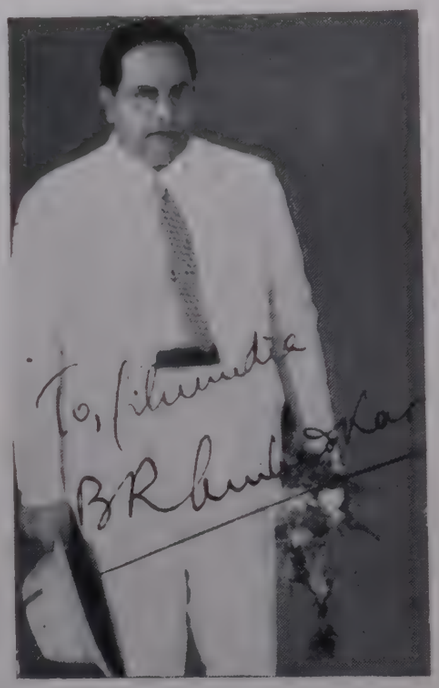
The learned Doctor has not many interests. His only passion is reading. Even writing has a second place. He writes only when he has a call for it from within. But reading he does all time. I have often had the good fortune of consulting him on matters of public interest and it is not less often that he volunteered to dilate on them. This time I went to ask him questions about the films, their producers, his ideas about their functions and whatever else he would like to say about them.

My appointment was to see him at his house at Dadar. But as he is now in the midst of his book "What the Hindus Have Done To Us" he goes to the Bombay University Library to read and hunt up references. He had clean forgotten about the appointment and I had to find him burried in a book on Buddhism. As soon as he caught sight of me he closed his book, put his pencils and everything in a rather bulky leather bag and said "Let us go down. We cannot disturb other people here by our talk." There was no formal "I am sorry etc."

A RELAXATION TO THE HIGH-STRUNG

"It is a good change for me to have to talk on films, but I am not sure that I shall say something that is really useful or worth while. To my mind, films have a particularly important function to perform in India. Our people are too serious. They do not know how to laugh at things and themselves and enjoy life. This seriousness means concentration of nerves and therefore exhaustion of energy for no useful purpose. whatever.

"Theirs is a drab, dreary existence—an imposition as it were. I have a feeling that we regard coming to life here as a punishment by God. Films are the best medium of teaching our people to see life, to laugh at it, to laugh at themselves, to indulge in self-inquiry and self-criticism. Films are within the reach of all and I wish they spread about in every nook and corner of the country, because they perform this much-needed task of providing relaxation to our highly-strung people."



Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, scholar, politician and lawyer, a friend of the underdog and leader of the Depressed Classes.

As the Doctor kept talking, two or three people passed and wished him. He was not attentive and did not respond. This naturally provoked me to a little mischievous school-boyish laughter. He thought I was doubting his statement about the extra-seriousness of Indians. So he pointed his finger at me and remarked "You doubt the truth of my statement? Take my own case. I take myself very seriously, whatever people think of me. I am often dubbed an eccentric. I don't care. Amusement has practically no place in my life. How many films I have seen, you think, in my whole life? Not more than a dozen. Don't I know that there were a hundred others, which would have done me good, if I had seen them? But I have denied myself a legitimate enjoyment. This is a kind of self--torture in which all Indians indulge and they delude themselves that they are great philosophers, believers in the emptiness of life and omniscience and omnipotence of God. My wife was such a good soul, but she thought she was committing some sin and erring against her God whenever she let herself have a hearty laugh or indulged in a little mirthful or gay talk. That is the way we are made and I hope films will act as a corrective to us."

That was the learned Doctor's way of welcoming films in our midst. When he described his late wife, I could not help feeling that he was describing traditional Indian womanhood, brought up in orthodox surroundings.

BIRTH OF AN INDIAN BABY?

Jumping on to the part, the films can very effectively play in educating the masses of this country, he said, he was not aware whether they had begun to use the films instead of the black-board and the lecturers on a very large scale in even America and Europe. He conceded that they must be doing everything in their power in Russia in their expert efficient way.

"Our people, the adults and the grown-ups and not merely childern, need to be taught for instance, in our urban as well as rural areas, how to live, take care of the body, keep away from disease. Producers of pictures in this country would be doing a great patriotic service if they made such pictures and showed them to our masses.



Wondering! Shamim adds sex appeal to "The Guest", a Ranjit picture.

"I saw a little while back a picture called "The Birth of a Baby." That is my idea of an educational and a propaganda picture. There was not a single celebrated star in that picture. All the people who were doctors, nurses, patients, husbands and wives in that picture were quite ordinary folk. With what wonderful effect, the picture teaches how girls and boys in their teens, in marital, prenuptial and post-nuptial stages should behave and take care of the new borns. What effective propaganda against abortions of the undesirable sort and in favour of birth control of the right kind did the picture contain! I wish some producing company here got permission to copy that picture, with slight alterations to suit the Indian scene. It would be a very necessary social service."

THE DOCTOR'S MISFORTUNE

"I am, in no sense a film man, not even fan. I reckon it as a misfortune. But when sufficiently advanced in life, you cannot change your habits and tastes. My only passion is books. I am a voracious and I hope a discriminating reader of them. I write a book, now and then, when there is an irrepressible prompting. But I do wish films were my passion. They are undoubtedly a far more effective and potential means of education than books. Most men have to learn by visual images, pictures of things. You make full use of all your senses, when you see a film and that makes education easier and more effective. If my message has any value to readers of "filmindia" I shall ask them to take as varied and as absorbing as possible an interest in films and their manifold uses for social well-being and social service."

Here I butted in, "don't you think that a film of the movement for the uplift and liberation of the depressed classes as it has developed till to-day will make excellent propaganda for the removal of untouchability from our midst, if some idealist and progressive producer does it ?"

"Of course it will. But our producers have yet to get out of the mythological stupidities, oddities and deification of mere men. Indeed, you are making an exceedingly welcome proposal. Instead of having the stories of Ekanath and Chokha Mela with all their eccentricities and miracles as superstitiously transferred to the screen as they are chewed with delicious devotion by our Kirtankars and Puraniks, which promote superstitions on a vast scale with 20th century apparatus, our producers will do well to depict how the depressed class movement has outgrown its humanitarian and religious shell and broken into a self-reliant movement, demanding the Rights of Men.



Producer-Director Kardar so always a good host. At the Governor's Pavilion in the Cricket Club, he gave an exclusive tea party to Producer Dalsukh Pancholi (second from left). To Pancholi's left is Shobhana Samarth and to her left is Baburao Pai and to the extreme right is the ***host, Mr. A. R. Kardar.***

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"I would also love to find our idols, shattered on the screen. I mean idols like Rama and others must be exposed and shown in their true colours. All our stories from the Puranas will have to be completely revised in the light of modern research and presented in their correct historical perspective. I do not expect any producer to do this and incur the displeasure and disfavour of his present docile clientele. But, a documentary of our movement containing an exposure, or to speak palatably the correct representation of the role of the social reformers like V. R. Shinde and humanitarians like Gandhi, Birla and Thakkar and the Nasik and Mahad Satyagraha episodes would please me very much indeed. We are sick of merely being called Harijans, or done kindness to. We want to have equal opportunities with all other human beings and those too not merely conceded in the academic fashion of the Declaration of Rights as obtained in the Constitution of United States of America. We will never rest content until we get economic equality too, which will be secured only in a socialist society and under a socialist State. If I have my way in making a documentary of our movement, I shall find place for this idealism in it."

OH, THIS WRETCHED HINDUSTHAN!

The learned Doctor had suggested an excellent theme to our producers and as I had already taken a good deal of his time, I was about to do some hearty thanksgiving and say good-bye when he rose in his seat, put a hand on my shoulder and said "I must tell you something about a very important aspect of films. Films are to be enjoyed in a theatre. Everybody has a right to entertain himself, when he pays the price thereof. But nobody has a right to claim more."

I was wondering what new theme he had started to work upon. He was getting sarcastic, as he does quite frequently and when he is so he makes a peculiar face, puts his hands in his trouser-pockets stares at you and speaks somewhat more steadily, laying emphasis on each word he utters.

He went on, "Your purchasing a ticket for a show does not entitle you to spit your beetle-juice and worse in front of your seat, you also don't get the right to keep talking shop with your friend, to the annoyance of people sitting next to you or eat and drink while the show is on and spoil other people's clothes and enjoyment. All these things will stop only when a code of behaviour in public places will evolve. You will find in every theatre a board, telling you that smoking was strictly prohibited but numerous people would be found breaking that rule and annoying not a few non-smoking men and women. We lack ordinary courtesies and good manners which are common in Western life. When shall we cultivate them? And suddenly, he burst out in Marathi "Oh God, what will you do with this wretched Hindustan!"



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OUR REVIEW

"Rai Saheb" Draws Well At Lamington

Kaushalya's Promising Performance

Here is a drama in hypothesis which argues about the fate of the child widows in Hindu society. The plot of the story is strung together with a number of coincidences, the major one—the meeting between the hero and the heroine —stretching the imagination a bit too much.

Forgetting for a while this ersatz material on which the entire plot is built, the picture story becomes quite entertaining throughout, packed as it is by numerous true-to-life incidents.

As a picture for entertainment with instruction cleverly camouflaged, "Rai Saheb" becomes quite a worthy maiden contribution to the Indian screen.

Manorama, a young married girl of the villages, gets news of her husband's death in the city. Somehow, she refuses to believe the news and bolts from her family towards the city with the faith that she will meet her husband some day.

The hero, Prakash and later known as Ramesh, is adopted by Rai Saheb, a rich city millionaire. In his home town the parents of Prakash give up the search thinking the boy to be dead.

On the other hand, the parents of Manorama think that she has committed suicide at the news of her husband's death.

Manorama now becomes Shobha, a stage actress and plays in a City theatre. There, through sheer co-incidence, she meets Ramesh—previously Prakash, her husband—without knowing who he is. Ramesh is equally in the dark.

Shobha and Ramesh meet each other several times and they fall in love with each other. This love is put to the usual acid tests and many a time the heart of the audience goes out in sympathy to the heroine whose blind faith in men and their virtue is pathetically portrayed.

Ultimately the plot works itself out to a satisfactory solution in a wedding ceremony which becomes superfluous as the hero and the heroine are already married.

RAI SAHEB

Producers:	*Janak Pictures*
Language:	*Hindusthani*
Story:	*S. M. Yusoof*
Dialogues & Songs:	*Wahid Qureshi*
Photography:	*Ahmedullah*
Recording:	*Behram Bharucha*
Producer:	*Chhotubhai Desai*
Cast:	*Jagdish, Kaushalya, Triloke, Ratan Bai etc.*
Released At:	*Lamington Talkies*
Date of Release:	*16th May* 1942

Director: S. M. YUSOOF



Ulhas and Mumtaz Shanti make a new romantic team in "Basant", the next social picture of Bombay Talkies.

GOOD PRODUCTION VALUES

Considering that this is the very first production of a new producer, the picture has admirable production values.

The photography is tolerably good, but the sound called for a little more care. The songs, however, are very well recorded and do attract attention when Ratan Bai puts them over.

The best part of the picture is its excellent dialogues by Wahid Qureshi. From situation to situation, he has kept audience interest alive by suitable and sparkling dialogue which comes as a refreshing novelty after a long time on the Indian screen. We have been so much bored by tiresome, stereotyped sentences and words joined together by hack-writers that we welcome the smart stuff of Wahid Qureishi in the hope that he will do better in future.

Among the players, Jagdish Sethi and Ratan Bai easily lead the rest of the crowd of amateurs. As Rai Saheb, the rich, whimsical and pathetic millionaire, Jagdish could be said to have done well.

But at places one wishes Jagdish would not use his affected lisp and stammer so often.

Ratan Bai sings a couple of songs well and gives a popular performance in a sympathetic role. She is too good and seasoned an artiste to let down the fans.

Kaushalya, still trembling at that uncertain age, acquits herself creditably in a role which would have made more experienced stars think twice.

As the picture has the traditional good wife theme with a slightly bold deviation, it is likely to be popular both with the masses and the intelligentsia.

As an entertainment, the picture is definitely worth seeing.



MUMTAZ SHANTI—

This popular charmer from the north is now playing a lead in "Basant", a social picture of Bombay Talkies, directed by Mr. Amiya Chakrabarty.

Is this stupid effort to be taken as publicity? If Shantaram is to be called a "master craftsman" let the world in general say so. Why has the Board's Publicity Officer to rub it in?

Why make Shantaram a laughing stock of the country?

No one disputed Shantaram's talents. "filmindia" has always boosted them. But let us have something more modest.

If the Publicity Officer does not know what and how to say things, can't they get someone with a little more imagination and a little more modesty?

Here, we appeal to Mr. Thapar to see that people working directly under him do not make fools of themselves.

The silly stuff that comes out periodically from the publicity department of the F.A.B. only helps to provide some cheap laughter at the lunch tables of the journalists. And it is hardly necessary to mention, that no one publishes it.

"THEY MET IN BOMBAY"

Sometime back, it was reported that the Metro picture, "They Met In Bombay" was being held up by the military authorities for reasons of their own.

It has, however, been released now, being o.k'd by everyone including our worthy censors.

The picture portrays the story of a professional thief who steals a famous diamond, meets a sweetheart, escapes, is chased by a Bombay policeman to Shanghai, is drawn into the vortex of war, smuggles himself into the army as a captain, obtains the Victoria Cross, re-



Ulhas seems to be in luck to be all the time with Mumtaz Shanti in "Basant", a social picture of Bombay Talkies.



Pahari Sanyal and Leela Chitnis star together for the first time in "Between You And Me", a Chitra picture.

turns the diamond and keeps his sweetheart, also a professional thief.

Here is a splendid example of crime glorified which will not be lost on young minds. Never before has a picture provided greater incentive for crime than this one. And to make the picture thoroughly popular the Yanks have put in Clarke Gable and Rosalind Russell, as the professional thieves.

And yet, the picture had got beyond our blind censors all over the country though it contains poison which even adults should avoid.

Is that not one reason why this country should be free as soon as possible so that we can at least get rid of these censors who sell their country to the foreigners, not knowing what they are doing?

A JOB FOR THE HEALTH OFFICER

Elsewhere in this issue in an exclusive interview given to "filmindia" Mr. Yusuf Meherally, the popular Mayor of Bombay, says that theatres in the city where unhygienic conditions are prevalent, should not be tolerated and some drastic action must be taken.

The socialist Mayor even suggests pulling down unsuitable theatres and feels that the sooner they are scrapped the better. According to him a place of entertainment should not be a place for breeding diseases. It should be cosy and clean.

We recommend these views to Dr. Das Gupta, the Health Officer of the Bombay Municipality and would like to know what he intends doing with some of the bad spots we have amongst our theatres.



Once a director, Nagendra Mujumdar now acts for a living and he does it too well in "Arman", a Ranjit picture.

A NEW RACKET

We understand that a dirty advantage is being taken by several people, in and outside the industry, of the situation created by the shortage of raw films in our film industry.

While every true enthusiast of our film industry deplores the present shortage of raw films, several unscrupulous people with the help of their money have managed to secure large stocks of raw films from the original importers. And now these raw stocks are being sold at double the prices to the needy producers.

Heartless profiteering on this scale can well be an offence under the Indian Defence Rules, and it will be worth while for the Government to investigate in this matter and to pull these people up under the Indian Defence Rules. The Indian film industry is giving its best contribution to the country's war effort in several ways and this sort of racketeering is bound to affect the future of the industry that helps our war.

It is rather strange how the couple of raw film importers we have in the country have allowed their stocks to go into wrong hands. There is something mysterious behind all this, and it is high time that it should be investigated.

By the way, it will be worthwhile issuing special sale licenses to the present importers for selling raw film under present trade conditions. As, unless such licenses are issued any one with money can secure supplies and carry on a profiteering racket.

We appeal to the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association to put a stop to this nefarious practice by exposing those scoundrels who take a dirty advantage of this war and who wish to exploit the industry for their personal benefit. We also appeal to Mr. A. A. Walter, the Government Representative who has been specially deputed to look into the matter of raw film supply, to investigate this matter thoroughly and insist on the government taking effective steps.

Another phase of this racketeering is the queer procedure of some people who impose an equal amount of dup negative on all who wish to purchase ordinary negative and sound. These blackmailing practices must be stopped immediately, and we would urge upon the government to issue immediate licenses to bona fide importers of raw films, at the same time penalising the sale of raw films by unauthorised persons.

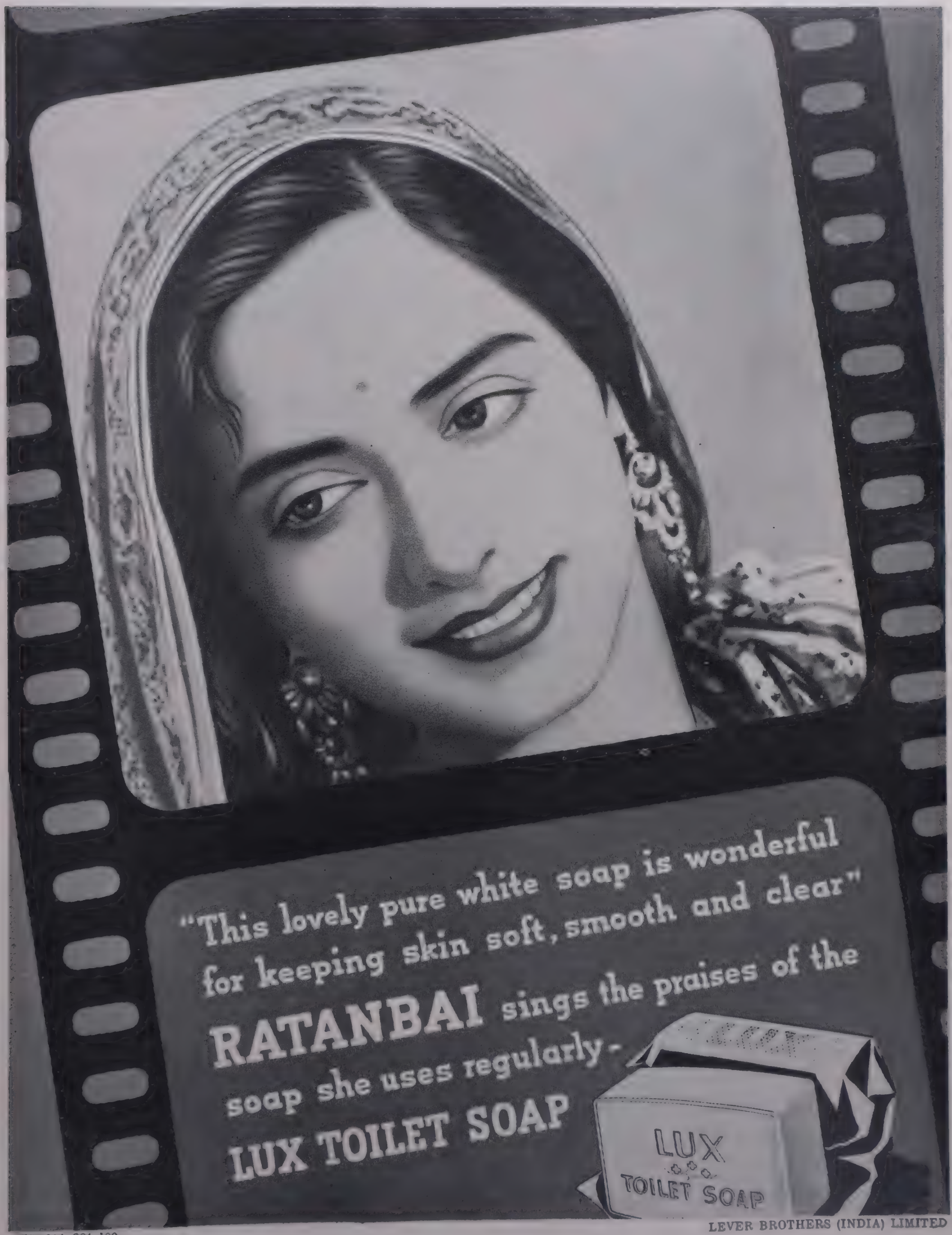
AN OPPORTUNITY TO OUR STORY WRITERS

Believe it or not, we have at last come across a producer who has decided to give small and big story writers of the country a fair chance to display their talent for writing for the screen. We have been authorised by Producer-Director A. R. Kardar to announce to the novelists, dramatists and story writers of India that he would be prepared to purchase any story from rupees five to rupees five thousand or even more, if the subject deserves the price, and he would be very pleased to hear from budding or from experienced story writers at his own address.

Here is a chance for those who are interested in selling a story and waiting for an opportunity all the while complaining that producers in India do not give them a break. To these we would suggest that they should write to Director A. R. Kardar at Zaver Mahal, Marine Drive, Bombay.



Ashalata and Madhav Kale in "Sachha Swapna".



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Hyacinth And The Mystery Woman

Doings At Neena's Dinner Table

By: Hyacinth

I am a hypocrite, a snake in the grass and the feminine version of a cad. I went to see Neena as a friend, accepted her hospitality and now I've turned traitor. She invited me to lunch along with Baburao Patel and Rita Carlyle not knowing that I was "Hyacinth" of "filmindia" and not knowing that her privacy was about to be endangered.

You and I have read about Neena as a mystery woman. We have thought of her with the same awe as we have thought of Garbo. But her's, unlike Garbo's, is not the sphinx-like type of fascination. She is just a lovely woman who wishes her private life to remain private. Unlike many stars she does not use this cloak of mystery to conceal a murky past. Why then, you will ask, have I violated Neena's privacy? I have done this because as I have said so often before, all stars are public property and when they become famous they must sacrifice privacy for fame.

Neena cannot remain a mystery forever. Her fans have given her a spectacular welcome and in re turn they deserve to be told something about her life. Not everything perhaps, but just enough to stop their clamouring for news of her.

I propose to provide a literary tit-bit to appease their hunger for news.

We arrived late for our luncheon date with Neena and found she was having several others to lunch as well, so in the confusion of How-d'you-do's I did not get much chance to look at Neena. When we sat down to lunch I found it even harder to get a look at her. The table was laden with food and in front of me was a large roasted chicken which obstructed my view and was altogether rather a nuisance until it was consumed by Baburao Patel who has the father and mother of all good appetites. Then I took stock of Neena. She is slight, weighing about 108 lbs. and measuring roughly 5' 2". Her hair is brown and curls at the temples and her eyes are large and light brown in colour. Her skin is clear and of an attractive light gold-brown shade. Her nose is small and straight and her mouth curves delightfully when she smiles. Without being too lavish with my bouquets I can say that Neena is better-looking even than the film industry's current beauty queen Naseem.



A large roasted chicken obstructed my view, until it was consumed by Baburao Patel.

Her's is a quiet beauty. She is not vivacious or glamourous but you are always conscious of her presence even though she sits quietly in the background and does not talk much. When we had all had a little more than an elegant sufficiency of food we retired to the sitting room where I began my career of hypocrisy. By cleverly or perhaps I should say artfully turning the conversation from beauty culture to acting and then to childhood reminiscences I managed to draw quite a lot out of Neena, poor unsuspecting girl that she is.



Miss Neena

NEENA AT THE RACES

She is 22 years old and was born on the 12th July in Aligarh. She is the eldest child in a family of six children. Her father who stayed in Lucknow was City Magistrate, then Inspector General of Registration and also Secretary to the local Government

Producer-Director W. Z. Ahmed a great friend of theirs, persuaded Neena to become an actress. She was reluctant, because she knew there would be opposition from her family, but eventually she agreed. She was nervous at first, but soon got into the swing of things and decided acting was fun even if it was hard work sometimes.

She has made her first film "Ek Raat" with Prithviraj but the people have not seen the film generally yet. Those who have, in Karachi, rave about her performance and experts in Urdu say, she speaks the most perfect Urdu that has ever been heard on the Indian screen. Her next film is going to be called "Mun-Ki-Jeet". She is going to



Neena will probably faint when the first bomb drops.

make acting her career. She would like to play in tragedies because she finds it easier to cry for the cameras than to laugh.

Although the public has not yet seen Neena on the screen she has already received thousands of fan letters. "Filmindia' had just printed their second advertisement of Neena when she began to receive 200 fan letters a day. She went once to the Races with her friends and her fans who had never seen her acting recognized her immediately and followed her around to get a better look at her. They left the horses alone.

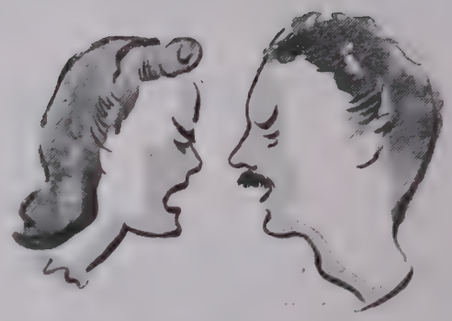
HER Rs. 70/- PERFUME

It was easy to get Neena to talk about feminine things like clothes and make-up. She uses only Max-Factor's lipstick and occasionally a little powder. Her favourite perfume is "Crepe-de-Chine". She has just bought a Rs. 70/- bottle of it. Her favourite colour is blue and after that she likes wearing white best. When I met her she was dressed in a full white Punjabi costume. Long loose trousers, a tunic of white lace and a transparent scarf sprinkled with silver stars draped over her shoulders. She had gold leather sandals on her feet, which come from Lahore. She likes heavy old jewellery but only wears it on special occasions.

Neena is very domesticated but prefers to supervise the house work than to do it herself. Neena likes going for walks and to the pictures but otherwise she has no other recreation.

Neena is not going to run away from Bombay if bombs are dropped because she wants to experience war. She is a nervous person and will probably faint when the first bomb drops but she is determined to stay.

She is a very modest young woman. So far her sudden rise to fame has not given her a swollen head. Her chief charm lies in her simplicity; she is a great believer in simplicity and says she will never change. Cynics will say that before very long she will become like all the other stars, sophisticated and worldly. I say 'no'.



Not even Ahmed can make me think otherwise.

She is too absorbed by her love for her friends and her family to 'sell' herself completely to the industry and become a hard and conceited career woman.

If by removing some of the mystery which surrounds Neena, I have damaged her career in any way I apologise to her. But I am almost sure that a little publicity about her private life will only serve to increase Neena's popularity and not even her Director Ahmed, with his newly-acquired and impressive moustachios, can make me think otherwise.



Seems to be quite a pleasant bit seeing that Mumtaz Shanti is looking pleased in "Basant" a social picture of Bombay Talkies.

INDIRA

By: Dewan Sharar

The caravan of Bhim Rao, a veteran warrior and farmer of Kotar, wound its unhurrying way through the barren and rocky tract of the Chandela territory. Bhim Rao was bound for Mahoba, taking with him all his worldy possessions—his money, his whole stock of cattle and his motherless daughter Indira.

Indira was sixteen years old, most beautiful, and the apple of her father's eye. He had had nothing but the tyranny of the cruel and dissolute chief of Kotar, and planned to shake the dust of his native land off his feet, and seek a peaceful haven in the neighbouring state of Chandela Rajputs.

He went through the lonely barren path with his lordly caravan, a walking temptation to any robber minded to attack. And the worst and most desperate of all so minded was one Kalu with a price upon his head.

Kalu's chance came when the caravan had reached a narrow winding way between tall rocks. There his band fell upon Bhim Rao, with swords and spears. Bhim Rao and his handful of men defended the caravan valiantly but without avail. Bhim Rao fell slain by Kalu's sword; and after that there was no more heart in them.

Indira, stricken and agonised, knelt by her father's body, clasping it in her arms, heedless of all else.

Thus she did not see a fresh company of men, uniformed, and led by a tall young captain, come up at full speed by a path between the rocks, and attack the robbers. She looked up in bewilderment as the fighting broke out afresh.

It did not last long. Kalu and his band cornered and outnumbered fought severely to the finish and died like trapped rats.

The young captain saw Indira, and came over to her. His eyes looked with wonder upon her exquisite beauty.

"Who are you, maiden?" he asked.

"I am Indira, daughter of Thakur Bhim Rao, of Kotar," she said "this was my father's caravan, and this" —her voice shook—was my father."

"I am Dharam Singh, an officer in the Chandela army," the young captain said "my commander Veer Sain ordered the suppression of this robber. My duty is to bear the tidings of his death, together with all booty found in his possession to our headquarters at Mahoba. And you, Indira—I will see that you have safe conduct wherever you wish to go."

He took her to Mahoba where Commander Veer Sain listened to their tragic encounter with the robbers and commanded in all kindness and sympathy that she be provided with a comfortable home



"I am Indira. This was my father's caravan and there was my father."

in the little village of Sher Garh near Mahoba.

Gradually, as the time passed and the first violence of her sorrow abated she began to take interest in life again. Her companions in the village were kind to her, and she made friends with many.

* * *

Of all the rising officers in the army of the Chandelas, there was none who showed more promise than Veer Sain.

And of all the maidens of the district, there was none so beautiful so popular, or so full of charm as Indira.

As she grew and her loveliness continued to increase, folks used to say that it was a pity a marriage could not be arranged between those two, so splendid a couple they would make.

And indeed Indira had looked upon Veer Sain and admired him greatly; and Veer Sain had looked upon Indira and thought that he had never seen such beauty. But Indira was in love with Dharam Singh.

Dharam Singh was handsome and courageous and a trifle arrogant, and very much in love with Indira. Indira on her part thought him marvellous. She was greatly given to hero-worship. It was in her blood; she was a Rajputni, and the little village of Sher Garh was famous for the mighty warriors it bred. So when war broke out afresh with the Bhatti Rajputs, she bade him farewell.

"Come back soon and with yet more honours, Beloved," she said.

Ah, let us be betrothed and married as soon as I return, Indira. This will only be a little war, not a long campaign," said Dharam Singh, holding her close. "Why should we wait longer?"

"Why, indeed?" said Indira; and so it was settled.

* * *

But the little war against Bhattis became rather a big war. It stretched on, and did not look like finishing in a hurry.

On a summer night when the war against the Bhattis was nearly two months old, she found herself sleepless; and went to her window and leaned out looking into the shadowy garden and thinking of Dharam Singh.

Suddenly, she was aware of a faint sound at the far end of the garden. She strained her eyes to see; and presently discerned a man's dark figure that crept stealthily nearer, halting at length beneath her window. Then a face was upturned to her and a beloved voice spoke her name.

"Indira!" said Dharam Singh.

Indira waved a swift hand to him in signal, and raced a tip-toe down the stairs. In the dim garden she felt herself gathered tightly in her lover's arms.

"But, beloved, how has this come about?" she asked presently. "I thought there could be no leave for any soldier until the fighting was over?"

He laughed. "There is not. If there were, why do you suppose I came to you thus by stealth. I could bear the seperation no longer, Indira; I was starving for the sight of your face. In a very little while I must go back. If my absence is discovered I am a ruined man."

"You deserted your post?" Indira



"I loved you so dearly until to-night", she said, "but now I hate you. Go and never come again near me."

said incredulously. She stood back a little, searching his eyes. "You —you did that?"

"You threw your honour away when you slunk off from your post in the dark, like a coward! And you a Rajput. Oh—" Her voice broke with the stress of her anger and disappointment. "I loved you so dearly until to-night; but now I hate you. Do you hear? Go; and never come near me again as long as you live."

She turned and left him; and he went without another word.

* * *

Indira did not tell anyone the real reason of her break with Dharam Singh. She merely said that she has ceased to care for him, which was true. That one unthinking folly of his had killed her love completely. Perhaps it had never really been love at all, though she had thought it so, but only glamour.

Dharam Singh, his midnight escaped undiscovered, got himself transferred to another regiment, in a different part of the line, as far from Mahoba as possible. Thence, when the war against the Bhattis ended (so far as war against the Bhattis ever did end), he was sent to another station many miles away. And Veer Sain, coming home to Mahoba at the head of his men, victorious, his honours thick upon him, learned that Indira was now heartwhole, and proceeded to pay court to her.

They spoke sometimes of Dharam Singh. Veer Sain had known the young officer well. "I wondered at the time why he insisted on being transferred," he said. "Now I understand. There is nothing but sorrow to be gained by dwelling on the site of past happiness."

About the time the spring came round again they were married.

The guests had barely left, when a messenger galloped up and halted at the door, demanding speech with Veer Sain, telling him that he was urgently wanted.

Veer Sain smiled ruefully at his bride. "On this night of all nights. Do not be lonely, Beloved, I shall not be very long."

He departed after the messenger, and she heard the beat of his horse's hoofs diminish along the road.

Alone in the bridal chamber, she considered the future with grave shining eyes. She was inexpressibly happy. She went over to her mirror; it showed her a very exquisite face, with softly parted lips and starry eyes.

Suddenly, her heart gave a leap that seemed to shake the whole of her body.

There was no sound whatever in the room; but there was a movement reflected in the mirror.

The door of the bridal chamber was slowly, noiselessly opening! A man entered, tall and young, with his hands poised on the hilt of his sword; with the light sheer hatred flaming on his face—Dharam Singh!

With infinite stealth he came a little nearer; and a little nearer yet. She saw his grasp on the sword-hilt tighten in readiness. In a moment he would strike.

In that same instant she had decided on her course of action.

She suddenly wheeled, confronting him, with a convincing little exclamation of surprise. He halted, his sword half-way out of its scabbard, startled to bewilderment by the expression on her face.

She did the last thing on earth that he would have expected her to do. At sight of him her eyes widened amazedly, her lips parted in a sudden, joyful incredulous smile. She cried "Dharam!" in a voice that rang between happiness and tears. All in her bridal garb as she was, she ran straight forward into his arms. She flung herself round his neck.

"Dharam!" she said again. "Dharam, beloved, I thought I was never going to see you again! Oh, why, why did you wait so long, and come back too late?

His arms closed round her.

She suffered his embrace, and his eager kisses on her hair. She rested her head on his shoulder as if she had long yearned in vain to do so.

"Once I swore," said Indira, with a break in her voice, "that I hated you. It was false."

He caught her hands in his.

"Indira, you are mine, and not his!" he said with sudden passion. "You shall never be his! You love me still; you admit it; come away with me, then; or else let us both die here and now by my sword."

"Ah, wait, Dharam!" she cried. "This is no light choice you ask me to make. Either to be false to my marriage vows—and my ho-



"Do you suppose I let you touch and hold and kiss me?" she cried.

nour is very dear to me—or to die —and I do not want to die."

"Choose," said Dharam Singh inexorably.

For answer she dropped her head and came slowly over to him. In silence she hid her face against his breast. One small hand caught one of his and pressed it wordlessly against his cheek. The other—but Dharam Singh did not see it—stole downward by her side and closed upon the hilt of his sword.

The next instant she had sprung back, the sword in her hand, confronting him with blazing eyes.

"Now touch me at your peril, Dharam Singh!" she said.

Dharam Singh gave a stifled exclamation of fury; but she paid no heed.

"It would be no more than you deserve if I were to kill you for to-night's work!" she said low and fiercely, "do you suppose I let you touch and hold and kiss me for any other reason than to save my own life? Begone, and quickly."

* * *

Dharam Singh made no move to go. Instead, he snatched suddenly at the sword, grasping the hand with which she held it. They struggled for its possession. He twisted her wrist and she could feel her grip relaxing. She made a desperate effort and lunged forward with all her strength; and felt the blade's point meet something that offered but little resistance, and that for a second only. Dharam Singh without a word staggered backwards and fell full length across the bed, his own sword through his heart.

There was a noise of hoof-beats outside; a clatter of footsteps up the stairs. Veer Sain flung the door wide; and stood transfixed at what he saw.

Indira turned to him with a faint, wordless cry; and he caught her as she fell.



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Oh! This Business Of Stars And Fans

A Tip To Indian Valentinos

Have you ever written a fan letter to your favourite star and had no reply ? Have you ever seen a screen hero on the street and delighted called out to him only to have him give you, an icy stare ? If you have then you've probably got a nuts-to-all film-star's complex. You have our sympathy because although we have met too many stars to be a fan we know what it feels like to wave to someone who ignores us and to have to pretend we were just flexing our fingers all the time.

But while we agree that you have reason to feel peeved we also feel that we should say something in defence of the movie darlings. We are not an admirer of them but we do like to see fair play so we are going to give them their due.

You fans may argue that is is people like you who support the film industry and keep the stars where they are and that therefore the stars should always be ready to make friends with their fans.

Now in a way this is true, because without their fans to swell their public where would the famous actresses or actor be ?

On the other hand, the stars will argue that they are paid only to make films and that once their day's work is over they have a right to some privacy. They feel that they should be allowed to live like normal citizens and no respectable citizens ever make friends with any Tom, Dick or Harry who chooses to call out to them. In a way the stars are right. They are paid only to make films, but they must realize that all public figures can keep their popularity at the expense of privacy.

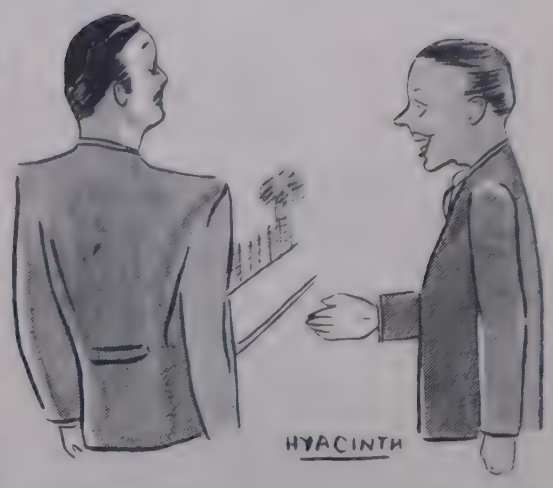
THE MODEST TYPES

Their fans see them on the screen as wonderful glamorous people who seem to belong to a make-believe world and when they see them in the flesh their natural impulse is to squeal with delight. Now there are some fans who not only squeal with delight but also start gesticulating and calling out the star's name so that crowds of people turn to stare or call out to the unfortunate actor or actress. There are some quiet unobtrusive stars like Prithviraj, Devika Rani and Leela Chitnis who might be embarrassed by publicity such as this. Some natures shrink from too much limelight. But these sauve quiet stars feel kindly towards their fans and would really like to be friends with them if it could be done in a quiet way. They would not mind a lone fan going up to them and asking for their autograph or stopping them just to say "Good-morning" and how much he liked their last picture.



—to pretend we were just flexing our fingers all the time.

Remember, among the actresses are many shy retiring girls who seem gay and bold on the screen but who in private life would shrink from strange men like any modest Indian girl. Many actresses have had unpleasant experiences with fans which prejudice them against them. Some have had fans calling at their houses at all hours to see them,



—only to have him give you an icy stare.

while others have been man-handled by rude pushing crowds of fans. These stars I have just mentioned are nearly all the movie kings and queens who are really serious about their work and would like to be friends with their fans but hate too much publicity.

But on the other hand there are some actors and actresses who feel it is beneath their dignity to mix with the common rabble and treat with disdain any advances their fans might make. This type deserves to slide down to the bottom-most rung of the ladder of fame.

Then there are those film darlings who make a great show of pretending to dislike publicity. Actually they glory in any attention they get from their fans because as a rule those belonging to this type are the up and coming stars who need just a little more public approval before they can arrive. You will find actors of this type doing their best to look conspicious and 'filmy.' They wear loud checked shirts, long hair with side burns and drive about in noisy flashy cars. They are a cheap lot and inwardly wallow in any attention they may get from their fans.

PRESENT THE KOHINOOR

Now let us consider this business of fan letters. How many of our stars have secretaries and therefore find it difficult to correspond with their fans because they have so little free time. But there are some stars who are just too lazy to bother to reply. These stars are doing their careers a lot of harm because each



—a nice long personal letter in reply from her.

unanswered letter may mean one fan less in their following.

Many fans write foolish impertinent letters to the stars and should never expect replies to them. Which respectably married actress likes to receive or would know how to reply to foolish letters? But any fan who writes a decent sensible letter to his favourite star has every right to expect a reply. Often as I have said before he does not receive one because the star has no time to reply.

In this case he should either stop writing or do something to make the star sit up and notice his letters. If he knows an actress collects precious stones and he possesses the Kohinoor diamond then he might write and tell her, he'd like to give it to her and then I am sure he'd get a nice long personal letter in reply.

Without stars there would be no film fans and without film fans there would be no stars. They are dependent on each other. But let the fan remember that the longer his favourite star remains a stranger to him the longer will the star's fascination last. For to know a star intimately is to realize that stars are after all just ordinary human beings.

Then let the film star remember what Valentino and Robert Taylor have suffered at the hands of their adoring fans and be thankful that star-worship is still in its infancy in India.



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41-526

What Wives Should Do With Hubbies

Hyacinth Prescribes Iced Pyjamas

With the temperature zooming to impossible heights, steam rising off the pavements and war news making our blood boil we are in such an over-heated state, we wouldn't be at all surprised if we suddenly burst into flames.

Desperately our thoughts turn to ways and means by which we may lessen the hot weather sufferings of our fellow men and cool our own perspiring frame.

First of all, we have come to the conclusion that men suffer more in the hot weather than women do. Consider the problem of the perspiring male. He rises in the morning feeling limp and unrefreshed after a stuffy night and steps into starched clothes with long sleeves and tight collars. Then he must hurry through his morning meal and get on to an overcrowded bus full of sweating humanity which will take him to a stuffy office. Here at the office the only breeze that will reach him will be from a slow working fan which he has to share with three other workers. For seven hours he sits at his desk trying to concentrate on his work while little rivulets run down his collar and his prickly-heat becomes particularly vicious.



She can lie in a tub of cold water until she is pleasingly cool again.

When his work is over he gets into another overcrowded bus and goes home. What does he do at home? He snaps at his wife, is irritable with his children, flings off his clothes, has a bath, refuses his food and gets into bed where he lies awake thinking ugly thoughts about bosses who don't provide air conditioning. Yes,he has a lot to put up with the average working man.

KEEPING THE HUSBAND COOL

And what of his wife? She has a much easier time. Everytime she feels hot she can lie in a tub of cold water until she is pleasantly cool again. Within the privacy of her home she can walk about in little



more than her birthday suit if she pleases. She can go about her household chores leisurely. She has no slave driver of a boss watching her like her husband has. It should be her job to keep her poor husband as cool as possible but she should begin by always looking delightfully cool and fresh herself. A man does not feel any less irritable when he comes home to find a greasy faced perspiring wife waiting for him.

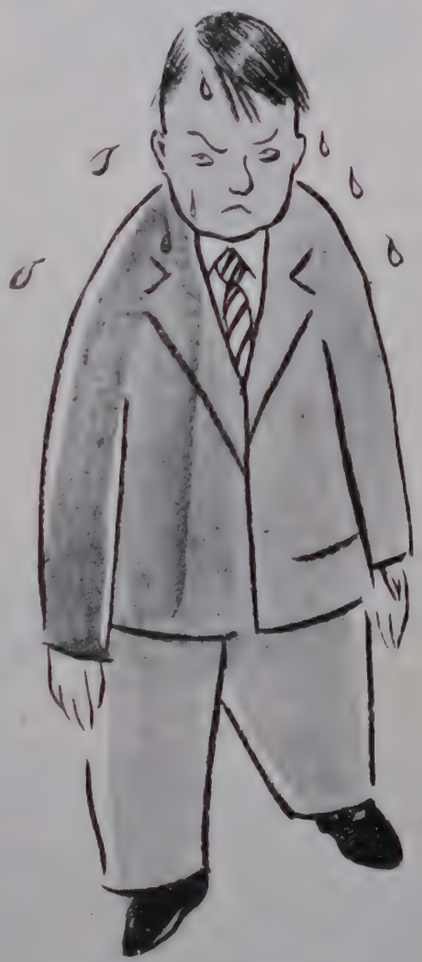
May be, we can help you to keep cool. If you have a placid sweet sort of nature you stand a much better chance of resisting the heat than a hot-tempered excitable person. So you must try to keep calm and unruffled during the hot weather. Don't lose your temper or let anything upset you. Think pleasant thoughts instead. If you can keep cool mentally then part of the battle is won already.

Next see that your house is a cool one. Get rid of dark curtains or bed covers which only draw heat. See that every room has a fan which works and get yourself a refrigerator if you haven't already got one. If your budget does not rise to a refrigerator then buy an ice-box because you've just got to have ice. Give your husband plenty of long iced drinks, iced lemon juice, iced coffee and iced fruit juice. Cut down spicy foods which are heating and give him plenty of fresh vegetables and fresh fruit. This will keep his inside cool and yours too if you follow the same diet.



Spray every bit of exposed skin with Eau-de-Cologne.

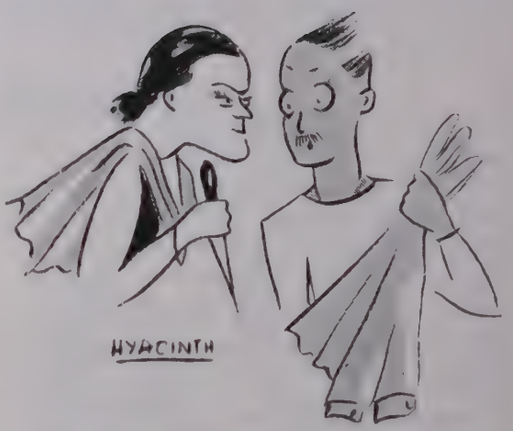
Now your bath. This is the time when you must really wallow in your bath. Plenty of cool water with a large splash of eau-de-cologne in it, freshly scented soap and a liberal sprinkling of bath powder to soothe your prickly heat. Lastly don't forget your deoderant to keep "B.O." at bay. See that your husband has an equally refreshing bath when he comes home. You can however omit the feminine touch from his by buying him an unscented bath powder if he has prickly heat or leaving out the bath powder altogether if he hasn't.



Consider the problem of the perspiring male.

ICED PYJAMAS

Frighten your dhobi into leaving the starch out of your husband's shirt and collars. Anything stiff and uncomfortably around his neck only add to his discomfort. Now about your own clothes. Wear the airiest most transparent saris you can find and let them be light coloured ones please, because as we've said before dark colours attract the heat.



Frighten your dhobie into leaving the starch out of your husband's shirt.

Buy yourself a large scent spray and fill it with eau-de-cologne. Eau-de-cologne is cheap and is one of the few perfumes which don't turn stale with age. Spray your neck, face, hands and every bit of exposed (unexposed too, if you like) skin with it. You'll feel beautifully cool and smell like heaven.

When your husband comes home in the evening and you've given him a nice cool bath and a nice cool drink, coax him into taking you out. Go for a walk by the sea or go for a drive if you have a car (and the petrol) but don't let him sit at home and think about the heat.

If you can, take him to the cinema. If you can't find an air-conditioned theatre then look for seats under a fan. Choose a nice gay comedy which you can laugh at.

When you come home and it's time to go to bed surprise your lord and master by producing an iced pair of pyjamas for him to wear. (You've kept them wrapped in paper in the refrigerator all day). He'll go to bed thinking that hot weather isn't so bad after all and also that you're a swell wife.

As we've said before it should be a wife's job to keep herself and her husband cool. If he always finds her looking as fresh as a daisy and smelling better, he'll begin to think he's imagining the heat. Once you've got him feeling this way your battle is won and lady, you're a real heroine!



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